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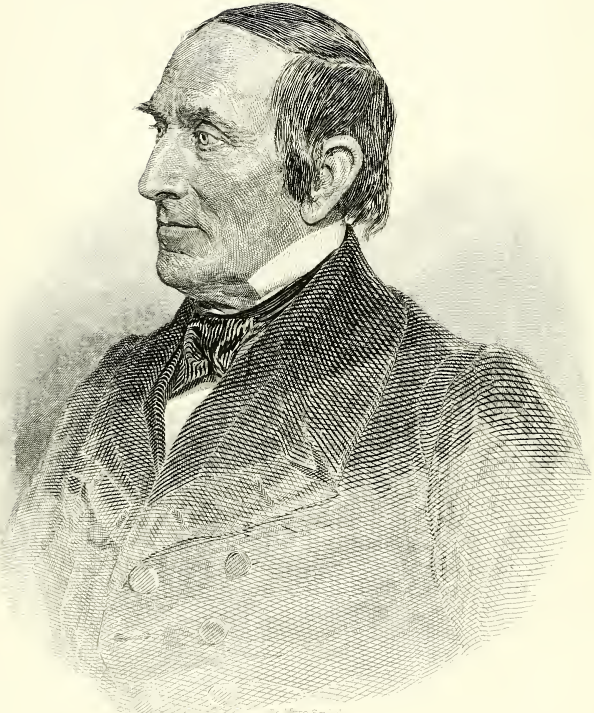

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Daniel Safford

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A MEMOIR

OF

DANIEL SAFFORD,

BY HIS WIFE.

Mrs. A. E. Safford

"FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST,—HALLELUJAH!"
Page 368.

PUBLISHED BY THE
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PREFACE.

SOON after the death of Mr. Safford, an earnest desire was expressed by various persons that a portraiture of his life might be drawn, which should be grateful to his friends, and not without benefit to the public. Among other expressions of this desire was the following, received from two of the pastors of Boston, who had known him long and intimately * : —

"Deacon Safford's character and influence were the subject of some interesting conversation at the pastors' meeting yesterday; and we were requested to see those immediately connected and interested, and urge the preparation of a transcript of the life of that good man, as one whose example is not above the comprehension of all; as one which we need to have repeated in thousands of instances in our churches. It seems to us that the blessed Spirit might use it to fill a want among us, for which the churches would long be grateful."

One who had been associated with him in office, in the church, and elsewhere,† also wrote, —

"Do let us have a description of our excellent friend, whose benignant smile and cordial grasp we shall never forget, that will perpetuate his example, and do as much good, we may hope, as he did while on earth, leading multitudes to seek and obtain his genial piety and large-hearted benevolence."

It is with great diffidence, and after much persuasion, that the writer has undertaken to meet the desires thus expressed. The only ability she can claim for this attempt is a vivid recollection of incidents, and the inexpressible interest with which she cherishes the impressions of his life and character, received during twenty-eight years of his acquaintance, first as a sister-in-law, and afterward in the nearest of all earthly relations. The most that she dares to undertake is a simple narrative, in unadorned language; which, she ventures to

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* Drs. Blagden and Adams.

† Henry Hill, Esq.

hope, may escape unfriendly criticism if it fail to show a literary excellence to which she does not aspire, and for which experience has not qualified her.

Indulgence is asked for the use of the third person in those parts where the writer is necessarily introduced into the narrative.

It has been her care to admit no statement of fact which she has not the fullest reason to believe to be strictly true. In respect to the early portion of Mr. Safford's life, and many transactions of later periods, which came not within her personal knowledge, she has given the facts as narrated to her by himself. So, likewise, when describing events in the history of other persons, she has invariably recorded them as they were detailed to her by the persons themselves, or by others who were believed to be acquainted with the facts. She can be responsible for the statements in such cases no further than this.

At the request of the publishers, permission has been given them to insert in the Appendix a more particular account of Mr. Safford's property and charities. This consent has been granted only in the hope that others may thereby be stimulated to a more enlarged beneficence, and a richer experience of the privilege of honoring the Lord with their substance.

It has been far from the aim of the writer, in preparing a Memoir of her husband, to hold him up to view as a faultless character. Could the departed spirit return to read these pages, nothing would be more abhorrent to his feelings than this. He well knew his imperfections, and bewailed them daily before the Lord. Nor has it been her intention to claim for him the sole, or even chief, credit for whatever was accomplished by him, in connection with others, for the cause of Christ. It was ever his delight to speak in warm commendation of what others did; and if his efforts appear more prominent in this narrative, it is only because the task she had undertaken required her to speak of him, rather than them.

It is upon the aid and blessing of the Holy Spirit, that the writer humbly relies for the usefulness of this Memoir. His grace alone made Mr. Safford what he was; and her prayer is, that He will still use the recorded life and character of his servant as he condescended to employ his active life on earth — for the promotion of his own glory, and the advancement of the cause of the Redeemer. A. E. S.

BOSTON, *April*, 1861.

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MEMOIR.

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CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

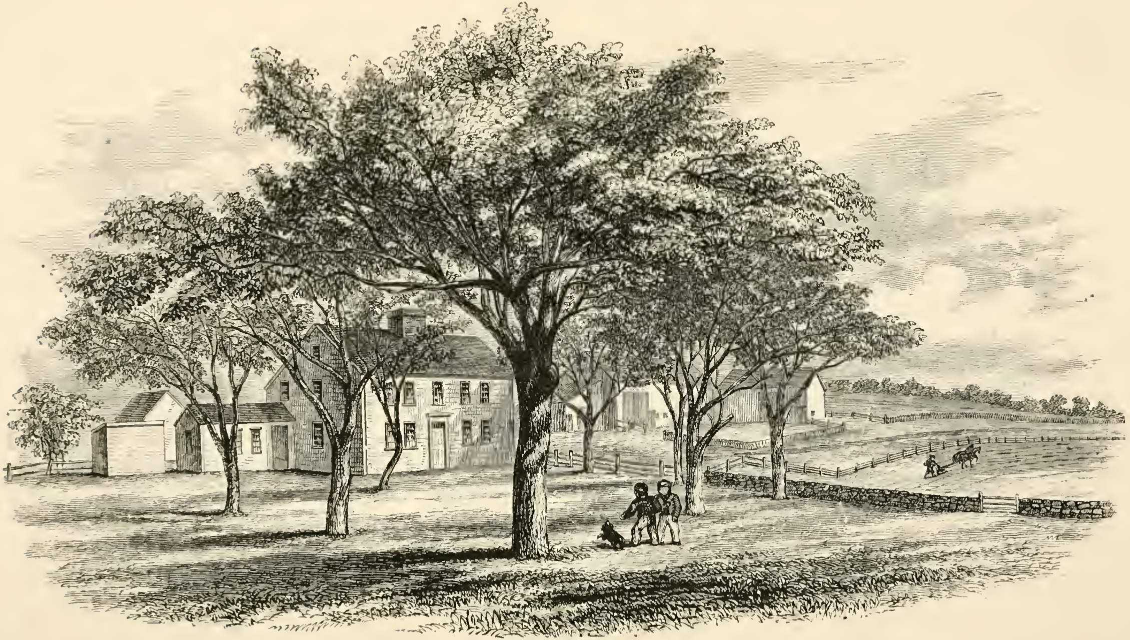
Birth. — Parentage. — The Homestead. — Domestic Scenes. — The Orchard. — The Grandmother. — School. — Labors on the Farm. — The Transgression and Punishment. — Mr. Safford's Brothers.

DANIEL SAFFORD was born in Hamilton, Essex County, Massachusetts, October 30, 1792. He was the youngest of four sons of Samuel and Priscilla Safford. During his childhood, the parents, an aged and very godly grandfather and grandmother, the four sons, and usually one domestic, constituted the family. Samuel Safford was a substantial farmer, a sensible and well informed man, whose daily life was strictly conformed to the principles of the Bible. He managed his worldly affairs with prudence and economy; and the wants of his family being simple, they were enabled to live respectably on a moderate income.

Mr. Safford cherished through life recollections of a peculiarly sunny childhood. Often would he recount its incidents, and live again amid its happy scenes. He could not remember that, as a child, he had been conscious of but one unsupplied want. He had no sister; and when he saw other boys more favored in this respect, he often said within himself, "Oh, how I do wish I had a sister!" To this ungratified desire he attributed in a measure, in later life, his peculiar affection for his sisters by marriage, whom he always adopted as his own. This want of his childhood was partially supplied by a large circle of cousins in the neighborhood, who were allowed frequently to meet at their respective homes, and in whose society and childish sports he was a very hearty and joyous participant.

A ride of twenty-five miles in an easterly direction from Boston brings us to the quiet village of Hamilton. Passing about two miles beyond this, we turn from the road into a circuitous wagon track, and are in a few moments at the old homestead of the family. In this secluded spot, and this humble dwelling, were cultivated those social affections and beautiful moral traits which distinguished Mr. Safford, and the foundation laid for his life of uncommon usefulness.

The present occupant of the premises purchased them of the widowed mother, and lived there one year before she left them. He is an aged man, but retains a lively interest in the family history, and delights to show a visitor the localities of the place. Here he opens the sitting-room, where Daniel was cared for by one of the kindest of mothers; with its old-fashioned cupboards, one for her best dishes, and the other for those in common use. In one corner stood the bed upon which his father died, and which during the sickness had been protected from the air by a bed-spread suspended before it from two forks fastened in the ceiling. Above is the chamber where the mother used every night to put her boys to bed, "tuck them up," and then return to busy herself with mending their



BIRTHPLACE OF DANIEL SAFFORD. Page 10.

stockings, and other similar labors, homely yet needful, until a late hour at night, feeling that of all happy mothers, she was the happiest.

The front door of the house opens upon an orchard of apple trees, in a remote corner of which is one that Daniel, when a boy, claimed as his own; and its fruit has ever since borne the name of the "Safford apple." For this fruit he had a peculiar fondness, always considering it among the best treats he could offer to his guests; but never finding, as he often said, any "quite so nice as those which grew in my father's orchard."

We can almost see him as described to us — a happy, ruddy-faced boy, running about under those trees, or walking with his little hand clasped in his grandmother's, between whom and himself, although she was now very aged and infirm, there existed a remarkable friendship. She was ever associated with his earliest and most cherished recollections. He not only loved, but greatly venerated her. He was accustomed to pay great deference to her opinions. When the boys at school disputed any thing affirmed by him, he felt strong if he could reply, "My grandmother said so." Once a pert lad, in answer to this argument, exclaimed, "Well, what of that? Who is your grandmother?" He replied, "My grandmother! Why, she knows every thing; mother knows some things, and father knows more; but grandmother knows *all!*" The respect for the aged, thus early rooted in his heart, he never lost. It was often exhibited by him in after life, especially while acting as a director of the Boston Home for Aged and Indigent Females. In his deep interest in that institution we recognize the ripened fruit of this early attachment to his venerable grandmother.

But notwithstanding his strong affection and respect for her, he had the feeling that it did not belong to her to punish him for his faults, regarding her rather as a companion than a disciplinarian. When about three years old, having done something which she thought merited a chastisement, and anticipating her intentions, he threw himself on his back upon the floor, and whirling round and round, and shaking his hands and feet, laughingly shouted, "Take care, grandma'am! take care, grandma'am!" until she concluded to give up the case.

It was in a small school house, about a mile from his father's dwelling, that he received all his school education. Until he was eight years old he attended there six weeks in the summer, and as many in the winter. But on arriving at that age, his services were required on the farm, and his school privileges were limited to the six weeks in winter. He was even then a thinker, rather than a student of books; and was especially interested in his arithmetical problems, which he often solved mentally when he first awoke in the morning, before rising, while other boys would be unable to accomplish this without slate and pencil.

At eight years of age he commenced working steadily all day upon the farm. Though remarkably fond of play, he was always willing to work. The idea that he could be useful to his father gave him much pleasure, and it was never necessary to reprove him for tardiness, or for stopping to play in working hours. Before he was able to hoe as fast as the men, his father allowed him to skip every other hill in order to keep up with them; and he was much delighted when at length he found he could do this without skipping any. His ambition was quite satisfied when he one day overheard his father, in conversation with a neighbor, say of him, "I would as lief have my Daniel to hoe potatoes or corn as any man I can hire. He will do as much in a day, and do it as well." As a reward for his industry and faithfulness, his father one year gave him a small patch of ground to cultivate for himself. This he planted with potatoes. The crop brought him fifty cents, cash — the first money he ever possessed. Thus he learned the valuable lesson, to earn before spending.

Being employed to carry milk to market during one season, in his boyhood, a customer once querulously said to him, as he was measuring her supply, "How much water do you think you have put in it?" He made no reply, but never carried milk to her again. He could not deal with a person who entertained a question of his honesty.

Mr. Safford's father was a man of cheerful disposition and pleasant manners, a kind and obliging neighbor, and, while very affectionate to his children, not weakly indulgent. He ruled his own household well, believing, with Solomon, that "a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame, while the rod and reproof give wisdom." In the training of this son there was one instance, and but one, in which he thought it necessary literally to follow the inspired direction, "Withhold not correction from the child; for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die."

There had been what is called "a raising" in the village, and, as usual, all the men and boys were assembled on the occasion. According to custom in those days, they were treated with ardent spirits. Daniel, who was then about fourteen years old, drank with the others, not to intoxication, but so as to be somewhat excited. At the close of the day, instead of returning home, he was induced, by several older than himself, to go into the bar room of a neighboring tavern. There they sat, chatting and amusing themselves, until, to his astonishment, he found that it was eleven o'clock. He had never before transgressed his father's commandment forbidding him to be out late at night. The offense in this instance was aggravated by the character of the company and the place. He knew that his father would be much displeased. His only hope of escaping the punishment he deserved was, that, weary with the toils of the day, he might have retired early, and thus remained ignorant of the disobedient act. Encouraged by this thought, he hastened home, and opening as gently as possible the outside door, into a small entry, in which was the stairway leading to his chamber, he closed the door softly, crept up the stairs, walked on tiptoe to the bed, leaped in, and said to himself, "Now I am safe." But the father had not been unmindful of his son. He had been sitting by the kitchen fire, watching the clock, hour after hour, with growing anxiety. No sound, however slight, escaped his wakeful ear. He heard the stealthy entrance, itself a confession of guilt, and after a little consideration, followed the transgressor to his apartment, but gave no intimation of his approach, until the smart of the rod aroused the slumberer to a sense of his presence, and of the purport of his visit.

Although not a word of explanation was uttered, either before or after the infliction of the punishment, yet Daniel perfectly understood its meaning, and recognized its justice. In after life he often blessed God and his father for the timely correction, considering it a great mercy that it was administered when he had taken but one step in the way of transgressors. No child ever more sincerely loved and respected a parent than Daniel did his father. A few weeks previous to his last illness, speaking of him to his wife, he said, "Oh, I wish you had known my father; you certainly would have loved him."

His brothers, David, Samuel, and Ephraim, were all men of genial temperament and high moral principle. There were no wranglings or contentions between them in childhood; and, as they advanced in years, nothing occurred to mar their mutual friendship. Daniel cherished their memories to the last, delighting to dwell on the interesting characteristics of each, and the great enjoyment he had had with them. In speaking of them, he once said, "I did love my brothers very much when we were children together — quite as much as myself, if not *more;* and after we became men, when Ephraim made a good voyage, or the others succeeded well in business, it made me quite as happy, and I am inclined to think even more so, than when I succeeded myself."

Thus, in the language of a friend, "In this rural home, and amid these healthy influences, at an equal remove from poverty and from riches, supplied with food convenient for him, — never so full as to deny the Lord, and never so hungry as to covet another's goods, — Mr. Safford, during the first sixteen years of his life, laid the foundation for that bodily vigor and imperturbable good nature, for that filial reverence and quiet self-reliance, for that cheerful industry and universal contentment, that wise economy and modest usefulness, which distinguished his manhood, and gave him eminence among the good."

CHAPTER II.

EARLY MANHOOD.

Apprenticeship. — Fidelity therein. — Religious Experience. — Profession of Religion. — Goes to Boston. — Enters into Business in the City. — Habits of Industry and Economy. — Sketch of his Early History, written by Himself.

In the fall of 1808, Daniel left the paternal roof, at the age of sixteen years, to become an apprentice to his brother David, who was established in Salem as a blacksmith. He at once manifested superior mechanical skill, as well as great muscular energy. Although never much devoted to books, he was very fond of mathematics, natural philosophy, and astronomy, and acquired a good practical knowledge of them.

While an apprentice he took pleasure in promoting his employer's interests as faithfully as if they had been his own. In after life he but described his own earlier history, when he said to apprentices, to clerks, and to his own son, "Make your employer's interests your own. Aim to be so useful to him that he can not do without you." So thoroughly did he carry out this unselfish fidelity, that he not only gave his time and strength, but exerted his inventive genius also, to promote the interests of his employer. As an instance, he succeeded in exactly imitating a screw nut used in the construction of chaises, which, until that time, had been imported at a high price. This, and other imitations and inventions of his, sensibly increased the profits of the business.

The working hours of the day being thus faithfully employed for his brother, he availed himself of the privilege afforded him of using the shop and tools, in his leisure hours, for his own benefit. At the close of his apprenticeship, the proceeds of this extra labor amounted to sixty dollars, which constituted his only capital for commencing business in Boston.

It was in his eighteenth year that Mr. Safford was first effectually awakened to a concern for his eternal interests. One night, at a late hour, after having been in the company of some irreligious young men, the conviction came home to his reason and conscience, that he must immediately separate from them, or be ruined. Their scorn and ridicule were anticipated, and the question of bearing these, or the wrath of God, well weighed. Before he went to sleep the momentous choice was made. Not more decided was Bunyan's pilgrim, when, with his fingers in his ears, he fled from the City of Destruction, crying, "Life, life! eternal life!" To that decisive hour he always looked back with the most solemn interest, regarding it as the moment of his existence when his destiny was happily settled for this world and the next. Two years later he united with the Tabernacle Church in Salem, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Worcester.

Near the close of the year 1812 Mr. Safford ended his apprenticeship, and went to Boston. As he could not afford to ride thither in the stage coach, he determined to walk. The day for starting came, and with it a severe December snow storm. Time was too precious to admit of waiting for fair weather. With that adherence to his purposes which ever marked his course, he set forth on foot. When well on the way, he was hailed by a man in a sleigh, who invited him to ride. Recognizing the voice of an acquaintance, and thinking a ride would be more comfortable than his cheerless walk, he accepted the invitation, but soon found that he was expected to pay dearly for the favor. His driver, besides proving a very uncongenial companion, not only called at all the taverns on the road, but turned out of his way to find others, expecting at each one to be treated with a dram. Although Mr. Safford drank no spirits himself, he thought it would be dishonorable to refuse this courtesy to the man who was giving him the ride. Thus the whole day was consumed, and as much money as would have paid for a seat in the public conveyance. The sun was just setting as they drove into Boston. Mr. Safford hastened to leave his companion, and determined, more strongly than ever, to avoid thereafter the society of all drinking persons. The lesson of that day he never forgot.

It was a stormy Saturday night when he arrived, a stranger in the city. At early dawn the next morning he left the hotel to find the only person in the city whom he knew. This was Mr. William Adams, who had formerly been a neighbor of the Saffords, and a playmate of Daniel in their childhood. Just as Mr. Adams was crossing Washington Street, with a pan of coals for kindling his fire, which he had procured at the "Lamb Tavern," he looked up the street, and saw a robust young man advancing toward him with quick and vigorous step. The short gray overcoat and large yellow buckskin gloves marked him as a country lad. Mr. Adams soon recognized him, and their greetings were very cordial. Daniel took a seat in Park Street Church with his friend that day; and this became his regular place of worship.

On Monday morning a copartnership was formed between Mr. Adams and his young friend. The "taking account of stock" was easily accomplished. It was found that the older partner possessed, in iron and tools, two hundred and forty dollars. The younger put into the firm twenty dollars in cash, and gave his note for two hundred and twenty more. He then took off his coat, and went to work. The copartnership, thus commenced, continued about seven years. Their workshop was in the yard of the "White Horse Tavern," which, with the "Lamb Tavern," the older inhabitants of Boston will remember as standing in Newbury, now Washington Street, near the present Hayward Place.

During the first few years of Mr. Safford's life in Boston his circle of acquaintance was very limited. He was industrious and economical, spending money for nothing which he could do without. As he never desired forbidden indulgences, the temptations of a city had little power to attract him. He never entered a theater nor a dancing hall; never visited a billiard room, a drinking shop, nor even a refreshment saloon. His healthful appetite was satisfied with three plain meals a day at a low-priced boarding house; and his nights were spent in refreshing sleep. At this period he might frequently have been seen, at twilight, with a merry countenance and elastic step, crossing the Common arm in arm with his partner, or playing and leaping with him, more like a boy let loose from school, than a man who had been all day at the anvil. Never a thought that his was a hard lot, never a feeling of jealousy toward those who seemed to be more highly favored than himself, gained entrance to his heart. His contented mind was a "continual feast." In after life, when enjoying the abundance God had given him, he frequently remarked that he had never been happier than at this period, when he was thus most industriously employed every hour of the six working days of the week, and in the evening adjusting his accounts, or administering to the wants of some person poorer than himself. For his charities commenced with his earnings, and kept pace with them through his life.

At this period Mr. Safford bought his iron one bar at a time, and carried it to his shop — quite a distance — on his shoulders. As this consumed time and strength, he ventured one day to ask the iron merchant to sell him on credit as much as he could work up in a month, that it might be carted to the shop. The man hesitated a little, but at length replied, "I think I would rather keep my iron." In later life Mr. Safford often referred to this circumstance in a manner which showed that he was not ashamed of his small beginnings, and with something of the gratitude of David, when he exclaimed, "Lord, by thy favor thou hast made my mountain to stand strong." His friends, to whom he used to tell the story, could hardly believe that there had ever been a time when *Daniel Safford* could not be trusted in Boston for a load of iron; but *he* could never forget it.

He strictly observed the Sabbath, continuing to attend regularly the Park Street Church. Curiosity never led him to stroll about on the Lord's day, to see other churches, or hear a variety of preachers. Not seeking to be known, nor expecting any attention to be paid him, it was with much surprise that, on lifting his eyes from his work one day, covered as he was with dust, he saw the majestic figure of the Rev. Dr. Griffin stoop to enter his shop, and heard him say, as he advanced, "I have come to seek you out, having noticed your constant attendance upon my preaching." The sermons of this faithful and eloquent man, to which he was indeed an interested listener, impressed his mind deeply. The seed thus sown fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit after the sower had gone to his reward.

Notwithstanding it may involve some repetition, we will close this chapter with Mr. Safford's own history of his early life, as we find it in a letter, written to his eldest son on his becoming of age. It is dated April 1, 1851.

"MY DEAR SON: You are now twenty-one years old — a 'free man.' I have no longer a legal right to dictate to you, or to control you, and you have no longer a legal claim on me for pecuniary aid or support. By this I do not intend to intimate that you will have less regard for my opinions and wishes, or that I shall feel less solicitude for your temporal and spiritual welfare. You have now launched your little skiff upon the broad sea of life, with nothing to depend upon but your paddle and the favoring breezes of heaven.

"By this I am reminded of my own past history;

and, as I do not recollect having told you much about it, I will now give you a very brief account of my earlier life, which may be of some use to you while I live; at least a gratification to you when I am gone.

[After stating the particulars of his parentage and boyhood, as already recounted, Mr. Safford proceeds: —]

"At the age of sixteen I went to Salem as an apprentice to my brother David, at the blacksmith's business. Soon after this I became acquainted with three other mechanics' apprentices, older than myself, who worked near me. They invited me to go out with them in the evening, and I did so several times. I soon found that they were profane, intemperate, and licentious. On one occasion, when I came home, I found the door locked; it was nearly eleven o'clock. I succeeded in entering the house by way of the cellar door, and thus found my way to my bed without disturbing the family. I went to bed, but not to sleep; for although I had not fallen into any immoral practices, I saw that if I continued in such company, my reputation would suffer, and there was danger that my character would soon become like theirs. I determined at once to break off all intimacy with them, and to avoid their society altogether, which I did from that night. About that time my attention was called to the subject of my own salvation. I then spent my evenings in reading the Bible and other good books, and attending religious meetings. After this, my old associates asked me a few times to go with them to their haunts of sin, and, when I declined, they said, 'Oh, you have become very pious!' I replied that I wished it were true. When they found they could neither coax nor laugh me out of it, they left me to myself.

"My interest in religion gradually increased. I became more and more convinced of my lost condition as a sinner against God, and my need of such a Saviour as the gospel provides. Although the struggle was great, and my progress slow, I trust I was ultimately led by the Spirit of God, whose aid I daily implored, to commit my soul unreservedly to him. I now found new associates — a few young men, with whom I met weekly for prayer and religious conversation, became my most intimate and faithful friends. In their society I was far more happy than I had ever been in that of my former associates — friends I can not call them. In the one case the interviews afforded a pleasant and profitable topic of thought and conversation; in the other nothing but remorse and shame.

"Of these last friends, the one with whom I was most intimate died in the triumphs of faith, while preparing for the ministry. Another became a wealthy merchant, and, after a life of usefulness, died about a year ago, leaving a large amount of property to different benevolent institutions. Two others have been faithful and successful ministers of the gospel, and are still living and laboring in the vineyard of their Lord and Master. Very different is the history of my three earlier associates. Not long after I left them, one of the number pilfered from his master, ran away, and, so far as I know, has not been heard from since. The other two sank lower and lower in vice and dissipation, until they lost their employment and friends, and became poor and shabby in their appearance. I have met them when they would look down or another way, so as not to see me when I passed them. I think they both died from the effects of their dissipation before they arrived at the age of thirty-five years. How true that ‘ the way of transgressors is hard,’ and that ‘ the path of the just, like the shining light, shineth more and more unto the perfect day’!

“ For a long time my hope that I was a Christian was feeble and vacillating, so that I did not offer myself to the church until I was about nineteen years old. I was then received into the Tabernacle Church in Salem, of which the Rev. Dr. Worcester, who was subsequently the first secretary of the American Board of Missions, was at that time the pastor.

“ Near the close of the year 1812, when I was a little more than twenty years old, my brother, who had another apprentice, and very little business, told me he would give me the remainder of my time, if I would release him from his obligation to give me, as was then the custom, a ‘ freedom suit’ of clothes. I accepted this proposition, and on the last Saturday of December came to Boston, having in hand about twenty dollars, with forty more due me, which I could not then collect. This money I had earned during my apprenticeship, by working at unseasonable hours.

“ I was very poorly clad, had but these twenty dollars, and knew the face of but one man in Boston. Business of every kind was extremely dull, in consequence of the existing war with England. I thought if I could earn a living the first year, I should do well, and be satisfied, though the prospect even for this looked doubtful; but I set my face to seek the Lord, and my hands to work; and at the close of the year I found, to my surprise, that I had gained three hundred dollars. This I have ever considered, in view of all the circumstances, the most successful year of my life.

"About this time I was informed that a very poor, pious old widow lived in a little attic room near my shop. I went to see her, and found her almost without fuel, and her room cold. I got a small load of wood for her, and hired a man to saw it, and after I had done work I went and carried it up a narrow, winding stairway, and piled it up snugly in her chamber. The relief which this little act afforded her, and the gratitude which she expressed, gave me more pleasure than any like sum which I ever spent for myself. As my acquaintances were then few, I used frequently to visit her, and assist her from time to time, as she needed; but I was abundantly repaid by her pious and instructive conversation, and I doubt not that I was blessed in answer to her fervent prayers. From that time to this I have been in the habit of contributing for the relief of the poor, and for various benevolent purposes, as opportunity has offered, and as the Lord has prospered me; and in my own case I have experienced the fulfillment of the declarations, 'He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again,' and 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth.'

"If it had been told me, when I commenced business in Boston, that I should one day be worth ten thousand dollars, I should have been greatly surprised, and perfectly satisfied. That was a larger amount than I ever expected to acquire. When about to take any important step in my worldly affairs, I have been in the habit of asking for the guidance of God as sincerely as in spiritual matters; and, although I do not expect an answer in an audible voice, I do expect him so to influence my mind as to lead me to decide in the way which he sees, on the whole, to be best. What a privilege, when in doubt as to what course to pursue, to be permitted and invited to ask wisdom of One who knows all things, the future as well as the present and past!

"When I reflect upon my success in business, and upon my social and religious standing, I love to attribute them to the blessing of God upon my exertions. We must not look for his blessing *without* our exertions, but *upon* our exertions.

"Perhaps you are ready to say, '*I* do not take any pleasure in reading the Bible, in thinking about God, in praying to him, or in the society of those who talk about God, and heaven, and eternal things.' Is it so? Then you or God must change, or you can never be happy with him and holy beings. And now, my dear son, let me entreat you to set your face, your heart, your whole soul, to seek the Lord in earnest. Will you do it? Will you resolve *never* to do it? No, I am sure you will not. Will you resolve to do it at some future time? That time may never come; and if it does, it may, and probably will, find you less inclined than now. Christ says, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these [necessary] things shall be added to you.

"Give yourself unreservedly to God, and he will give himself to you. God will be your portion, heaven will be your home, and there will be laid up for you an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Only think! — exceeding all worldly glory a thousand times, and that for ever.

"That this may be your lot, let it be your daily prayer, as it is the prayer of your ever affectionate father, DANIEL SAFFORD."

CHAPTER III.

DOMESTIC LIFE AND BEREAVEMENTS.

Death of his elder Brother and Father. — Marriage. — Housekeeping. — Apprentices. — Correspondence with his Brother Ephraim. — Death of his Brother David. — Receives his Children into his own Family. — Little Susan. — Her sudden Death. — Letters. — Views of Dress. — Death of his Brother Ephraim. — Sickness and Death of Mrs. Safford. — Impaired Health.

Two years of Mr. Safford's business life had glided pleasantly away, and his prospects were still brightening, when a series of bereavements commenced, which constitute a remarkable feature in his history.

Mr. Safford's love for his brothers, their early promise and high moral character, have already been mentioned. This fourfold cord was now to be sundered. Samuel, the eldest of the band, who had been the leader of the brothers and cousins in their childish sports, whose playful humor and musical voice rendered him very attractive in more mature years, was first called away. He was at this time thirty years old, a husband and a father. Life seemed opening upon him with increasing charms. But consumption laid upon him its blighting hand, and after oscillating for months between hope and fear; his friends were forced to the painful conclusion that he must die, and sent for Daniel to come and pass the few remaining days with him. It was the first death which Mr. Safford had ever witnessed, and it was with the most intense interest that he watched the process of that great change in one so dear to him. "Daniel," said the expiring brother, "I have seen others die, and thought it a very solemn scene; but it is quite a different thing to die myself." Mr. Safford felt as never before the inestimable value of that hope in Christ which proves an anchor to the soul in such an hour. Samuel had for two years indulged this hope; and he now, without fear, saw death approaching. Perceiving that the friends around his bed were waiting to catch the last token of recognition, he said, "I am not going now; my time has not come yet." A few hours later he looked upon them with a smile, and said, "I *am* going now," and ceased breathing. Mr. Safford retained with great vividness, through his entire life, the impression of this death. The calmness with which this beloved brother, trusting in the Lord Jesus, faced the king of terrors, assured him of the possibility of triumphing over death, and increased his confidence in the foundation on which he had based his own hopes for eternity — the atonement of Christ. But he was led to inquire whether he was bringing forth those fruits of the Spirit which are the only proof of a genuine trust in Christ, and to seek with greater earnestness to make his salvation sure.

The next year, 1816, Mr. Safford was called to part with his father. An incident connected with his death is related with tender interest by a maternal aunt of Daniel, who survived him, and was able, though at the great age of ninety-eight, to recall much of the history of her nephew. Early piety was not so frequent then as now. Mr. Safford, this aunt tells us, was called home to see his father, who lay on his dying bed.

He had made his visit; and, as he was about to take leave, his father said, "Daniel, can not you pray with us before you go?" "He was but a youngster, then," said she, "and there was David, with his girl, and Ephraim, with his girl, and all the rest of the family; but he knelt and prayed, without a moment's hesitation, and we never, any of us, doubted, after that, that Daniel was a man of prayer." This was the first time his relatives had heard his voice in prayer, and this was the last interview on earth between the son and father. The latter fell asleep soon after, at the age of sixty years. His body rests in the village churchyard at Hamilton. On his tombstone are inscribed the words, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

In 1817, Mr. Safford was married to Miss Sarah Ashton, of Boston. He was then twenty-four years of age, and had been four years in business. He hired part of a house, adjoining his shop, in Devonshire Street. This he fitted up with second-hand furniture, every article of which he paid for, and conveyed home after the work of the day in the same manner he had formerly carried his iron to the workshop. When all was completed, and he saw every thing neatly and pleasantly arranged under the guiding hand of his skillful housewife, and all paid for by the blessing of God upon his own labor, his heart was filled with delight and gratitude.

He erected a family altar as soon as he had a family, and every member of his household was expected to be present at the devotions. He never thought of excusing himself from this, or any other duty, on the plea that he was not gifted, or had not been educated.

Using the gifts he had, his one talent became five, as all will testify who have united in his prayers in the family, in the conference room, the dying chamber, or the house of mourning. To him the promise was richly verified, "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance."

Mr. Safford, at the time of his marriage, was connected with a circle of young men, who met weekly at each other's homes for prayer and religious conversation; and now it gave him great pleasure to be able, in his turn, to accommodate them at his own house. Thus early did he commence making his dwelling a sanctuary of prayer and praise.

As his business increased, he began to take apprentices, and received them all into his own family, until the number amounted to ten. These he not only boarded and lodged, but supplied them also with clothes, all of which were made and mended in his house, under the personal care of his wife. For these young men Mr. Safford felt the solicitude of a truly Christian master. He required them all to be present at the family devotions, and to go regularly to some place of worship on the Sabbath. Other wholesome regulations were enforced; one of which was, that they should always be at home for the night as early as ten o'clock. Nor was this care diminished after he ceased to board his apprentices himself. Though no longer under his own roof, they still received his parental oversight. The fruits of this solicitude in their behalf were apparent. Five of them were admitted successively as partners with him in business, all of whom became hopefully Christian men. Two preceded Mr. Safford to their home above, and three yet live to testify to his faithfulness, and cherish his example and counsels as a sacred boon from Heaven.

The earliest correspondence of Mr. Safford which is left us was held with his brother Ephraim. This brother was one for whom he ever cherished great respect and affection. He possessed a well-balanced and cultivated mind; being unusually fond of reading, even from his childhood. He had desired to go to college, but his father's limited income forbade this; and, as his constitution was naturally delicate, it was judged best to send him to sea, in the hope that a few voyages might strengthen it. He became a sailor, and soon a commander of a ship. Mr. Safford's first letter to him is dated December 5, 1819. It is directed, "Capt. Ephraim Safford. To be left at the Sun Tavern, Salem, Mass." We give it entire.

"Dear Brother: Since I left you I have thought much of the importance of your situation, and of the difficulties attending it. If any thing I could do or say would lessen these difficulties, or afford you any assistance, I would spare no pains to do it. But when I consider my inability to say any thing that will be instructive to you, it is with much diffidence that I make the attempt.

"I will, first, briefly give you my idea of the best mode of government, and leave you to judge how far it may answer for you.

"The best mode of commanding, I think, is to say, 'Do this,' or 'Do that,' in a pleasant, but firm manner. I know that sea captains have said that it is necessary to swear at men, in order to be obeyed quickly. This may be true when a man has always been in the habit of accompanying every command with an oath; but when the reverse has been the practice, I am confident the simple command will be obeyed with more pleasure by the men, and with much more credit to the commander. I do not say this to you because I have ever heard that you were in the least addicted to the very ungentlemanly as well as unchristian habit of swearing.

"As to that part of government which comes under the name of correction, I think it is much more difficult to administer it wisely. It is all-important that the offender, whether the correction be in word or deed, should, if possible, be made sensible that he is not punished with a malicious and revengeful spirit, but from the impulse of sober reason and a sense of duty; for although our passions are as necessary as our reason, they should no more be exercised without reason, than the sails of a ship should be hoisted to the wind when she has no rudder

"I think that the Sabbath should be more regarded than it usually is at sea. 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' is one of the ten commandments, against the profanation of which much is said in the Bible. For that sin the nation of Israel was threatened with destruction; and we have no right to expect prosperity, either as a nation or as individuals, if we disregard this command. When the weather is such as to render it practicable, if the officers of vessels would read a sermon and prayers with the crew, and keep up the form of worship, I think they would find it to promote peace and good order, though no other good effect were realized. I send you a parcel of tracts, that you may occasionally drop some of them where the sailors will get them, or give them directly, as you may think best. As there is something novel in them, your men may be induced to read them, when they would not read the Bible; and if it has no other effect, it may employ them when they would otherwise be studying mischief.

"I hope you will be careful to use means for the restoration of your health, and look to God for his blessing upon them. I commend you to God, whose favor is life. That He who commandeth the winds and waves, and they obey, may bear you prosperously to all your destined ports, and in good time return you in health and safety to your country and friends, is the earnest prayer of your anxious brother."

In 1822 Mr. Safford was called to Salem to witness the death of his brother David, with whom he had served his apprenticeship, and who, like Samuel, was fast sinking under a consumption. His wife had already fallen by the same disease. When dying, he committed to Daniel his four children, David, Ephraim, Ruth, and Susan. He received them into his own family, and acted towards them the part of an affectionate father. All except the youngest grew up to mature years under his fostering care.

The following letter, addressed to his brother Ephraim, is directed, "Ship Minerva, Charleston, South Carolina."

"May 6, 1823.

"Dear Brother: As I have no news to communicate, it may not be unprofitable to spend a thought on the present life as connected with the future. It is compared to a journey, a voyage, a race, and a warfare, each of which supposes something ahead as the great object. If we reflect on the sicknesses and pains, the losses, disappointments, and troubles, of every kind, to which mankind are constantly exposed in this life, we cannot suppose that a Being of infinite goodness and wisdom would have created man and placed him here, unless there were some important work for him to do. From the Bible we learn that this important work is to prepare for another, a never-ending state of existence. We also learn that this existence is to be happy or miserable, beyond our present conception, according to the deeds done in the body. Now, if, by any thing we can do, this happiness may be secured and this misery avoided, surely this life, though short, is of infinite importance. In the gospel we are assured that whosoever will may come and drink of the water of life freely. Now, dear brother, as you value your soul, be entreated, by one to whom your happiness is dear, to make a serious business of religion, and that without delay; for life is short, and death is certain and near. I know you are deprived of many privileges with which I am favored; but you have the Bible, which is the best guide, and the presence of its divine Author, who is the God of the seas as well as of the dry land. I wish, if you have time, you would write me something of your religious views and feelings, and particularly of your health. I feel anxious for your welfare in port and your safety at sea, but rejoice to leave you in the hands of Him who can calm the raging elements with a word. I am very busy, but shall endeavor to write you again before you sail from Charleston. Please write me how you like your ship, officers, men, and your cook.

"Your sincere friend and affectionate brother,

"DANIEL."

In a letter to Captain Ephraim Safford, dated May 1, 1824, he says, —

"I have just bought a house, for which I paid fifty-five hundred dollars, and I used your money to make out the amount; but I shall hold myself ready to meet any demand you may make on me. When you return we shall probably be living in Sullivan Court, directly opposite father Ashton's houses, in Federal Street.

"I have lost five hundred dollars this year by a failure, but my business is very good. I sincerely regret, brother, your present adverse fortune, but I hope the result will not be so bad as you fear. At any rate, may it lead you and me to take the advice of the poet, —

'Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear,
On whose sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.'"

It has been mentioned that, on the death of his brother David, Mr. Safford received the four orphan children to his own house, Susan, the youngest, being then three years old. Having no children of his own, he became very much attached to this little one. It was his first experience of loving and being loved by a little child. It was her sweet voice and kiss which usually first greeted him on his return home; and in her prattle, as she sat upon his knee, at the close of the day, he learned to forget all his toils and cares. For three years she was permitted, as a sunbeam, thus to enliven the home of her adoption, to receive and reciprocate the affection of her uncle. In the spring of 1825, on the day of General Lafayette's arrival in Boston, she stood at the window in the morning, watching for her uncle; and when he entered the house, she jumped into his arms, full of life and animation, saying, "Now, uncle, I want some money to buy me a blue ribbon. I am going to have some visitors, and we must all be dressed in white, with a Lafayette ribbon." The purchase was made. Susan was dressed, and her little friends came. They were full of glee, the house resounding with their merry voices, as they played "bo-peep" in the yard. Running into the shed, she leaped up to catch a glimpse of them through the window. Missing her hold, she fell into a vault, and was suffocated before assistance could be procured. Her uncle was absent at the time, engaged, with others, in escorting our country's benefactor into the city. On his return no pattering feet ran to welcome him. The dear child whom he had clasped in his arms a few hours before, in perfect health, lay still in death. He at once recognized the hand of his Father, and heard him saying, "Be still, and know that I am God." But a friend who accompanied him home, and witnessed the scene that ensued, describes it as one of the most affecting he ever witnessed; and Mr. Safford could never speak of it in after life without manifesting much feeling. Mrs. Safford never recovered from the shock.

Captain Ephraim Safford was at this time with a physician in New Hampshire, in the hope of improving his health. His brother wrote to him thus: —

"In consequence of Lafayette's visit, our city and house have been crowded with company. The Mechanics' Association, of which I am a member, gave him a dinner. The occasion was one of great interest. The governor, lieutenant governor, Hon. Daniel Webster, and the mayor, with the son and suite of the general, were present."

The matter of dress is not wholly without significance. It may therefore be remarked in passing, that at the dinner referred to in the above extract, Mr. Safford was introduced to Lafayette as the leading blacksmith of the city. The marquis, eying him from head to foot, said, with some surprise, "Why, I should sooner have taken him for the leading *tailor*." The incident shows the care which Mr. Safford had of his personal appearance. His piety did not lift him above, nor his occupation sink him below, proper attention to his dress. He was equally removed from every thing finical and slovenly. His aspect and attire were in keeping with his character and habits; so that strangers often asked, "Is that gentleman a clergyman?" This may seem unworthy of record; yet an experienced and observing merchant remarks, that he has rarely seen the lad or the young man, who was indifferent to his appearance, and slovenly in his dress, succeed in business.

The next letter is to his brother Ephraim.

"August 21, 1825.

"Very Dear Brother: Reflecting this evening on your situation, I have thought that if any remedy could be found for your disease, I would spare neither money, time, nor exertion to procure it. At the same time, I have been still more strongly impressed with the importance of doing something that, with the blessing of God, may procure for you that which is of infinitely greater moment; I mean an interest in the atonement of Christ. For what is time compared with eternity? To assist my laboring mind to some faint idea of eternity, I have supposed one particle of dust to drop from this earth in a million of years, and so onward; the period would at length arrive when the last atom would drop. At that distant time, should it be asked how much of duration remains, the answer would be, Eternity. Now, dear brother, if your eternity should be a happy one, and happy beyond your powers of conception, what a blessing that you were born! if otherwise, what ——! This is your state of probation. Now there is hope. If delays in other cases are dangerous, they must be dreadfully so in this. Go, I entreat you, to God; confess your sins, and if you do not feel yourself to be a great sinner, ask him to disclose to you your true character.

"Perhaps you recollect some time when you have been sick or in great danger; when you have promised that if your life were spared, you would seek and serve the Lord. If so, confess the sin of failing to perform vows made under such solemn circumstances. Pretend not to any merit of your own as a reason why you should obtain mercy and forgiveness, but plead the merits of Him who died to save sinners, and who is ready to save, even at the eleventh hour, all who truly repent and believe. Let the Bible be your guide; the reading of that, with prayer, your employment. 'He that never prayed can never conceive, and he that has ever prayed as he ought can never forget, how much is to be gained by prayer.' All I have said to you, my brother, I hope I have said to myself; it is needful."

Ephraim came to Mr. Safford's house soon after the date of this letter, and remained until his death, which occurred in the following month. Mr. Safford thus enjoyed the privilege, during the last days of his brother, of performing for him those kind offices which are so grateful to an invalid of delicate sensibilities, when they are known to be the expression of sincere affection and devoted attachment. Ephraim left his property in the care of his brother, requesting that their mother, while she lived, might be supported from the income — a request which Mr. Safford allowed to be fulfilled partially, and for a time only, as he claimed to share with him the privilege of supporting her.

Within a few hours of his death, Ephraim said to his wife, "Daniel does not need my money. There is nothing I can do to show my gratitude and love for him; but if our child should be a son, will you name him Daniel, as a token of my respect and affection for him?" In accordance with this request, the child was called Daniel Ephraim. The widow soon followed her husband to the grave, and left this child to the care of his uncle. Although his early training devolved chiefly on his maternal grandmother, yet Mr. Safford ever regarded him more as a son than a nephew, and felt the most tender interest both for his temporal and spiritual welfare; managing the property so prudently that it nearly doubled while in his hands.

Captain Ephraim Safford was the last of his three brothers. As already mentioned, they all died of consumption, between the ages of thirty and thirty-six years. It was hard for Mr. Safford to see brothers of so much promise die so soon. But this was God's method of teaching an enterprising young man the uncertainty of life, and the importance of seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. That lesson, indeed, had been taught him from his childhood, by a heart affection, from which he often suffered. When running, or engaged in any of the athletic sports of youth, he was frequently compelled to stop instantly, and remain quiet until the palpitation subsided. In after life these attacks became of a more serious character. He was sometimes seized with them while conversing quietly with a friend. He ceased talking. His countenance assumed a thoughtful expression, and if asked what was the matter, he replied, "Do not speak to me." Sometimes he would remain sitting; at other times throw himself upon a sofa. On placing an ear to his chest, the heart would seem to be entirely still. A fluttering motion succeeded, followed by a violent beating. These paroxysms occupied from five minutes to half an hour. When relief came, it was as sudden as the attack. He sometimes bounded to the floor with joy. When asked to describe his sensations, his reply was, "I can give no account of them. I do not yet know what dying is, but I have the impression that this suffering is as near the sensation of dying as any thing can be." It was this heart disease which led him habitually to expect that he should die suddenly. He was thus from his youth under sentence of death, and often reminded that it might come at any hour.

We now see Mr. Safford residing in Sullivan Place; the family consisting of his invalid wife, his widowed mother, who had come to take up her permanent abode with him, and the three orphan children of his brother David. His extensive business, the declining health of his wife, and his care for these children, press heavily upon him, but with great cheerfulness and fidelity he discharges every duty. Yet he is but little known beyond the circle of his business. There are men, however, in the church, wise and observing, who have marked his course, silent and unobtrusive, already saying one to another, "There is a great deal in that man. He is yet to become an ornament in the church, and a blessing to the world."

Mrs. Safford lingered in consumption for two years. It was during her protracted illness that he learned those lessons of patient watching with the sick, and acquired that skill in the treatment of them, which rendered him so well adapted ever after to the chamber of sickness. We could mention numerous instances in which he was enabled thus to comfort the suffering by giving himself to minister to them. A gentleman living at a distance from the city, who had been long ill and was now confined to his bed, was visited by Mr. Safford just before his death, and his offer to sit with him through the night was accepted. The wife of the invalid says, "I shall never forget the expression of pleasure and gratitude with which my husband said to me, as I approached his bed in the morning, 'I have had a good night. What a wonderful man Mr. Safford is! He knows exactly how to treat a sick person. Never has any one turned me in bed with such ease, always placing the pillows in the way to render my position the most comfortable.'" He conferred and received an unusual amount of pleasure in thus personally waiting upon the sick, in imitation of his divine Master, who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." The first time the writer ever heard Mr Safford's name mentioned, was more than thirty years ago, when he was described to her as "the good Deacon Safford, whose wife had been ill so long, and who had been so patient and kind in the care of her, and whom every body loved."

The summer previous to Mrs. Safford's death, she was removed to Randolph for the benefit of the country air. All the sleep he had during that season was obtained while riding to and from that place, a distance of fourteen miles. He was obliged to remain at his business until the latest moment; then he would get into his chaise, place the reins on a hook, fold his arms, and sleep until the horse stopped at the door of the house, spend the night in watching with her, and just at daybreak seat himself again in his chaise, sleeping on his return in the same way; his trusty horse "Blackie" conducting him just as safely as by the most careful driving.

Mrs. Safford died in November, 1827, leaving pleasing evidence to her bereaved husband that she had departed to be with Christ. She had been educated a Unitarian, her parents and most of her relations having been of that faith; but she had experienced a change of views, and united with the Park Street Church before her marriage. The fact that Mr. Safford professed a different faith did not obstruct the most free and affectionate intercourse with her friends. He was never accused of bigotry by them, although he did not compromise or conceal his sentiments, but endeavored to be the same in all places and circumstances. Her mother, who survived his wife, made him her adviser in all her secular affairs, and the executor of her will. Her brothers also placed unlimited confidence in him. One of them, having taken up his residence in Europe, left a large amount of property in his hands, requiring no security, and giving no directions about it, except to say, "Use your own judgment and discretion." They trusted him because they saw that he constantly endeavored to do unto others whatsoever he would that others should do unto him.

He continued to visit his mother-in-law, and kindly to attend to all her requests during the many years she remained a widow and an invalid, even after he had formed many new relationships by his subsequent marriages.

During Mrs. Safford's long confinement, she had come to feel the loneliness of their residence in Sullivan Court; in consequence of which Mr. Safford sold the house and removed to rooms on the corner of Avon Place and Washington Street, where she died. After her death, he sent the children under his care to school in the country, and he with his mother became boarders. His own health was now seriously impaired. Apprehensions were awakened that he, too, might fall a victim to the same disease which had carried to the grave all his brothers, two of their wives, and his own.

His physician having advised immediate relaxation from business, he engaged passage for himself and faithful "Blackie" on board a vessel bound for the coast of Maine, where he spent several weeks traversing those vast primitive forests on horseback, eschewing all medicine, and breathing God's pure air. The unfavorable symptoms disappeared, and he returned to the city greatly invigorated. This seems to have been a crisis in his physical condition, no indications of pulmonary disease ever recurring afterward.

CHAPTER IV.

BUSINESS OPERATIONS AND PRINCIPLES.

First large charitable Donation. — Amount of his Property in 1826. — Increase of his Business. — His Horse "Blackie." — Rules of the Workshop. — Efforts to promote Temperance among his Men. — Interest in their Spiritual Welfare. — Narrative of two Individuals. — Description of his Business. — Respect for his Calling. — Reputation for Integrity. — Self-restraint under Provocation. — Skill in his Work.

"How long," the writer asked of a distinguished clergyman of this city, "had you been acquainted with Mr. Safford?" "Ever since," he replied, "that subscription of one thousand dollars which he made to the funds of the American Education Society." The event thus referred to occurred in the year 1826. At that time donations to charitable objects of such an amount were rare, and the fact of this being offered by Mr. Safford could not fail to bring him into notice in the religious community.

While listening to a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Cornelius on the importance of educating pious young men for the ministry, in which it was proposed that some one should give a thousand dollars to found a scholarship, the interest of which should be permanently devoted to aid one beneficiary, the question arose in his mind, "Can not *I* do it?" His heart responded, "I *can*." And he did it. At that time Mr. Safford was worth twenty-five thousand dollars.

This had not been gained by the rise of stocks, nor by speculations of any sort, but was wholly the product of industry and untiring application to his business, through the blessing of God, which, he says, "from the beginning I sought upon my labors." The preceding year had been one of unusual prosperity; and he now came with his thank offering, in accordance with the principle, upon which he acted through life, of giving as the Lord had prospered him.

"But this subscription," he said to a friend years afterward, "cost *me* a great deal of pain. I saw in my heart risings of self-complacency, which were very odious, and led me to fear that God would not accept the offering."

Until about this time Mr. Safford had been accustomed to labor with his men in the shop. He now took into partnership Mr. Isaiah Low, one of his early apprentices, a man of sterling worth and more than ordinary mental culture. His views of the principles and mode of conducting business harmonized entirely with Mr. Safford's; and he proved himself so competent in every respect, that the shop and the mechanical part of the business were at length left mostly in his hands. Mr. Low took the house adjoining their place of business, and received the apprentices into his family.

Although by this arrangement Mr. Safford was relieved from the immediate care of the shop, still the rapid extension of his business required his whole attention abroad. His work was called for in remote parts of the city and suburbs. It was in the prosecution of these labors that he purchased for a saddle horse the favorite "Blackie," already spoken of — an animal which from his own qualities, and his celebrity, deserves more than a passing mention.

This horse was brought for sale from the country, because unmanageable by his owner. His appearance was quite striking, being above the medium size, finely proportioned, of a jet black color, and his countenance remarkably intelligent. Having some confidence in his own horsemanship, Mr. Safford said he would try him. To his surprise, the horse behaved extremely well. Perceiving no fault in him, he concluded that the owner must have been very timid, and have yielded the mastery to the animal, who discovered this, and used the liberty given him. He purchased the horse; but the very first time he mounted him afterward, he made known his intention not to be controlled. His first effort was to throw his rider — an art in which he was manifestly well practiced. He reared, he kicked, he plunged, dashing and foaming in his rage. The battle was fought in a lumber yard, where boards and much timber were lying loosely about. Mr. Safford soon found that the contest was to be a severe one, and of very doubtful issue. The horse had always before gained the victory, and seemed quite confident he should now. Many persons were attracted to the spot to witness the scene. His friends begged him to dismount, saying that he would certainly be killed. But he was not accustomed to yield to difficulties in any work he had undertaken. He held the reins firmly, and with perfect calmness and great adroitness retained his seat, confident that he must conquer now or never, yet doubting whether the horse would yield until death. A large raw-hide whip was completely used up; the blood was flowing copiously down his legs;

when suddenly the horse surrendered. Standing entirely still, with the exception of an involuntary and universal trembling, he seemed to say, "I submit; I wait your bidding as my master." From this moment there was always the best understanding between the horse and his owner. For the succeeding twelve years they were associated with each other in the minds of many in this community. Mr. Safford was often designated by those who did not know his name as "the man who owns the black horse."

All the boys in the city knew Blackie. He would follow his master whenever permitted, run to him when called, if within sound of his voice, and perform many pranks which were to them a great amusement. His master frequently left him at the door of an establishment, with the reins over the saddle, and however long the time he was occupied, Blackie would be found on his return patiently waiting for him. At one place the boys, for several successive days, had been teasing him. At length, after he had borne the annoyance until his patience was exhausted, he suddenly reared, as if intending to spring upon them. The boys were frightened, and ran behind the building. After remaining there a little time, they crept timidly out, when the horse again sprang toward them, and drove them back. After this was repeated several times, Blackie concluded that he would hide, too. He went around the other side of the building, and remained until the boys appeared. While they were looking about, wondering if he were gone, he suddenly leaped at them from his hiding place. This play of hide and go seek by Blackie and the boys was repeated on several occasions, and it was so amusing that many were attracted to witness it.

It was with deep sorrow that Mr. Safford felt obliged to part with so faithful a servant, when he became old and blind. Twenty years afterward he said, "I have sometimes regretted that I had not paid his board and kept him in my possession, although perfectly useless to me, until his death."

About this time Mr. Safford took a long lease of the property on the corner of Devonshire Street and Spring Lane, then his place of business. The question whether he should lease or purchase it had been for some time under consideration. There was a strong probability that the value of this property would greatly increase; but his aversion to being in debt prevailed. It was with him an established rule never to contract a debt which he might not be able to pay.

The number of men in his employment varied from twenty to fifty. In his intercourse with them he was kind, but firm. The order and discipline of the shop during working hours were strict. No profane or improper language was allowed. Long before the temperance movement was commenced, Mr. Safford, as has been already seen, had practically adopted its principles. He saw and felt that the habit of drinking ardent spirits was a great evil. But how to meet it in the case of his workmen, for whom he was especially responsible, was a difficult question. They considered themselves as much entitled to their "grog" as to their wages. He first proposed to substitute beer, and placed in the cellar a barrel of it, to which they all had access. He next persuaded them to exchange the beer for milk. At last he adopted the plan of paying each man an equivalent in money for the liquor, when he settled with him at the close of the week. This measure proved more satisfactory than either of the others. A few years later, when the evils of intemperance began to be publicly discussed, and total abstinence societies to be formed, he invited all his workmen to meet in his own house, and listen to an address from Rev. Dr. Edwards, then a distinguished advocate of this cause. He set before them the dangers of the temperate drinker in his usual plain and earnest manner; after which the men formed themselves into a temperance society, every one of them signing the pledge.

Mr. Safford made himself acquainted with the habits of his workmen, both in and out of the shop. If he learned that one was guilty of immoral practices, he embraced the earliest opportunity for a private interview, and kindly but faithfully urged an immediate reformation. If this did not follow, the man, however valuable his services were to him, was dismissed. Nor did he rest content with this. He sought even more earnestly their spiritual welfare, and did not cease to pray and labor for their salvation. One who in early life was apprenticed to him, and subsequently became a partner in the business, says, "I can never express what I owe to Mr. Safford's example, and to his efforts for my welfare. It was a conversation which he had with me by the door of the shop, after the business of the day was closed, and the other workmen had retired, together with his prayers for me, which availed to bring me to Christ." This man is now a respected officer of a church in the suburbs of the city.

Another says, "I never hear the name of this good man mentioned but it stirs up within me the most pleasant emotions. When I first came to Boston, I applied for work to Deacon Safford, and was successful. He was employing at that time more than fifty workmen. Soon afterward, I joined a company of young men who spent their evenings in dissipation. One Saturday evening, as the men came forward to receive their pay, Mr. Safford asked me to stand aside and wait a moment. After all the others had gone away, he turned to me, and in one of the most faithful and earnest exhortations I ever heard, urged me to abandon my course of life at once, as my only hope of success in this world, or of salvation in that which is to come. During his remarks he recounted the history of many individuals, whom he had seen commence life in Boston with much promise, but who, following the same course I was then pursuing, had brought ruin upon themselves, and disgrace upon their friends. The conversation ended with a solemn prayer. It was the turning point in my life. I at once abandoned my evil associates, and avoided the theater; and from that hour my prospects brightened. This is not all. When thrown into the company of irreligious men, that conversation and its infinite worth to me have many times occurred to my mind, and led me to try to imitate it."

As has been already intimated, his business was not that of the ordinary blacksmith. There were parts of it which required much skill and taste, such as the constructing of doors, locks, and safes, for banks. Many of the ornamental iron fences, balconies, and verandas first constructed in Boston, were not only of his workmanship, but the patterns were of his device. His work was sent to different parts of this and other countries. He introduced hot-air iron furnaces for warming dwelling houses and large buildings, of which the first used in the Capitol at Washington was one. He invented some articles, and improved others, which came into extensive use. He was sometimes urged to take out patents on these; but he always said, "No; I choose that all shall be at liberty to use my inventions. If the public are benefited, I am satisfied." He entered into many large contracts with the city, and with other corporations; among them one for the iron work in Quincy Market, and another for that in the House of Industry. His last large engagement with the city was for the building of the iron fence around the Common. This he executed in connection with his former partner, Mr. Adams, more than fifteen years after the dissolution of their copartnership. Mr. Adams had continued in a prosperous business of the same kind, and Mr. Safford was ever scrupulously careful to avoid competition with him. Indeed, he always avoided every thing like competition with his fellow-mechanics. When proposals were solicited for these and similar large contracts, he would not underbid others, nor descend to any unfair means to procure the work. In making an estimate, he carefully acquainted himself with the cost of proper materials, and of the requisite labor, and then added what he regarded as a fair profit. Nor did he desire any engagements which were only to be had upon less honorable terms.

Mr. Safford never allowed himself to be insulted. A builder in the city, who had acquired eminence and influence, and whose favor was much sought by mechanics, on account of the business it was in his power to furnish, in fulfilling large contracts found it for his interest to employ Mr. Safford. The man was haughty, overbearing, often passionate, and withal very profane; but these peculiarities were borne with by many who wished to obtain his work. One day his large figure was seen in the door of Mr. Safford's shop. In a loud voice, and with an oath, he called out, "You son of a Vulcan, why is not the work done on those buildings?" The shop was large, and Mr. Safford was in a remote part of it. All the men paused in their work, and fixed their eyes on him. They had never seen him lose his temper; but this was a severe test, and the interest was intense to see how he would bear it. He remained silent for a moment. The man spoke again at the top of his voice, repeating the same words. Mr. Safford turned and walked toward him, and with calm dignity replied, "Mr. ——, such language as that can not be allowed in my shop. I have always treated you as a gentleman, and I expect the same treatment from you in return. The work is in progress, and will be completed at the time agreed upon; but if we must receive such language from you, I prefer that in future you should get your work done at another place." The workmen did not fail to notice the very deferential manner in which this person ever after addressed Mr. Safford, and were pleased to see that they received from him more orders for work than before.

The only respect which Mr. Safford valued was that inspired by true worth of character. This he aimed to attain in his calling, choosing to be known, at home and abroad, as a blacksmith. On one occasion, after he had retired from business, he said, "I was never at any time of my life ashamed of my trade, nor to be seen working at it. I have always regarded any honest employment, by which a person may earn a living, as respectable, and I can see nothing in it degrading to any man. I can not say that I have not aimed to be at the head of my profession, but have never entertained for a moment the wish to change my business, as I have sometimes been advised to do by friends, for one which in the eyes of many might be more respectable; choosing to be, as the proverb is, 'a king among beggars rather than a beggar among kings.' Of late years, since I have retired from business, it has sometimes happened that a lawyer, in drawing up legal instruments, has proposed to write 'Daniel Safford, gentleman,' as is common in such cases, and has sometimes done so; but I always disliked it, preferring to be designated by my former calling."

After it was almost forgotten that he ever labored with his own hands, he received, at different times, proposals from mercantile gentlemen to invest capital with them in business. Reflecting upon the risk which this would involve, he one day remarked to Mrs. Safford, "Should I lose all, and it should be necessary, I could return to the anvil, wife, and just as cheerfully as ever earn our bread in that way. It might be a little severe at first, but this arm has not lost its power, and, I think, not its skill." This had been proved not long before. When the Lowell Railroad was in process of construction, it became necessary, not unfrequently, to weld together two of the iron rails. Inquiry was made of Mr. Safford if this could be done. He said it could, and directed some of his most experienced men to undertake it. The foreman in the forging department pronounced the thing impossible. He said they could not get up a welding heat in that shop sufficient to do it, and that it would be foolish to attempt it. Mr. Safford, still insisting that it could be done, at length said, "You do not intend to compel me to take hold myself — do you?" "I should like to see you try it," replied the foreman, in a somewhat defiant tone. Mr. Safford knew that there was an Englishman in the shop who could do it, but he was not willing to have his foreman beaten by him. He ordered a man to the bellows, laid aside his coat, called for a leather apron, and took his stand at the anvil. Four men on each side of him supported the rails. The men had never before seen him in this position, and stood by, laughing among themselves, and expecting to witness his failure. He quietly worked on, until, to the astonishment of all, and the extreme mortification of the foreman, the work was successfully completed.

Contented with the wise allotments of Providence, Mr. Safford knew not the feelings of jealousy, which many in the working classes entertain respecting those who occupy a position in society higher than themselves. He cherished a noble magnanimity toward men in every station, and gladly gave honor to whom honor was due. He respected *man*, of whatever color or nation, as a brother, even though clothed in rags. His kindness to all classes was proverbial. He possessed that good sense, and had acquired those habits of close observation, which enabled him to judge correctly of character. If he met with persons who, on account of their wealth, arrogantly claimed undue deference, he pitied them. He never courted the favor of those who were elevated by office or wealth, or sought to gain consideration by any connection with them. It was not thus he aimed to rise in the world. But when, from time to time, he found himself unexpectedly occupying positions which were new to him, whatever they might be, he always seemed to be entirely at home in them. He knew just where he stood, and that it was on a solid foundation. Conscious that his aim was not to establish a reputation among men, but to be good and to do good, he was very little affected by what others thought or said of his course.

CHAPTER V.

CONNECTION WITH THE SALEM CHURCH.

Organization of the Church. — Chosen Deacon. — View of his official Duties. — Love for his Brethren. — Attachment to the Pastor, Rev. J. Edwards. — Kindness shown to his Family.

A GROWING interest in evangelical religion led to the belief that a new Congregational church should be organized in the northern part of the city. To commence this enterprise a number of persons were designated by the other churches, among whom was Mr. Safford. At the first meeting of the new church he was elected deacon, and appointed one of the committee for calling a pastor. He was inducted into office, with two associates, on the second Sabbath in January, 1828 — the Sabbath following the installation of the pastor.

Mr. Safford's estimate of himself was such that he would never have sought this office. Many years later, after he had served in a similar capacity in three other churches, he one evening remarked, on returning home from a meeting for prayer and conference, over which he had presided, "I ought not to be in this place. There are men in the church — Mr. —— and others — more competent to edify people than I am." Deeming it, however, a call of God, he did not refuse to obey it, and enter at once, with his customary fidelity, upon its duties. Visiting "the widow and fatherless in their affliction," and ministering to those who needed sympathy and relief, were no new employments to him; but he now adopted them as part of his daily routine of duty. One who was subsequently associated with him in this office writes, —

"Deacon Safford cherished a profound sense of the dignity and responsibilities of the office, and discharged its duties with unsparing zeal and devotedness, although diffident and distrustful of himself. Like the seven who were appointed to attend to such business as encumbered the apostles, that they might give themselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word, he made it his first duty to perform any service that would relieve or assist his pastor. His watchfulness for opportunities to do this was so constant, and his perception and judgment so accurate, that a thing was often done by him before it would occur to another that any thing needed to be done.

"It often devolved upon him in person to solicit contributions for charitable objects; and this he did in such a pleasant way that all were glad to see him coming, even when they knew it was to ask for money which they could, perhaps, ill afford to give.

"His visits to the sick and the afflicted were marked by gentleness and sympathy. He possessed great skill in gaining their confidence, and knew better than most men how to afford relief."

One of the objects which Mr. Safford strove to accomplish was to induce people to attend upon the services of the sanctuary. "Never shall I forget," remarked another, "after having mentioned one day to Mr. Safford the name of a family in the neighborhood of Salem Church, who I thought might be drawn to the house of God if efforts were made to that effect, the promptness and zeal with which he attended to the case, looking them up himself, and persevering in his exertions until they were all established as constant attendants on divine worship."

On one occasion, when a series of meetings was about to be held, he looked around to see whom he could induce to attend them. Among others, he invited a widow lady, with three young daughters, who were dependent in part on their needle for support. The mother reasonably objected that they could not afford to give their time to meetings during the week. He asked her how much they could earn in the given time. She told him, and he said, "Let your daughters come to these meetings, and I will see that you do not lose by it." They went, and were converted, and subsequently filled important positions both in social life and in the church.

He regarded the family of Christ as his own family. It was his custom to keep a list of the members of the church, and to cultivate a personal acquaintance with each; loving those united with him in these sacred bonds "with a pure heart fervently." He supplied the immediate necessities of the poor from his own purse, and with this never failed to point them to the full fountain of Christ's love, from which he himself drank so deeply.

The pastor who had been called to the charge of this infant church was the Rev. Justin Edwards, of Andover. At this time his health was found to have been so much impaired by his former labors, that it was deemed inexpedient for his family to remove immediately to Boston. They were accordingly placed for the time in Dorchester, and he himself allowed to pass the summer at Saratoga Springs. In these circumstances, Mr. Safford assumed the care of the family; or, as Mrs. Edwards said, "He *adopted* us. He was present at the house in Dorchester to receive our goods, and did not leave us until they were all arranged, aiding himself in the work through the entire day." It is with much gratitude that Mrs. Edwards remembers his kind attentions during this season of trial, while among strangers, in delicate health, with the sole care of her young children, and burdened with anxiety for her husband.

The approach of Blackie and his master always sent a thrill of joy through the house — the little boys vied with each other in their efforts to get first to the gate and open it; and were often permitted to perfom the no less agreeable service of relieving the chaise of its contents, consisting of nice fruits of the season, and other "good things." One instance of Mr. Safford's kindness made an abiding impression on the minds of these boys. He took them in his carriage into the city, and purchased for each a new pair of boots — the first they had ever possessed. He could never forget their manifestations of delight as they passed through the street leaping by his side, and filling his heart with a joy equal to their own.

"On the removal of the family to the city, in the autumn," Mrs. Edwards writes, "he was at the house in Sheafe Street, to receive us again, and to render the needed assistance. After the furniture was arranged, he perceived that some additional articles were wanting to render the parlors comfortable and attractive, and saying nothing to any one, he went and ordered them, paying the bill himself. Thus, with his kindness ever wakeful and active, he provided for our good, during our residence in Boston, many comforts, which are still gratefully remembered. When the ill health of my husband rendered it necessary for him to resign his charge and return to Andover, our dwelling here was, at his expense, handsomely painted, and furnished with window blinds. These and many other acts seemed to be done by him with the same interest with which he would have done them for his own family, expecting and wishing for nothing in return. During the absence of my husband most of the time for seven years, our dwelling was often cheered by his presence; and whenever we entered his own, we were sure to be met with a smile which gave full proof that his heart meant what his lips uttered — 'I am glad to see you.' To be ever greeted with kind looks and other expressions of a sincere and sympathizing heart, in this cold, selfish world, we have felt to be no small favor from the Lord.

"Throughout his life my children received from him numerous acts of kindness. For many months, while attending school in the city they had a home in his house. At the time when my husband was appointed President of the Theological Seminary at Andover, he made important repairs upon the house we were to occupy, and procured the additional furniture requisite."

In completing her narrative of the kindness received from him by her husband and family through his life, Mrs. Edwards adds, "In 1855, he, with my sons, selected a monument for my husband, the expense of which was mostly defrayed by contributions from his acquaintances and friends. His usual good taste and judgment were manifest in this. Though now in declining health, the care of its transportation and erection was, at his own request, left to him. He not only superintended the labor, but wrought with his own hands day after day, until the work was completed. . . .

"It was affecting to witness how constantly he employed himself for the good of others, even in illness and weakness. During the last summer of his life, he gathered in his daily rides materials for a rustic gate for our garden hedge. This he constructed himself, in his own house in Boston, spending several days in the work. We received it by express, with the hinges upon it, ready to be put in its place. There it still remains — more than six years afterward — opposite our windows, reminding us daily that we once had *such* a friend and brother.

"From many rooms in our dwelling his fervent prayers have ascended to the Giver of all good for his blessing to rest upon us; and oh, how many, *many* dwellings have shared in the same sincere and heartfelt supplications!

"May his mantle, with the blessing of Heaven, rest upon his family and posterity to the latest generation."

CHAPTER VI.

DOMESTIC LIFE, CONTINUED.

Marriage to Miss Abby Jane Bigelow. — Visit to her Parents. — Dominie. — Mr. Safford, "the Minister's Friend." — Rev. Dr. Cornelius. — Birth of a Son. — Death of his Wife. — Views of Mourning Apparel. — Extracts from Correspondence.

We have related the circumstances in which Mr. Safford's acquaintance with Rev. Mr. Edwards's family commenced. The kindness so gratefully acknowledged by Mrs. Edwards was at first prompted solely by his regard for his pastor, and the cause for which he was laboring. That attachment was now to be strengthened by the formation of a tenderer tie. On the 25th of December, 1828, he was married to Miss Abby Jane Bigelow, of Colchester, Connecticut, sister of Mrs. Edwards.

Miss Bigelow had professed religion six years before, at the age of twenty. Her temperament was placid, and her tastes were simple. Being little disposed to enter into fashionable life, it was her delight now to be introduced by her husband to those members of the church who could be comforted or aided by her, and share with him the pleasure of doing good.

The wedding had taken place in Boston, at the residence of Mr. Edwards, where Miss Bigelow was on a visit to her sister. Though the approbation of her aged parents had been sought and bestowed, yet four months of her married life passed ere they had an opportunity of seeing him who almost seemed to have taken their daughter by stealth, she having left them apparently only for a few weeks, and often having said, "I shall be the one, of all the six, to stay at home and take care of you." But now, on a lovely spring morning, Blackie was seen wending his way through their quiet village. He first stopped at the house of her sister, Mrs. T.; who, with her husband, accompanied them to the old mansion, feeling no small interest in witnessing the first greeting between the parents and the son. A visit of a few days fully satisfied them respecting their daughter's choice; and their esteem for him increased ever afterward while they lived.

During this first visit to Colchester, he made another acquaintance, which, as illustrative of his character, deserves to be mentioned. It was with "Dominie," an old negro who lived alone in a little hut on the edge of a wood, some distance from the village. Many yet living remember him as spinning worsted in their fathers' families, when they were children, and singing as he spun, —

"Oh, when shall I see Jesus,
  And reign with him above,
And from this flowing fountain
  Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
  From this vain world of sin,
And, with my blessèd Jesus,
  Drink endless pleasures in?"

But now, too old to spin, he spent his time, when able, in going about to stimulate Christians to a higher piety, and to warn the impenitent of their danger. When too feeble for this, he, alone in his hut, occupied himself with his Bible, and in prayer and praise. Mr. Safford made him a visit, and enjoyed an hour of delightful Christian communion with him. His furniture consisted of a bed, a chair, a table, and his spinning wheel, which now bore as strong marks of age as himself. And often he knew not whence his next meal was to come, except that Elijah's God would provide it. But he sung with as much heart as ever, —

"I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feast at home;
My sighs are turnéd into songs —
The Comforter is come."

And Mr. Safford felt that, if he had the wealth of a world at his command, he would not venture essentially to change Dominie's situation. He gave him a small sum to furnish present necessaries, and left an order at a store for his annual supplies — a deed which the Master doubtless accepted as done to himself. It was not long, however, that Dominie needed this aid. Inquiring after him on a subsequent visit, he learned that a neighbor had one day called at Dominie's hut, and finding him very sick, had removed him to his own house, where he was tenderly nursed and cared for until his death. The poor spinner, of a despised race on earth, had gone to be a prince in the kingdom of glory.

Mr. Safford now began to be commonly known as the minister's friend, and a helper in every good cause. Three sisters of his wife had married clergymen: the Rev. J. Edwards, his own pastor, Rev. J. Reid, of

Reading, and Rev. W. Gale, then of Eastport, Maine, whom he seemed to receive in place of the three brothers he had lost. In a letter addressed to Mrs. Edwards, Dec. 16, 1832, he writes thus: —

"I have often considered the transaction which took place in your house in Sheafe Street, four years ago, as the most important event in my history. It connected me with a family circle whose example and precepts have been a great benefit to me, and would have been much greater were I not so slow to learn. I love to follow the chain of providences connected with it down to the present time. If, during the absence of your husband, whom I love and respect more than any man now living, I can serve you in any way, I hope you will use all the freedom you would with an own brother."

As his acquaintance with the religious world extended, he began to take larger and more comprehensive views of the work which Christ has committed to his people. He felt more deeply his responsibility as a steward, soon to be called to account for his use of the talents intrusted to him, and commenced keeping an exact account of his family and charitable expenses. Letters written by Mrs. Safford at this period, descriptive of their housekeeping, show that much economy was used in providing for their table, as well as in furnishing the house, in order that they might have more to give to the cause of benevolence.

"Dr. Cornelius," she writes, "preached economy to us while here, and we have been considering whether it would not be right for us, as Christians, to dispense with many of the luxuries of the table in which we have been accustomed to indulge, and devote the money to charitable objects. All that we have belongs to the Lord; and should we not learn to eat to live, and not live to eat? We think so, and are trying the experiment of living very simply."

Dr. Cornelius was, during the first winter after Mr. Safford's marriage, a frequent and welcome guest at his table. A strong and mutual attachment was formed between them, and after his death the intercourse and instructive conversation of this eminent man were remembered in the family with much delight.

On the 1st of April, 1830, he first experienced the joy of embracing a son of his own. This seemed to complete his domestic bliss. But alas! six weeks only had passed in the mutual enjoyment of this new gift, when God revealed to them his will that the mother must die. Who can tell how crushing was the burden thus laid upon his servant? Only seventeen months had she been his, and daily had their union seemed blessed anew by Heaven. He sought for a place to weep, and poured out his soul before the Lord. With strong crying and many tears he prayed for her life, for his sake and for that of the helpless infant. At length his bleeding heart submitted; nor did he leave the place until he could say, in humble imitation of the Sufferer in Gethsemane, "Not my will, but thine, be done."

The summons did not find Mrs. Safford unprepared to meet it. Her first anxiety, as was natural, was for her babe; and when her sister, Mrs. T., promised to receive and educate him as her own, her mind was at rest, and she bowed meekly to the appointment of her Father. She did not, however, for a time, enjoy as she desired the consciousness of her Saviour's presence and love. Her life was reviewed with severe scrutiny, and compared with the purity of heaven. "How can I," she exclaimed, "who have so little sought the glory of God, hope to enter that holy world!" She could not see, as others did, that this very jealousy of herself was an evidence of true piety; nor did she remember that salvation is a boon not to be merited by works, but received with humble faith as the gift of God to sinners.

When the last struggle came, — after she had left many touching messages for her friends, — her husband asked her, "Can you commit your soul to God?" She answered quickly, and with emphasis, "Oh, yes; and you and the babe too." Then summoning her little strength, she said, "Christ is my Friend." And again, with emphasis, "Oh, how good Christ is!" This was what her husband had prayed for. The Saviour was with her in this trying moment, and the chamber of death, illumined by his presence, became as the gate of heaven. The friends who surrounded her exclaimed, almost involuntarily, "O death, where is thy sting?" A few moments more, and the sufferer was at rest for ever.

At the funeral, Mr. Safford stood at the head of her coffin, and with an unfaltering voice united with the friends in singing the hymn, —

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
  Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
  To slumber in the silent dust.

"Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

"So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed.
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

"Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word!
Restore thy trust — a glorious form —
Called to ascend and meet the Lord."

The views of Mr. Safford under this severe stroke* may best be ascertained from his correspondence with his friends; some extracts from which are subjoined.

"You ask me to write and tell you about myself, and more of our dear Jane. About myself I can not tell you so that you can fully understand me. If you should be called to part with your dear husband, you would better know my feelings than by any description of them. I feel as though a large part of myself were gone, a strong cord which bound me to earth broken, and another motive held up before me, to give all diligence to make my calling and election sure. If I should suffer myself to sit down and dwell upon those

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[*] The custom of wearing mourning apparel at the death of friends had been often considered by Mr. Safford. Having himself been repeatedly visited by bereavement, he had had ample opportunity to observe the effects of this custom; and while desirous, so far as was proper, to conform to the usages of society, he saw, as he thought, important reasons why Christians should make no change in their apparel on such occasions. His wife had concurred in his views, and requested that they might be observed at this time; which was done.

nameless little kind words and looks which were so interesting to me, and which I can hear and see no more for ever, I should be quite overwhelmed. But there are views to be taken of her life, sickness, and death, which are calculated to stimulate me to greater activity. In health she was punctual and constant in the performance of duty, making religion the object to which all others must yield. In sickness, she was patient and submissive; in death, peaceful and happy. Oh, my sister, how ought we to love and adore that Saviour who manifested himself so sweetly to our dear friend, at the trying hour when all other helpers failed, when her physician stood by without offering any assistance, and when friends gazed in silence, waiting for her happy spirit to take its upward flight! I love to linger on the scene; to remember how calmly she committed her babe and her husband to God; how sweetly she spoke of the love of Christ, while I waited with my ear upon her heart to hear its last beating, even after the pulse ceased. Angels, I thought, were waiting to bear her soul with rapid flight to Abraham's bosom. It was a solemn and delightful hour. Heaven seemed almost within reach.

"A favorite text of hers was, 'Looking to Jesus.' Often, as I went to her bedside in her sickness, she said, 'You must keep looking to Jesus.' Yes, my dear sister, let us continue looking to Jesus, through his word and his providence, until we be changed into his image."

"My loss is in part made up by the kind interest which her friends take in my welfare and happiness, favoring me so frequently with letters, and giving me so much evidence that I am remembered by them in their prayers. I sometimes think my loss is even more than made up to me by the views which God, in his infinite mercy and kindness, is pleased to grant me of his glorious character and government. When I contemplate the great God, seated upon the throne of the universe, governing suns and systems, the numberless worlds that he has made, and then think of the interest he takes in the inhabitants of this planet, this little speck in the universe, manifested so wonderfully in sending his dear Son to die for those who have rebelled against him; and think of the care he takes of every inhabitant of this world, especially of his own dear children, watching over them by day and by night, and seeing that nothing does them any harm, but that all things work together for their good; when I take this view of God, I feel that he is all, and I am nothing; that it becomes me not only to acquiesce, but to rejoice in all he does, and inquire only, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' What a glorious hope the gospel presents — the hope of being with and like Christ; of being entirely delivered from sin, and every temptation to sin; the hope of meeting Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the prophets, apostles, and martyrs, our dear Jane, and all who ever have died, or ever will die, in the Lord, and joining them in an everlasting song of praise to God and the Lamb!

"'Oh, glorious hour! Oh, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.'

"Seeing we hope for such things, dear brother and sister, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness!"

"Since I wrote you last, another year has closed — an eventful one to us both, but especially to me. The last day of the year was observed by our church as a day of humiliation and prayer. The last of the preceding year was observed in the same way, and a very solemn and interesting day it was. We considered it the commencement of the revival. At our last meeting, one of the brethren remarked, that since we met a year ago, three of our number had, he trusted, gone to heaven, one of whom then occupied one of these seats, and united her prayers and praises with us. I was so much affected by the thought that I should see her face no more on earth, that in attempting to speak I found it difficult to control my feelings. My mind soon became composed and comforted by reflecting that she was now in the presence of that dear Friend who manifested himself so sweetly in the dying hour; and that she was in far holier and happier society than Salem Church, her capacities enlarged, and her voice joining with the redeemed in heaven in praising him who loved her, and washed her garments white in his precious blood.

"I suppose you wish to hear something about little D. B. Safford, and I want as much to tell you about him. If I had the power of description which some of his aunts have, I would place him before you, running about, with his little hands up and his mouth wide open, laughing with all his might, and showing his white teeth, of which he has four; getting hold of a chair, shaking it, and jumping until he gets tired, or sitting on the floor with his playthings; then creeping to a chair or sofa, and raising himself up without help, — an exploit of which he is quite proud. I often wish his aunts E. and M. could see him performing his little feats, of which he has some new one every day; and think, too, with tearful eyes, how pleased his mother would have been, if her life had been spared, to see his little nameless, engaging looks and actions, and to witness his father's delight in him. But then I chide myself, and remember how much more she is pleased now."

Not only did he thus speak of his own sorrows, and the consolations afforded him under them, but he took care to improve this afflictive event in addressing solemn admonitions to relatives who made no professions of personal religion. One of these addresses to a brother of his wife was as follows: —

"February 17, 1831.

"My Dear Brother: I thank you for your two letters which I recently received, especially for the one giving an account of the revival in your city. I hope, my dear friend, and almost believe, that ere this you are rejoicing in the love of Christ, and prepared to tell me in your next what God has done for your soul. But if not, let me entreat you as for your life, your eternal life, to go to Christ without delay, with all your sins, remembering that 'he came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance.' If you wait to make yourself better before you go, you will be like the woman in the gospel who spent all she had upon physicians, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse. Like her you must, if you are ever saved, cast yourself at the feet of Jesus.

"You say you are determined to attend all the meetings you can. This is right, and I am rejoiced to learn that you are so determined; but this is not all. You must take time for reading the Bible, for serious meditation upon the holy character of God; upon the love which Christ manifested in leaving the throne of glory and coming to this sinful world, to suffer and die for his enemies; upon the kind invitations of the gospel; upon the glories of heaven and the woes of hell; upon the incalculable value of your soul, which is to exist, either in a state of unceasing suffering or of happiness, for ever and ever. All these motives, and many more, are presented in the Bible, to induce men to forsake sin and turn to God. You should also take time for frequent seasons of secret prayer, especially to pray that the Holy Spirit may be sent to convince you of your sins, and guide you to Christ, 'the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.'

"There is another difficulty, growing out of your extensive connection with fashionable and polite society, to which, I apprehend, you are peculiarly exposed. There may be society into which it would be safe and proper for a Christian to go, that would be dangerous and improper for one who is seeking the salvation of his soul. Whatever tends to divert the attention from religion, and dissipate serious thought, should be carefully avoided at such a time as this.

"I have feared, my dear brother, that you wish to hold the world fast in one hand, and get religion (if you can) with the other; but remember, you can not serve God and Mammon. Therefore 'choose ye this day whom ye will serve.' I think that this is a very critical period with you — one which will probably determine your eternal destiny.

"I have addressed you in a very plain and unreserved manner, as I should not dare to address any but a friend who would appreciate my motive. If it requires any apology, it may be found in the deep solicitude I feel in your eternal welfare.

"That you may find that joy and peace in believing which the world can not give nor take away, is the earnest desire and prayer of

Yours affectionately,
Daniel Safford."

CHAPTER VII.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Marries Mrs. Mary S. Boardman. — Her Death. — Letter to Mr. and Mrs. Gale. — To Mr. and Mrs. Turner. — Death of Mr. Turner. — Letter to Mr. and Mrs. Gale. — To his little Son. — Encounter with a drunken Man. — Religion in traveling. — Letter to a Brother in Law. — The latter's Estimate of his Character. — Winter Night Ride. — His Bible Class. — Anxiety for the Conversion of his Family. — Formation of a Legislative Temperance Society. — State Fast. — Purchase of a House. — Marriage to Mrs. Turner.

After the death of his wife, Mr. Safford placed two of the orphan children whom he had adopted in boarding schools, and one in a store in the city, while he himself continued with his aged mother and infant son at housekeeping. On the 27th of April, 1831, he married Mrs. Mary S. Boardman, formerly Miss Smith, of Reading. She had been a school associate, and subsequently a correspondent, of his late wife. His friends were happy in seeing him united again to one so well qualified to be both a companion to himself and a mother to his child. She entered cheerfully on the duties of the latter relation; and, so far as her delicate health would permit, continued most conscientiously to discharge them as long as she lived. In one year and three months after their marriage, she too was taken from his side, leaving an infant son, who was called George Blagden, for their pastor. The father, in a letter written soon after her death, says, —

"She expressed a strong presentiment that our connection would not long continue. I think the subject of death was very familiar to her before our marriage, and I know it has been since. During my acquaintance with her, she exhibited a truly Christian character, a consistent deportment, and a sweet submission to the will of God in all circumstances."

To his sister-in-law, Mrs. Turner, he writes also,—

"Little did I think, when parting with you last, that I should so soon have this painful intelligence to communicate, although even then I had my fears. My dear Mary died about half past ten, on the 31st of July, in the full possession of her reason, and in the exercise of that faith which enabled her to triumph over death and the grave. I could not at any time discover in her the least degree of agitation or alarm, although she was perfectly sensible of her situation. With entire composure she exhorted David to prepare for death, not more than one minute before she breathed her last.

"Her departure was so sudden that I found myself quite unprepared for it. It was a distressing hour to me. I had not till then considered her case to be critical. When she was gone, I immediately went to my chamber, where I had a severe struggle with feelings which my pen can not describe, and which you can not fully conceive without experiencing the same. But I do hope that there my hard heart broke down under the chastening rod, and that, by divine assistance, I was enabled to commit my Mary, myself, and my all to Him who never corrects his children willingly, but always for their good. Now, while my heart bleeds at every pore, and while I feel alone in the world, in a sense which none fully realize who have not lost a bosom friend, I am constrained to call on my soul, and all that is within me, to praise the Lord for his great goodness in giving me wives whom I could love, whose society was so pleasant to me; and especially in removing from them in the last hour the sting of death, and permitting me to indulge the cheering hope that they are beholding the face of their blessed Saviour without a vail. When I think of heaven, I involuntarily adopt the language —

'There my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.'

"I earnestly desire your prayers, and those of your husband, that these repeated afflictions may lead and keep me near to God. In less than four years and seven months, I have followed three dearly beloved wives to the mansions of the dead. There their earthly remains will rest until the morning of the resurrection; when, I doubt not, that which was sown a natural body will be raised a spiritual and glorified body, in the likeness of our divine Saviour."

Mr. Safford kept no diary, or other record of his religious experience, but its place is in a measure supplied by his very abundant and intimate correspondence with his friends. In this, particularly in his letters to Mrs. Turner, whose husband was now in declining health, we discern the feelings and experiences of a servant of God, deeply afflicted, yet clinging ever to the consolations of the gospel, and growing more and more in the graces of humility and submis-
divine will.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gale.

"I have received your very kind letters of condolence, and read them with much pleasure. It affects me to tears, and, I hope, excites feelings of gratitude to God, to receive such expressions of deep sympathy from the friends of my dear Jane. How good God has been, after taking away all my own brothers, to give me brothers and sisters who can so kindly enter into my feelings, and to whom I can unbosom myself with the utmost freedom! You are very kind to offer to take Daniel; but I find my attachment to him is increasing daily, and can not at present think of placing him so far from me. He is now, with my mother and his nurse, at Mr. Reid's, in Reading. I am alone, and take my meals at a hotel. I ought not to ask for the time which you might employ in doing more good, but I hope you will not neglect to write to your lonely and afflicted, yet comforted brother. I felt, for a few days after my wife's death, a great reluctance to giving my mind at all to business; and was more inclined to shut myself up alone, and reflect upon the dealings of God with me, or to visit such friends as could sympathize with and aid me, under my heavy affliction, in looking to the only source of consolation. I remembered, however, that our dear brother Edwards said to me, after Jane died, 'It is not best to sit down and brood over our sorrows and work up our feelings by thinking of our departed friends; but rather inquire what the Lord will have us do, as we are now situated, and when the path of duty is made known, go steadily forward.' When I considered that I had eighteen or twenty men employed, and none of them at all acquainted with taking the charge of business; that we were under contract for a large amount of work; that my partner was sick in the country; and that my own health was unusually good, —it appeared plainly my duty to stay at home and attend to business. And without doubt I have found more religious enjoyment than would have attended any other course, with the conviction that I was running away from duty. Let me close by requesting an interest in your prayers."

To Mr. and Mrs. Turner.

"August 27, 1832.

"I think much of you, my dear brother and sister, daily, knowing by experience what it is to watch the progress of disease upon beloved friends, and a little, though but a little, what it is to be very sick myself. If I could say or do any thing that would in the least benefit my dear brother's health, I would most gladly do it. Still more would I desire to say something to enable him to bear his trials with that Christian patience and sweet submission to the will of his heavenly Father, of which he has already a large share; but to this also I feel incompetent. I will, however, relate a little incident, which, by the blessing of God, may prove of use to you both.

"Before Mary left Reading, I used to visit her generally twice a week. At one time when I was there, two or three weeks before she came home, she was very anxious to return with me; so much so, I thought, as to manifest a little want of submission. As her physician and friends thought it advisable for her to remain there rather than remove to this noisy place, at this season of the year, I told her she had better make up her mind just to float upon the tide of Providence, wherever it carried her. She said no more about it then. The next time I saw her, I asked her if she wanted to go home with me then. She replied, 'Not unless you think it best. I have made up my mind to "float upon the tide of Providence," and have no will of my own.' From that time she appeared indeed to glide down to the grave upon that stream without occasioning the least ripple upon its smooth surface; and now, I think, she is sailing in the open sea of God's eternal love, basking in the meridian splendor of the glorious Sun of righteousness."

"*Wednesday Eve.* Here I am in solitude, with the whole house to myself; and I assure you it is very pleasant. I have been out to visit brother R. this evening. He has had a lame knee ever since last winter. He has since spent much money upon physicians, been confined to the house, and a large part of the time to his bed. His limb is perished and cold, and his general health is so much impaired that it is doubtful whether he will live long. We have had a very pleasant interview. After much conversation upon the manner in which we ought to feel and act under various afflictions, we came to the conclusion that, if we felt just right, we should be careful for nothing, but in every thing, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let our requests be made known unto God. In other words, we should be diligent in the use of those means which may be adapted to remove the sufferings we endure, with prayer for the blessing of God upon these means, and then leave the whole so entirely with him as not to feel anxious or distressed about the result. If we can exercise this entire submission to God, and confidence in him when we are sick, we shall be more likely, I think, to get well, than if we are low-spirited and anxious about ourselves.

"I have of late been occupied in looking at the attributes of God, and have found it profitable. By the help of a reference Bible I have examined some of the passages upon each attribute. Last evening I was led to consider his omniscience and omnipresence. If we say he sees and knows every thing, and that he is every where present, we say in general all that these attributes imply. But to be profitably affected by them ourselves, it appears to me necessary to descend to particulars, such as these: He sees me when I rise in the morning, when I walk in the street, and when I engage in business; he knows every dishonest thought, every unlawful desire of gain, every secret desire for sinful gratification. Who can follow out such a train of thought without feeling his need of being washed all over in that fountain which alone can cleanse from sin and pollution! David, in Ps. cxxxix., dwells on particulars in the contemplation of this subject: beginning with the formation of his body, the fearful and wonderful manner in which it was made, in all its delicate parts, and going on to the thoughts and acts of life, the impossibility of fleeing from God's presence, or of finding any place where he might hide himself, he might well exclaim, 'Such knowledge is too wonderful for me!' Oh, how this sinks and humbles the creature, and exalts the Creator!

"My partner, Mr. Low, has returned from his journey, but has given up the idea of recovery. How many friendly warnings gather around, to remind me of my own dissolution! It seems as if my earthly ties and connections were only formed to be broken. May the condemnation of him who, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, not fall on me."

To Mrs. Turner.

"Boston, October 1, 1832.

"My Dear Sister: I found in the post office to-day yours of Saturday last, containing the painful intelligence of the mental and bodily sufferings of your dear husband; and have endeavored, in compliance with your request, as I have walked the streets, or been engaged in business, but especially when bowing the knee in this my place of retirement, to send up my earnest cries to God, that he would graciously appear for both of you in this your extremity.

"As I opened my desk just now, I saw, in your own hand, the following lines, dated Monday morning, June 14, 1830: —

'Still lift to God the supplicating voice,
And leave to him the measure and the choice.'

"The circumstances in which this was written you will doubtless recollect. I well remember that, for days, if not weeks, after you repeated them to me, they were scarcely out of my mind.

"Although it appears to us very desirable, that those whom we love should, on the bed of death, find the Saviour near and precious, and be able cheerfully to commit their own souls, their friends, and all their interests to him, yet I do not think that this is the place to look for the most satisfactory evidence of their

Christian character. Little dependence can be placed upon the exercises of the mind, when the poor body is racked with pain, or reduced to great weakness. Hence we sometimes see those who had before furnished no evidence of piety, expressing a willingness, and even a desire, to die, that they may be delivered from their sufferings. On the other hand, some who have for years maintained a consistent Christian character, in the near approach of death are found groping in darkness, with only now and then a ray of light, complaining of their 'wicked, very wicked hearts,' and ready, as they cross Jordan, to sink beneath its billows. How will such liberated spirits make heaven ring with the high praises of God and the Lamb, when they find themselves safely landed on the shores of Canaan!

"I know not, my dear sister, whether I am writing to one who is watching with anxious solicitude beside the bed of a suffering, dying husband, or to one who is sitting in passive silence, experiencing that strange loneliness which can not be fully understood but by those whose strongest earthly ties have been sundered; but in either case, the source of comfort and support is the same. *The Lord reigns*, and does all things well. I will only add the words which dear Jane often repeated to us — 'Keep looking to Jesus.' That you and your dear husband may be prepared for all that God, in his infinite wisdom and goodness, has prepared for you, is the daily prayer of your affectionate brother."

Mr. Turner lived but a few days after the preceding letter was written. In that interval Mr. Safford visited him, watched with him one night, and by conversation and prayer comforted him, and strengthened his courage and trust in God. His faith finally triumphed over all fear; and, while dying, he requested the friends who were around his bed to sing the hymn which closes with the verse, —

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

The last line had scarcely died upon the ear, before his ransomed soul was greeted, as we trust, with the song of the angels, amid the high praises of heaven.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gale.

"October 30, 1832.

"Dear Brother and Sister: You have doubtless heard before this that our dear brother Turner is no longer an inhabitant of earth. I was not present when he died, having gone to New York; but I returned to Colchester the day after, and was at the funeral. I will not attempt to give you the particulars of his last sickness and death, as you will doubtless have them more minutely from one who was with him through the whole. Our dear sister is written a widow. She feels deeply afflicted. It was to me a great privilege to mingle my tears and prayers with hers, on that trying occasion; but how miserable are all earthly comforters, without the divine Comforter! She enjoyed, I believe, the presence of this blessed, heavenly Friend in an uncommon degree. Brother Asa says that nothing ever impressed his mind so deeply with the value of religion, as seeing her, and hearing her converse on that occasion. He said that he was determined at any rate to know more of the Bible. How important to have a well-grounded hope in Christ! When afflictions come which sink the worldly mind in despondency and gloom, they only serve to draw the true Christian nearer to his heavenly Father, and thus increase his real happiness."

The following is the first letter written by Mr. Safford to his little son Daniel, who was at the time two and a half years old. It has been mentioned that his mother, on her dying bed, had requested Mrs. Turner to take the responsibility of his training. In accordance with this request, his father, after the death of Mr. Turner, placed the little boy under his aunt's care.

"How do you do, my dear little son? Do you love your aunt, and your grandmother Bigelow, and do every thing they request you, so that they can love you, and tell father, when they see him, that you have been the very best boy they ever saw? Father hopes you will; and then how much he will love his little son! Oh, how he will hug and kiss him! And father wants him to think of the dear Saviour, who took little children in his arms and blessed them, and said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' He hopes Daniel prays to this Saviour to help him be a good boy, so that when he dies he can go to heaven, and be with his dear mother and all good people, and with the dear Saviour, too. Will you ask your aunt to write me a little letter for you? Your very affectionate father."

The following extracts are chiefly from letters addressed to Mrs. Turner, and will serve to continue the narrative of his life and progress in Christian experience, as delineated for the most part by himself: —

"Boston, October 26, 1832.

"My Dear Sister: On my journey home, I took tea at Milford, thirty miles from Boston, with a company of intelligent and apparently respectable gentlemen, who had been overturned in the coach, and were all more or less injured. After tea, we had a little conversation upon the circumstances of their disaster, and various other subjects. When this slackened, I took out my pocket Testament, and commenced reading silently. Soon after, a drunken man bolted into the room, and, after muttering over something which I could not understand, said, 'I believe I have made a mistake; this ain't the bar room,' and attempted to go out, but was so much intoxicated that he could not open the door. I said to him, 'You made a greater mistake before you came in,' — and then opened the door, and let him out.

"This circumstance presented a favorable opportunity for some remarks upon the evils of intemperance and its kindred vices, and to recommend the Bible as the safest guide for a man through life. To this several of the company responded, admitting that the subject of religion was a suitable one for strangers to converse upon, as all mankind are equally interested in it. Then I commenced reading again in my Testament. One of the company, who proved to be a theological student, said, 'Is that a Testament you are reading in?' When I told him it was, he said, 'If the company have no objection, I should like to have some devotional exercises.' No one objecting, we read a chapter, and united with the gentleman who made the suggestion in a very interesting prayer. The company, being bruised and lame, retired early, except the student, with whom I had a very precious season. He was a Baptist, and, as I judge, a spiritual, devoted Christian."

It had been Mr. Safford's custom for many years to carry a Bible with him in traveling, and to spend his time, when not otherwise engaged, in reading it. Long before this, he had made a short sea voyage with one of his brothers, whose life, it was hoped, would thus be prolonged. They went in a packet, with a number of passengers, and were all thrown together in the common cabin. While the others were playing games, or beguiling the time in amusements, he drew his Bible from his pocket, and read it with evident pleasure and satisfaction. We find a description of this voyage in one of the papers of the day. The writer says, "It was plain, from his whole aspect, that he was reading it because he enjoyed it, and not for the sake of setting a good example. But the sight of this young man, absorbed in perusing God's word, impressed more than one of that gay company with the conviction that religion was a grave reality, and that peace with God was worth more than treasures of fine gold."

"*November* 19. My partner, Mr. Low, appears more unwell, and keeps house to-day. What the Lord intends to do with him is unknown to me; but I am sure he will do *just right.* If he should die, the loss to me would be great; but I doubt not it would be his gain. We are in a dying world. Let us live to die, that we may die to live a better life with our dear friends and all who sleep in Jesus.

"To my surprise, on my return I found a notice from the city clerk, informing me that, during my absence, I had been elected a representative to the General Court.

"I think I desire and pray more than ever I have done before that the Lord will direct me in all things; that he would guide me in little things. We need assistance in every step we take, and we should esteem it a great privilege that we may in all our ways acknowledge him, with the blessed assurance that he will direct our paths.

"*Evening.* 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name; bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.' Do read the one hundred and third Psalm, and let us praise the Lord together.

"I had retired last night with a headache, and had just fallen asleep, when the watchmen waked me by a loud knock on the door of my house. He informed me that my shop was on fire. Hastening to the place, I found that some of the neighbors had extinguished the fire before it had done much damage. Being confined to my room the next day, I tried to spend as much of the time as possible in self-examination and prayer. But I found myself unable to get any realizing sense of God, or of the preciousness of Christ. All seemed dark and dull. At the close of the day, I went down to attend family prayers. While Ruth* was reading a chapter full of precious promises, my soul seemed to be liberated. I could not but interrupt her repeatedly, to speak of the preciousness of those promises, and the faithfulness of God in performing them *all*, in their full extent; and when we bowed at the family altar, I could not pray; I had nothing to ask God for, but every thing to thank him for. It did appear to me then, and does now, that if he will only give me himself, he may take away my friends, property, health, and any thing he pleases. I can rejoice with joy unspeakable. Oh, how inconceivable his love and goodness to sinners, if they will repent and trust their souls and all their interests in the hands of the blessed Jesus! What is a creature's love compared with that of the adorable God! Well may angels and glorified spirits dwell upon it unceasingly, and tune their harps to sweetest notes of praise."

To his Brother in Law in New York.

"November 23, 1832.

"I hope, my dear brother, you will not be so anxious to accumulate property as to overlook or neglect the pearl of great price. By this I would not have you understand me as objecting to any of your business enterprises, for it is a twofold command, 'Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' But remember, dear brother, that diligence in business alone will not save the soul. I take the liberty to speak freely to you, because I love you, and know that you will receive it kindly.

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* His niece, the surviving daughter of his brother David, who continued in his family until her marriage in 1836.

" But think not that the importunity of your friends with you or for you can be a substitute for your own importunity at the throne of grace. The wise virgins, whose lamps were well supplied with oil, had none to spare for their destitute neighbors. Oh, be persuaded to go *now* and buy for yourself, that you may be prepared to enter in with the bridegroom; for remember, when the foolish virgins applied for admission, the door was shut. Please write me, and if there is any way in which I can serve you, you know I shall do it with heartfelt satisfaction."

In connection with this last letter to this friend, it is appropriate to introduce the following reply of this Brother to a request that he would record his estimate of Mr. Safford's character.

" MY DEAR SISTER: I feel it impossible, as you request, to write of that dear good man as I knew him, or describe his character and image as they are engraven on my heart. My first acquaintance with him, I think, was in 1828, riding from Boston to Dorchester with him in his own chaise, and after that beautiful black horse of his. I remember him as he then appeared, and from his conversation at that time received a most favorable impression of him as a gentleman and a Christian. My recollections of him — whether as a traveler with me in steamboats, sleeping in the same stateroom, in visiting him at his own house, or receiving him at mine, on week days or Sabbaths, in church or elsewhere, since that first acquaintance, until his departure for his final, blessed rest, — have left upon my mind the impression that he was, all in all, the most perfect man I ever knew."

To Mrs. Justin Edwards.

"My Very Dear Sister: I have just been reading again your last three letters, for each of which you have my hearty thanks. I am deeply affected by the expressions of kindness which are so often received from the friends, and especially from the sisters, of my dear, departed Jane. Her memory is none the less dear to me on account of the years which have elapsed since she left me for a better Friend, and my dwelling for a far happier abode. I love often to think of her as she is now, in the presence of her dear Lord and Saviour, who manifested himself so very precious to her in the hour of death. I love to imagine what rapid strides she has made in the knowledge of God, and of the glorious plan of redemption, amid those bright scenes where glorified spirits dwell, and which even the eye of faith, in this life, sees but very imperfectly. While here she thought but little of the customs and fashions of this world, which soon pass away; but oh, how trifling they must appear to her now!

"I hope that thoughts like these sometimes have a sanctifying effect upon me, begetting in me stronger desires to follow her so far as she followed Christ. And yet I follow Christ afar off, if at all, and am sometimes astonished, and almost overwhelmed, at his long-suffering patience with me. It does seem as if he had done all that, as a moral Governor, he could do, to bring and keep me near to him.

"I thank him for inclining you, my dear sister, to offer those prayers for your unworthy brother. I think much of you, your dear husband and children, and remember you all in my prayers, especially that your children may be early partakers of the renewing grace of God; that instead of the father may be the sons, to preach the gospel of Christ, and to plead the cause of temperance and religion in this dying world. At half past nine o'clock every evening you may think of me as thus employed — a season which I have set apart particularly to pray for absent friends."

To Mrs. Turner.

"January 20, 1833.

"In order to reach home before the Sabbath, I engaged Mr. C——, who keeps the City Hotel, in Norwich, to take me thirty miles, to meet the Hartford stage at Ashford, at two o'clock in the morning. I had a more pleasant journey than could have been expected in such a cold, dark night. I found Mr. C—— to be a professor of religion, and apparently an active Christian, and, as he said, a friend to temperance, a secretary of a temperance society, and one who had delivered addresses on the subject. I reminded him of his great inconsistency in having his bar room furnished with decanters of brandy, and set out with nice oranges and apples, to attract attention, and entice all who entered to drink of his liquid poison. He acknowledged his inconsistency, said he had no excuse to offer, and promised me he would put it out of sight, and, as soon as he could, dispense with it altogether. I shall send him some extracts of the Fifth Report of the American Temperance Union, and some copies entire, which he has promised to read and circulate."

"February 7, 1833.

"The subject of our church meeting this evening was 'growth in grace.' The Scripture read was in Matt. ch. 5, a part of the best sermon ever preached in our world. What abundant cause we have to praise the Lord that this large and edifying discourse of our blessed Redeemer was recorded for our use! Surely never man spake as our dear Saviour has here spoken. Oh that our souls may be fixed in a humble, attentive posture, to receive the law from his lips! How well calculated was this, his first public sermon, to correct the false notions and humble the pride of those who were expecting in the Messiah a temporal prince, to subdue their enemies and establish an earthly kingdom, and thus gratify their pride and ambition!

"Let us stir up our souls to cultivate those amiable and delightful graces which are here recommended in so interesting a manner to our pursuit, and accompanied with such rich promises; this humility and meekness, this penitent sense of sin, this ardent desire after righteousness, this purity of heart, this peaceful disposition, and this fortitude, or confidence, rather, in God, which will support the mind through evil as well as through good report. Then we may rejoice and be exceeding glad in the blessed assurance that our reward is great in heaven."

"*Sabbath Eve.* There has been a prayer meeting this evening. The twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew was read, which led us to think and remark upon that solemn and eventful day when all nations shall be assembled before the Judge; when the grand and last separation shall take place between the righteous and the wicked; when 'these shall go away into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal.' Not one of the human race will then be missing, nor will there be one idle spectator there. All will be deeply and personally interested in the momentous events of that day. As the punishment of the wicked is declared to be everlasting, all hope of restoration, or even of annihilation, will then be cut off. Do we believe this? And are we surrounded by impenitent friends and neighbors? How strange that we feel no more, pray no more, labor no more for their conversion! Do we believe this, and are we doubtful whether we are Christians or not? How strange that we can rest, till we make our calling and election *sure!* Oh, what a blessed, joyful, triumphant day to the righteous! all doubt forever removed, all sin, all temptation to sin at an end. What music to their ears to hear the Judge say, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'"

To Mrs. Turner.

"February 12, 1833.

"As you have received Fisk's Bible Class Book, I will tell you that our next lesson is on the twenty-first page — 'the moral condition and character of mankind.' I am in the habit, after seeking the guidance and teaching of the Holy Spirit, of consulting commentaries, — Scott, Doddridge, &c., — on the several passages referred to, in order to get as good an understanding of them as possible. When I meet the class, which numbers from ten to fourteen, I ask the questions, and they are generally answered readily. After each question, I read the texts referred to under it, and ask and answer such questions as may arise, converse familiarly upon them, and usually make a few practical remarks before proceeding to the next question. At first it was rather dull, as I had all the talking to do; but now they are like a family circle, which renders it very interesting to me; and judging by their punctual attendance, and the manner in which they prepare their lessons, it is not less so to them. Some of the class are members of the church; some are married and some single ladies; and some, at least, are wiser than their teacher. There are eight Bible classes in the school, and I think they are more calculated to do good than any instrumentality ever before adopted by this church. If your church will adopt it, I will furnish the class books.

"I have been in the habit of reading the Scriptures from a child, but not of studying and searching them as for hid treasures. The more I do this, the more I am interested in them, and the more I am convinced that they contain mines of hidden wealth, which are not to be found but by prayerful, careful search. I am ashamed and astonished that I have so long possessed this invaluable treasure, and yet know so little of its contents."

"February 24, 1833.

"I have not been so well as usual, owing probably to sitting in the Representatives' chamber, without exercise, and to a cold, as second cause; but to a kind heavenly Father as the great first cause. He sees that I need often to be reminded of my frailty and entire dependence on him. This I think he has enabled me to realize to-day more than usual, and it is delightful. I love to feel that my friends, my property, my life, all I have, all I am, are in his hands, and that he will dispose of all just as he sees fit. I kept house to-day. I regretted being absent from my Bible class, but do not know as I have any cause to regret it on my own account. I have had some freedom in private prayer, and some sensible evidence of the presence and preciousness of the blessed Saviour."

"*Monday Eve., March* 4. Yesterday was our communion, and a truly interesting day to me. Ten were added to the church. If I am not deceived, the Lord Jesus vouchsafed his gracious presence, and granted me sweet seasons of secret prayer and communion with him. It did seem as if the Holy Spirit interceded for me 'with groanings which could not be uttered.' In the morning, after looking over my Bible lesson, I tried, as usual, to implore the blessing of God upon myself and the class while we should be attending to it, and particularly to remember two members who are not pious. For them I felt an importunity I have rarely experienced. Then came up my family, not one of whom makes any pretensions to religion. I was deeply impressed with my responsibility as the head of such a family. Then I thought of my dear little boys coming forward in a world of sin and temptation; and here, I have been so in the habit of counting you with them, that, before I was aware, I found myself saying 'we,' instead of 'I,' forgetting that you were not here kneeling by my side, lifting up your heart with me that these dear boys might early be brought into the fold of Christ. For these several objects I scarcely knew when to stop weeping and praying, confessing my sins, and pleading the merits of Christ. Oh, there is something sweet in mourning for sins when the Saviour is near.

"In the Bible class I felt an unusual solemnity and freedom in urging the practical improvement of the lesson. I noticed that the two members who are not professors of religion appeared affected, and at the close I had personal conversation with each, and found them anxious. I wish to engage your prayers particularly for them."

"My heart has been gladdened to-night, and still feels the joyful impression, by the formation of a Massachusetts Legislative Temperance Society in the Representatives' chamber. I hope I feel grateful to God for putting it into my heart to propose it, and inclining others to favor it. After a prayer by Mr. Blagden, brother Edwards opened the subject by a very interesting statement of facts. His address riveted every eye, and fixed the attention of a large assembly. After he concluded, a number of resolutions were offered, addresses were made, the society was formed, with the governor at its head."

"*April* 4. This is the day of the state fast. In the morning, except while at family prayers, I kept my chamber, and had a pleasant and not altogether unprofitable season. I was enabled to confess my sins with some penitential feeling. Christ appeared precious, both as the great atoning Sacrifice and the all-prevalent Intercessor. I had unusual freedom in commending you, my dear E., to our kind heavenly Father, praying especially that you may do honor to the religion you have professed, on your journey and visit, and be preserved from receiving any injury from the fashionable society into which you may be thrown.

"At the first ringing of the bell, I attended a prayer meeting at the vestry. In the intermission, the examining committee met at my house, finished the business of the previous evening, and spent the rest of the time in prayer. This evening, I have spent two hours in prayer and conversation with a brother who has conducted in a manner unbecoming a professed follower of Christ. I fear the result will be his excommunication. Oh, how important that we should live near to God, and guard against the first departure from him, and take heed lest we too should fall, wound the Saviour in the house of his friends, destroy our own souls, and prove stumbling blocks over which others may fall into perdition!

"You see I have not had so much time alone to-day as is desirable on such occasions to call to mind my numerous sins, to confess them before God one by one, to implore his pardon for each, and to renew my covenant with him. But as providential circumstances have hindered, and the time has been occupied as duty seemed to dictate, I trust the day has not been spent unprofitably."

"Yesterday I made a bargain for the house you saw in Montgomery Place, for seven thousand dollars, and I expect to get the deed to-morrow. I want you to learn all you can on this journey, and remember every thing which you may think it best to adopt, for I expect you to manage every thing in our domestic concerns in your own way. Thus far the Lord seems to be ordering things kindly. Let us praise him for all past favors, and trust him for all future good, both temporal and spiritual."

The last paragraph discloses an event now approaching which was to restore to Mr. Safford those domestic ties which had been so often broken, and which, as we have seen, he had so greatly enjoyed. It may interest the reader to give a single extract from his correspondence, having immediate reference to that event, to show with what views and feelings, both as a man and a Christian, he anticipated it.

"Do not let us expect too much happiness from any created source, but ever remember nothing which this world contains can, without God's blessing, afford one drop of real joy, and desire that we may resolve, with good Joshua, that as for us and our house, we will serve the Lord.

"The happiness which my attachment to you affords me excites in me a lively gratitude to God. He can render you a great blessing to me and my family; and I love to think that notwithstanding all my frailties and sins, he is able to make me a blessing to you. It is my sincere desire, and will ever be my endeavor, to make up, as far as possible, the loss you have sustained in the removal of the dear husband of your youth."

"*April* 9. I have this day taken a deed of the house in Montgomery Place, and given the occupant notice to leave it in six months. The more I consider your proposition to furnish the house yourself, the more favorably I think of it. I shall wish you to furnish just so much, and in just such a manner, as you choose, as you will doubtless feel more at home, and more at liberty to manage all things just as you please, which you know I shall wish to have you do. I can not help thinking how pleasant it will be, if the Lord will grant me so great a favor, when I return from business to meet your welcome smile, sometimes, perhaps, in that little study by the side of the front parlor, where I have thought you may love to retire, to write to absent friends, to commune with your Saviour, and to pray with the dear little boys. Let us continue instant in prayer, that we may walk humbly with God, and make it our great object to shine as Christians, and not as worldlings.

" Shall we ever be permitted to kneel together daily, and pour out our hearts before our heavenly Father, and thank him for all the way in which he has led us? I think sometimes that I anticipate as much pleasure from your society in this delightful employment as in any other way. It appears to me there is no means by which pure love in the hearts of the pious husband and wife is so much increased as by frequent seasons of prayer together, each leading alternately."

Mr. Safford and Mrs. Turner were married in Andover, at the house of Rev. J. Edwards, June 26, 1833.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOMESTIC LIFE, CONTINUED.

Reëstablishment of domestic Relations. — Enjoyment in them. — Hospitality. — The German Woman. — The outcast Child. — The Irish Catholic Woman. — The Feast for the Poor. — Evening Parties for Church Members. — Religious Worship on these Occasions. — Arrangements to promote the Comfort of his Family. — The Chaise. — Family Worship. — Conversion of an Irish Domestic.

THE union which now restored to Mr. Safford those domestic ties that had so often been broken was one not only of affections, but also of principles and views of life. Mrs. Safford knew that he had, ere this, adopted it as a fixed rule no longer to accumulate property, but to give his whole income, beyond what was needed for the support of himself and family, to charitable uses, and she fully concurred therein.

Rejoicing that she was ready to unite in his most cherished plans and pursuits, he once more gathered about him his little family, which now included her mother and his, each of whom was nearly eighty years of age; also his niece, and his two little sons, one a year and a half, and the other three years old. There seemed to be no drawback to his complete happiness, except the fear which continually haunted him, that death might interrupt it. Three times in less than five years had his conjugal ties been severed, and it seemed to him too much to hope for that they could now be of long continuance. Contrary to the usual habit of his mind, and to his established principle never to borrow trouble in advance, this fear for a time very much marred his enjoyment.

On entering the parlor at the close of a day not long after their marriage, Mrs. Safford found him slowly and pensively pacing the room. In reply to the question, "What troubles you, husband?" he said, "I am thinking what I should do if my family were to be again broken up; how I could bear it. I deserve it; I should not murmur; but how could I *bear* it? And what should I do with all this furniture?" referring, in the latter remark, to the fact that, in making their purchases, more regard had been paid to its durability than before. It was to him an occasion for self-reproach that he had made any calculations upon the continuance of life, when he had found it so frail. With this was also mingled a fear that the additional expenditure was not perfectly consistent with their obligations to God as his stewards. He wished to deal honestly and truly with God, and he was morbidly afraid to enjoy the possession of blessings which he was so liable to lose. The more cheerful view of God's providence was suggested, in which there is so much to show that he delights in seeing his children happy. His wife playfully said to him, "It is my impression that God is going to allow us to live and do good together for many years, perhaps *twenty*," — a prediction which was more than verified in the result. It was not long before these morbid feelings gave place to an absorbing interest in the work of doing good, and his peace, which increased with his years, became truly "like a river."

When he saw that his house and furniture could be made subservient to the great object for which he wished to live, they became to him sources of much enjoyment. He gained a new view of the inspired declaration, "Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused if it be received with thanksgiving, for it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer."

In a letter written to her brother two years later, Mrs. Safford says, "Our home is a very happy one to *me*, and I think it is to my husband. Our family arrangements are quite as much to my mind as I expect them ever to be, or as I can wish to have them. I have comparatively few, if any, trials. Search the world over, and I do not believe one could be found better calculated than Mr. Safford to make the life of a wife happy, he is so even and tranquil in himself, and so benevolent and kind to all. As to selfishness, I think sometimes he has none. A desire to make others happy is constantly predominant with him, and I believe that it is this which makes him so happy. As to comforts, we abound in them. The Lord has seen fit to give us all that we need for our own use; and what we have more than this we feel belongs to him, and should be used for the good of others, and especially to send the word of life to those who are perishing in ignorance and sin. This renders what we use ourselves doubly valuable."

Mr. Safford was in an eminent degree "given to hospitality." It was the natural consequence of his desire to do good to all, as he had opportunity. He aimed at no ostentatious display of either his generosity or his wealth in the presence of his guests, but simply sought to make them happy. Therefore the unexpected arrival of a visitor produced no disturbance, and placed no extra burden upon his family. His manner of receiving guests has often reminded us of the patriarch that sat in his tent door, and called in the strangers as they passed by, who proved to be angels, and one of them the Lord of angels himself. And if Sarah had not been able to dress the calf, and prepare the fresh cakes, he annoyed neither her nor them with apologies or complaints. One day when he had brought home two gentlemen to dinner, without any intimation to his wife of their coming, the meal happened to be an economical disposal of the previous day's fragments. When she had made the apology usual in such cases, he remarked, in his most pleasant manner, " Gentlemen, I am happy to be able to give you so good a dinner."

The good brother R., to whom reference has been made, had been obliged, in consequence of his misfortune, to give up his employment, and consequently his dwelling. After paying his physician's bill, nothing remained for his board in the city, while he was preparing to go west to seek new means of support. It was with sincere pleasure that Mr. Safford, besides aiding him with money, said to this excellent Christian brother, " Come with Mrs. R., and spend the six weeks with us."

He did not inquire whether one would prove an agreeable visitor, but whether there was room in the house for another, and whether, by receiving him as a guest, he could aid in a good cause. A young man, who had just completed his course of study in a theological seminary, proposed to labor in the city as a children's missionary. Mr. Safford thought such labors desirable, and invited him to stay in his house until it should be ascertained whether he could be supported. One morning, on taking an early walk in Charles Street, the missionary observed a little girl asleep under the board fence which then enclosed the public garden. He aroused her, and, in answer to his inquiries, she told him she had lived with an intemperate aunt, who employed her in begging cold victuals. When she came home the night before, her aunt was just recovering from a fit of intoxication. Feeling inclined, in the course of the evening, to eat something, she examined the contents of the child's basket, and finding nothing tempting enough for her appetite, she became very angry, and, in her passion, pushed her into the street, and locked the door. The poor girl wandered about until, sleepy and tired, she laid herself down, where she was found asleep. The young man brought her to Mr. Safford's house, where she was washed, her ragged clothes exchanged for new ones as soon as materials could be purchased and garments made, and her sad heart for one grateful and happy. The change produced in her in a few days was very wonderful. The "Children's Friend Society" was just then starting into life, and she was one of the first received by it. In the course of a few months she was adopted into a respectable family, and grew up an accomplished and interesting young lady. This was the first time that Mr. Safford was permitted literally to receive one who was "cast out to his house."

At this time the attention of the good people of the city had not been particularly directed to the condition of indigent and neglected children. The numerous homes for the destitute which have since blessed so many of the poor and needy had not been established.

An illiterate and eccentric German woman came to the city to solicit funds toward completing a church in a destitute part of Pennsylvania, to which she had first given all her own property. Having examined her credentials, and found them, as he thought, trustworthy, he gave her a sum of money, and then proposed that, to save the expense of her board, she should make his house her home while she was soliciting aid. She could eat nothing that had been "kilt," and was in other respects disagreeable; but he was willing to bear with all this for the sake of the benevolent object which she seemed to have truly at heart. Redeeming qualities were found in her social character, unpromising as this at first appeared. She had a faculty for amusing the children, and, on the whole, the happiness of the family was increased by her presence.

At the close of a day early in the autumn of 1834, a young Catholic woman, about eighteen years of age, appeared at the door of his house. She had come to the city to look for her husband, whom she had married at sixteen, without the knowledge of her parents. She had looked for him three weeks in vain. "And now," said she, "my heart is bruk." She had left one child in Ireland, and expected soon to become the mother of another. "I went to the praste," she added, "and axed him to let me jist lie doon in the chapel o' nights until I should find him, or to give me a little money to pay for my lodging; but he had too many poor already."

The family with whom she was staying had told her that in the morning they should put her goods upon the sidewalk, and that she must pay them a quarter of a dollar, or she could not stay there that night. Although against Mr. Safford's rule to give money to persons applying for it in that way, without investigation, an exception was made in her case. Before the sun rose the next morning, two of his family were on Fort Hill, looking for Mary, but hardly expecting to find her story true, although it had been told with such deep sorrow and true simplicity that they knew not how to doubt it. There she stood by a little pile of rubbish, which comprised all her earthly possessions. The tears were trickling down her cheeks; but when she saw and recognized the ladies, her face lighted up with a smile.

Twenty years afterward, she said, "From that time I never knew a want." Mr. Safford provided for her immediate necessities, and soon after procured for her a bed in the hospital. About three weeks later, she appeared at his door again, with a bright, cheerful face, and, as she said, "the nicest boy in the city." She was now able to "scrub and wash," and only wanted a little room which she could call her home, to be quite independent. Her first expressed wish was to be permitted to call her child *Daniel Safford*. She said, "I want him to have not only Mr. Safford's name, but his religion. I can no longer be a Cat'olic myself, and my child shall not be brought up in that church. I can never forget that the praste turned away from me, and that Mr. Safford tuck pity on me when my heart was bruk."

A room was procured for her. She made Mr. Safford her savings bank for several years, and always came to him when in any trouble. Besides supporting herself and her husband, (who came back to her when he found she had a comfortable home, and was forgiven and received by that true Irish heart,) she earned money sufficient to send for her daughter in Ireland. She commenced attending Park Street church, which she did for some time, but at length returned to her own church. Mr. Safford, nevertheless, continued his interest in her, and labored perseveringly to reform her husband, who was an inebriate of the worst kind, often signing the pledge, and as often breaking it. There were few persons in the city more grateful and happy than Irish Mary. After Mr. Safford's death, she came to his house to express her grief that she had not known of his illness. She consoled herself by looking at his portrait, and recounted with the deepest feeling his many kindnesses. "Wasn't he a fine gentlemun?" she said. "That first quarter dollar saved my life. My Daniel is now twenty-five years old, has good larnin', has never been a Cat'olic, never drunk any rum, and *never brought a tare into my eye!*"

In his early housekeeping in Montgomery Place, Mr. Safford's attention was called to the direction of our Lord, "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed, for they can not recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

He was aware that a literal compliance with this injunction would subject him to notice, and perhaps imputations upon his motives by the world. But he cared little for this, if persuaded that it was *right*. Writing to a friend upon another subject, he remarks, —

"But you say *public opinion* is against it. I know it is, to some extent, though I think it is changing in this region. But what if public opinion is against it, if the thing itself is not a real evil, and if real evils are prevented by it? Are Christians to be governed wholly by public opinion? If so, no reformation of any kind will take place. Public opinion was once against the temperance cause." . . .

Though he believed that the precept just quoted might be obeyed in spirit without a strict conformity to the letter, yet the more he reflected the more he was convinced that in this matter Christ had not been honored by his professed disciples, and that there was too much conformity to the world in their feasting. For himself, he felt that he should be delighted to obey the command literally. On his marriage to Mrs. Turner, he had introduced her to the poor women, the widows and laundresses, the sick and infirm, of Salem church. And the first dinner party he made was for them. The folding doors were thrown open, the tables extended through both parlors, and the visit closed in the evening with a cup of tea, and devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. Mr. Blagden, the pastor, who was present on invitation. To say nothing of the apparent enjoyment of the visitors, Mr. Safford, it is believed, never took more pleasure in entertaining guests than on that day. It was to this incident, doubtless, that Dr. Blagden particularly referred in the remark which he made at the funeral of Mr. Safford: "He was devoted to the poor; seating them at his own table as one who had been more blessed in worldly goods than they, while he counted these goods as nothing, compared with the interests and the cause for which he labored, and in which all were equal."

He never afterward made a party exclusively for the same class of persons, but in the Mount Vernon church, with which he was last connected, improved, as he thought, upon that method. During one winter, he invited to his house the members of the church in order, as their names stood on the register; the rich and the poor together, seventy or eighty at a time, until the whole church, numbering several hundred, had been invited. Among the company, one evening, was a colored sister, who could not understand that she was invited to a visit, and had come in her washing dress. She was, however, furnished, after her arrival, with a cap and black silk apron, and conducted to the parlors, where she received rather more attention, from all classes, than any other one present.

He made it a rule, in every social gathering at his house, that God should be acknowledged by religious worship — the singing of a hymn, or reading the Scriptures, or both, followed by prayer. Persons not religiously disposed, men of the world, who had never witnessed this before at an evening party, on meeting him afterward have expressed to him their conviction of the propriety of this practice, assuring him that they should never lose the impression received on that occasion. He was thus encouraged to persevere in the practice, notwithstanding the objection of some professors of religion that it was mixing incongruous things. He wished, he said, to allow nothing in his own house which would not harmonize with religious worship.

It may well be believed that one who was so much awake to the interests of others would not be neglectful of those of his own family. He studied to make his house as convenient as possible, so as to save labor, and increase the comfort and the health of its occupants. He chose to own his dwelling, that he might make such improvements as he desired; and these were always very perfect, of their kind. Mrs. Safford became the teacher of the children, instructing them at home until they reached the ages of eight and ten.

To induce her to take open-air exercise as much as was necessary for her own health, and to provide safe and agreeable recreation for them, he purchased a horse, and had a chaise built, containing many new contrivances of his own, which he kept in a livery stable, near the house, subject entirely to her direction. In pleasant weather he expected her to drive out every day with her little companions, or with one of the grandmothers, if either of them chose to go.

He had consecrated himself, and all that he had, to Christ; and in his domestic arrangements he had supreme reference to the divine favor and blessing. With David, he said, "I will walk within my house with a perfect heart;" and with Joshua, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." His family prayers were the earnest outpouring of his heart before the Lord, and as regular and constant as the return of morning and evening. Nothing was allowed to interrupt them; and no domestic work, nor any thing else, to hinder the servants from attending them. They were always informed of this rule of the family before engaging in his service; and so came into the house with this understanding. To several of them this was the means of their conversion.

The following instance of this kind is worthy of mention. An Irish Catholic woman, about forty years old, who had been for many years a cook in one of the most respectable families in the city, applied for a situation at Mr. Safford's. Her recommendations were satisfactory, but she was told that the servants being considered as members of the household, were expected to be always present at family prayers; and that if she could not conscientiously unite with them it would be better for her not to come. She replied that that would not prevent her coming, and that she wished to come to this house, because no dinners were cooked on the Sabbath. She was a widow, with grown-up daughters; a very strict Catholic; and had refused to speak to one of her children, who had become a Protestant. After coming into the family, she continued to attend her own church, no one interfering with her religious views. She came regularly to prayers, and read, in her turn, in the Scriptures; being allowed to use the Douay version. One morning, after a few months, during the singing of the hymn, the tears were seen trickling down her cheeks. She held her hymn book up, and followed every word with her eye. As she passed out of the room, she said to the other servant, "What beautiful hymns those are!" A short time after, she asked Mrs. Safford if her church would be willing to have her little nephew, eight years old, come to their Sabbath school. Being told that he would be very welcome there, she herself aided in clothing him for that purpose. At length she asked, one day, if she could obtain a seat in their church. Mrs. Safford said, with surprise, "Elizabeth, do you intend to leave your own church?" "Yes, ma'am," she replied, "I have been thinking of it for some time; I prefer your religion." "And why? How is it that you have changed your opinion, when, only one year ago, you were so strong in your attachment to the Catholic church?" "Oh, I have been observing the religion of this family ever since I came into it, and it seems to me more like what I find in the Bible than that of the Catholic." "In what respect? What is one thing which has led you to think so?" "Why, ma'am, Mr. Safford prays every day for his enemies, and our church curses them; and the Bible tells us that we must forgive our enemies, and pray for them that hate us." "Have you told your priest that you are going to leave?" "No, ma'am." "Are you not afraid he will excommunicate you?" "I expect he will, but I am not afraid of it. I told him I came to your prayers, and that there was not a bishop in Boston could pray better than Mr. Safford." It was found that she had indeed been studying her Bible, and had received Christ. She continued firm in the faith until her death.

CHAPTER IX.

DOMESTIC LIFE, CONTINUED.

Letters to his Wife. — Kicked by a Horse. — Enjoyment of Solitude. — Visits to his Partner, Mr. Low. — Mutual Regard of the Partners. — Mr. Low's Present of a Cane. — Care for his Family. — Removal to Beacon Street. — Hospitalities. — Mary Lyon. — Dr. Edwards. — Missionaries. — Letter of Dr. Anderson.

In the summer of 1834, his wife and children passed a few weeks in Belchertown, with her sister, Mrs. Reid, whose husband, Rev. J. Reid, had recently removed thither from Reading. The following extracts are from letters addressed at that time to Mrs. Safford: —

"August 5, 1834.

"After leaving you yesterday I rode twenty miles, to South Brookfield, where I took supper; and then, committing myself and you to our heavenly Father, enjoyed a refreshing night's rest. At half past four o'clock, this morning, I called the hostler, and went to the stable to see Charlie. I had on light pantaloons, and, as it was dark, the horse probably saw nothing but them, which frightened him so much that he stood on the defensive, and gave me a broadside without ceremony. The blow was very severe, and caused me to groan aloud; but after a few moments, I found that I was not so seriously hurt as at first seemed probable. At Worcester a physician was called, whose prescriptions I am following, and hope to be fully restored in a few days. I desire gratefully to acknowledge the good hand of God in this narrow escape from immediate death; for if Charlie had been two feet further from me, I have very little doubt he would have killed me upon the spot."

"Sabbath Evening, August 10.

"My Dear Wife: Your last calls for lively gratitude to our kind heavenly Father for his great goodness in restoring your health, and rendering you all so happy in breathing his pure air, and drinking his pure water. After reading it I almost involuntarily sung the lines I have heard you teach the children, —

'The Lord is good and kind to me,
And very thankful I should be.'

And now I ask you not to think of me as feeling melancholy or lonely here, or wishing me in a good boarding house. There is no place where I can be so happy as in our own house, and no company in Boston is so desirable to me as solitude. I hope, by the blessing of God, it has already been profitable to me, and that it will be still more so. I need more time for reading and reflection. If not deceived, I have had, since my return from Belchertown, some precious seasons of communion with God, in reading the Bible, meditation, and prayer.

"How are my dear Daniel and George? Tell them I hope they thank God for his goodness to them, and to their father and mother, and that they will both become Christians; and then they may be happy, at home or abroad, in company or alone; they will not be dependent upon outward things for happiness, the source of it being within them."

"BOSTON, August 31, 1834.

"Can it be that another summer has gone, to return no more for ever? Is it so? Ah, there is a fearful sense in which it will return, at the great day, for which all other days were made; and as its months and weeks, days, hours, and moments shall pass before my quickened memory, laden with duties neglected and sins committed, how unwelcome its return, how insupportable the sight, if it shall not then appear that this polluted soul has been cleansed in the precious blood of Christ! Oh, what should we do without Christ? Dear Jesus, take this guilty soul of mine, and wash it all over in thy precious blood, for it is altogether polluted. If the faint glimpse thou hast now given me of the evil of my heart is such as to baffle description, how must I appear to the eye of infinite purity? Let those who have a righteousness of their own present it, and plead their own merits; but, dear Saviour, I will present thy righteousness, and plead thy merits alone.

"My dear wife, I had almost forgotten that I was writing to you; but as it is to *you*, I will let it go. Can you not easily conceive of the burst of praise from the 'ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands,' as, with a loud voice, they sing, 'Worthy is the Lamb, that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing'?"

Mr. Low, his partner in business, was now rapidly declining in health, and had left the city. Mr. Safford writes, —

"I received a letter from Mr. Low yesterday. He desires our prayers for him, and for his wife, who, he says, will soon be a widow; and for his children, who will soon be fatherless."

Again he writes, in September, "I have just returned from a visit to Mr. Low, at Beverly. He looks like a living skeleton, but appears perfectly tranquil and happy; talks about dying, and what may come, or be done after, much as he would if he were going on a journey."

He continued to visit Mr. Low until his death. It was delightful to witness the sweet confidence they manifested in each other. Mr. Safford, in speaking of him, said, "He has always been so faithful and trustworthy." And Mr. Low said of Mr. Safford, "He has always been so just and honorable toward me, repeatedly giving me, of his own accord, an increased percentage of the profits of our business, because, as he said, it was right; never waiting for a proposition of this kind from me."

The last visit was paid to Mr. Low a few hours previous to his death; when he presented Mr. Safford his cane, with a penciled note which he had written, not expecting to see him again. This note Mr. Safford carried in his pocket-book many years, until it was worn into several pieces, and he then laid it by, among his choice papers. Twenty-two years after Mr. Low's death, and just before his own, he found this note, and read it with much emotion. Seeing that the writing was almost effaced, he copied it in his own hand. It is as follows: —

"MY DEAREST FRIEND: Please accept this cane, as the last token of respect and friendship from one who loves you, and who will soon be no more. Keep it in remembrance of me, and let it serve you the same useful purpose that it has served me. And when the hour of dissolution shall arrive, may we both be able to say, in the language of holy joy in our Redeemer, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'

ISAIAH LOW."

After the death of Mr. Low, his widow, with her two little boys, looked to Mr. Safford as to a brother for advice and sympathy, it being manifest that it was a pleasure to him to render her any service in his power. He took great care in investing her property, wishing to render it as available as possible. She called upon him with entire freedom; and if, for any length of time, she failed to do so, she was sure to receive a call from him to inquire after her welfare. This friendly interest continued when she had removed from the city, and even after her marriage to Mr. Lincoln, the warden of the state prison.

The tragical death of Mr. Lincoln by a blow from a prisoner left her again a widow, with the care of a large family of children, in addition to her own; and called forth anew Mr. Safford's sympathies in her behalf. This is one of many cases which illustrate a striking trait in his character. His interest being once enlisted, his constancy and perseverance in acts of kindness never failed. Neither lapse of time nor pressure of business was permitted to excuse him from alleviating the burdens of the desolate and afflicted, which he had once taken upon his heart.

One morning, in the spring of 1836, on the way to his counting-room, a gentleman met him and asked if he would sell the house in which he resided, in Montgomery Place. He had no wish to exchange his dwelling for any other; but as the price offered was four thousand dollars more than he had paid for it, four years before, he thought he ought to give the question some consideration, and returned to consult with Mrs. Safford about it. Looking at all events as occurring under the direction of God, they asked what could be the meaning of this providence. At first he thought that it might be an indication that the time had come for him to give up business, and remove into the country; it having long been his intention not to stand in the way of young men who wished and ought to come forward in life. His brother-in-law, Dr. Edwards, learning that he was inclining to this view of the subject, strongly protested against it. "For," said he, "Mr. Safford has now been twenty-four years in the city, and by a steady course in the right direction, has laid a foundation for exerting an influence, and acquired a power for doing good rarely possessed, and which it would be a great mistake for him thus to relinquish. It would be much like an artisan throwing away his tools, after years spent in learning his trade."

The wisdom of this counsel could not be denied. He remembered, too, that he had been able to do good by affording Christian hospitality to missionaries and other servants of the Lord, and believed that his usefulness might be still further increased in the same direction. After much prayer, therefore, it was decided to accept the offer which had been made him, and purchase a larger and more commodious house at No. 3 Beacon Street.

Miss Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, was at this time engaged in the preparatory steps of that important enterprise. She had already visited several times at the house of Mr. Safford, and he had indorsed her scheme by a subscription of five hundred dollars; and had also called a meeting of gentlemen at his own house, at which several thousand more were pledged to her. His interest in the institution never afterward abated. His house was her home whenever she chose to resort to it. In the language of the Shunammite respecting Elisha, he said, "This is a holy woman of God, who passeth by us continually. Let us make a little chamber on the wall, and let us set for her there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick." Her wants they knew to be few, and very simple. It was only a place to rest and to pray in that she required.

Her genial and Christ-like spirit had already proved a blessing to their household. Her manner toward the servants, who were Germans, and but recently from their mother-land, had been so kind and condescending, that they regarded her as *their* friend, and welcomed her as if she had been their own mother. It was very pleasant to witness their joy on her arriving. One of them, on answering, late one evening, to the ringing of the bell, finding her with her trunk upon the doorstep, in her joy left her there, and ran back through the hall, exclaiming, "The Lyon, she be come! the Lyon, she be come!" The chamber set apart for her use was the scene of some of her most interesting labors. Here she superintended the publishing of the "Principles and Design of the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary;" and afterward wrote the stirring little book called "The Missionary Offering." This was the Mount Carmel, where she would come in her extremity, and bow herself before the Lord, until she was assured he had heard her prayer. In this chamber she passed that week of prayer previous to a remarkable effusion of the Holy Spirit upon her beloved seminary in 1843.* She left Boston early in March, and on the 13th of April she wrote, "When I returned from Boston there were a few more than fifty without hope. In about three weeks all but six expressed some hope that they had found the Saviour; in a single week of this time more than thirty of the number."

The Rev. Dr. Justin Edwards was now devoting himself to the cause of temperance; and, much of the time, needed a home in the city. Mr. Safford's interest in this cause, and his love and respect for this honored and beloved minister of Christ, rendered it very pleasant to make provision for him also. He believed, more especially, that he should have the approval of his Master in providing for those of his servants who were from time to time coming to the city to embark as missionaries, a comfortable home for the last few days which they were to spend in their native land. For many years he had gladly made contributions in money to this cause, and he could now have shown his interest by paying their board at a hotel; but this could not satisfy him. He chose rather to receive Christ, in the person of his servants, at his own house. He loved the cause of missions, and desired to be identified with it as far as possible; deeming the command to preach the gospel to every creature, as binding upon himself as upon them.

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* Memoir of Mary Lyon.

The first missionaries who were thus welcomed by him were Mr. and Mrs. Lindley,* and Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, bound to South Africa. The week they spent with him in Montgomery Place convinced him that a cup of cold water, given in the name of a disciple, could be returned, even in this life, fourfold into his own bosom, and upon his household. As, for successive weeks after their departure, he heard his little son, three years old, alone in his closet praying every morning so affectionately; "O God, take care of the missionaries while they are on the big water, and don't let the boat tip oder," the father could not doubt that impressions had been made upon his child's mind which would be as lasting as his being. One of the missionary ladies had often taken the child upon her lap, and had told him about the heathen, who have never heard of Jesus, while he listened with intense interest; and when she asked him whether, when he came to be a man, he would not go, as they were going, over the great waters, and carry the Bible, and preach to them, his quick reply was, "Yes, if monner [mother] will go, Dordie will." The father did not live to hear this child preach the gospel, but he lived to receive a visit from him after he had entered upon his theological course, the object of which was to obtain his father's consent to his becoming a missionary; his love for Christ and for the souls of his fellow-men now rendering him willing to forsake father and mother, and thus follow Christ. This was more gratifying to Mr. Safford than to have been told that his son had become heir to a throne; for his faith beheld the invisible things promised to such as count not their lives dear for his sake.

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* Just after the above was written, Mrs. Safford had the pleasure of welcoming again to her house these veteran missionaries, with their numerous family. Mr. Lindley could now say, as did the ancient patriarch, "With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I have become two bands." After twenty-five years of devoted labor among the Zulus of South Africa, the parents return to visit once more their native country, with eleven children, all in good health, and a household which might be considered a model both for Christian and heathen families. They have experienced trials and hardships; but these they regard as trifles, compared with the great delight they have had in seeing the dark minds of those heathen enlightened by the precious truths they have taught them.

The following is an extract of a letter written to her sister, by Mrs. Safford, in 1836: —

"I will now tell you a little of what is doing at No. 3 Beacon Street. If you could step in here you might be introduced to ten missionaries, bound to the Sandwich Islands, who have spent the last two weeks with us. We breakfast at half past six — twenty at the table; family prayers immediately follow; the Scriptures are read by each one, two verses in turn; a hymn is sung; and after prayer, those who have no other engagements retire to the parlor above, and spend another half hour in prayer, interspersed with singing, 'Come, ye that love the Lord,' 'Rock of Ages,' 'Yes, my native land, I love thee,' &c. Then the missionaries disperse; some to pack their goods, and some to purchase articles for the voyage and mission.

At one o'clock all come home, hungry and tired, to dinner. As you may imagine, the house is brought into thorough use. Seven are accommodated in the attic; as many more in the fourth story; and in the third, six. There is frequently additional company to dine. We all accompanied them to the ship this morning, expecting them to sail at ten o'clock; but there was no wind; and all returned, to remain, we do not know how long."

The following testimony of Rev. Dr. Anderson, Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, describes Mr. Safford's hospitality, and its bearings upon the missionary cause.

"He appreciated more fully than any man I have known, not a secretary, the importance of hospitality toward departing missionaries. He was averse to their embarking from hotels or boarding houses. He would have them go out from the warm bosom of the Christian family, when departing from their native land to reside in remote fields. To make it easy for the secretaries to find such entertainment for them, he not only placed his own name first to the following paper, but also procured a respectable list of other names to it; viz.: —

"'The subscribers, residing in Boston, declare their willingness to receive missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions into their families, when they embark from this city, should it be convenient, at the time, to do so; and they request the officers of the Board to apply to them when there is need. When thus applied to, they engage to state frankly whether it be convenient or not to accede to the request.'

"He was always accessible to us on this point; always ready to act; and was unwearied from year to year until his mortal disease fastened upon him. When sickness in his family did not prevent, his doors were open, and he was ready to use his influence on others. Nor was he anxious to have the best in a company of missionaries sent to his house. We might arrange that matter as we pleased.

"He loved the kingdom of our blessed Lord; delighting to do what he could to promote it. He loved to have good men and women in his house; and, if they were missionaries, to speed them on their way. I could never see that Christian hospitality seemed to him a burden. He enjoyed it, and wondered that others did not enjoy it as he did. A few such men as he, with ample means, would give a character of hospitality to a city. A few such, whatever their means, are a rich blessing to a church. They are invaluable at the seat of a great foreign missionary institution. May the gracious Lord be pleased to give us many such men as Mr. Safford was."

CHAPTER X.

REVIVAL LABORS.

Removal to Park Street Church. — Debt of Salem Church paid. — Organization of the "Central Church," and Removal thither. — Return to Park Street Church. — His Interest in Preaching. — Remodeling of the House of Worship. — Labors in the Sabbath School. — Interest in the Young. — Preparations for a Revival. — Rev. E. N. Kirk invited to Boston. — Manner of his Reception by the Pastors of the City. — Special Meetings. — Conversions. — Letters to Mr. Kirk. — Second Visit of Mr. Kirk to Boston. — Organization of Mount Vernon Church. — Rev. Mr. Aiken's Testimony to Mr. Safford's Character and Usefulness.

Previous to 1835 the attention of several gentlemen had been called to the desirableness of purchasing the Federal Street theater, in Boston, and converting it into a place of religious worship. Mr. Safford promised to share the responsibility of the enterprise, should it be undertaken. While the matter was in suspense, as his services were no longer indispensable in Salem church, and as his residence was near Park Street church, he proposed to return to the latter. He was, however, unwilling to leave it while it was still embarrassed with a debt; though it was not large. He therefore drew up a subscription paper for liquidating that debt; himself contributing, for that purpose, as appears from a private memorandum then made, thirteen hundred and sixty-eight dollars. This effort proving successful, he felt himself at liberty to withdraw; but his love for the church and his interest in their prosperity remained undiminished till his death. He was received into communion with the Park Street church March 1, 1835. He had, however, scarcely become settled there before the Academy of Music, having leased the Federal Street theater, offered it to the gentlemen above referred to, for the purposes of worship. He was therefore called upon to redeem the pledge which he had given to engage in this enterprise. Before dismissing him, the brethren of Park Street church obtained from him a promise that, as soon as the new enterprise could spare him, he would again return to them.

May 11, 1835, a church, consisting of sixty-three persons, was organized in the vestry of the Bowdoin Street church; and on the next evening, Mr. Safford, Mr. John C. Proctor, and Mr. Daniel Noyes were elected deacons. In the following August, having invited the Rev. W. M. Rogers to be their pastor, they commenced worshiping in the theater, then called the "Odeon." A flourishing congregation was soon gathered; and in about two years the church had so increased in numbers and strength, that the brethren of Park Street church reminded him of his pledge to return to them. Of this they were now the more desirous, as it was becoming increasingly obvious that their edifice must be remodeled; and he was told repeatedly that it could not be accomplished without him. But his family were reluctant to leave the new and flourishing society, to which they had become much attached. They had seen its beginnings, shared its trials, labors, and joys; and were identified with all its interests. Mr. Safford's relations, also, to the pastor and his brother officers, and all its members, had been very pleasant.

him a sore t[illegible] sundering these ties was not small; and that weeks passed before he was able to decide the to[illegible]ion before him. At length his convictions of duty and his love for his first church-home in the city prevailed. Sunday, March 26, 1837, found him with his family in Park Street Church, listening to the first sermons which the new pastor, Rev. S. Aiken, preached after his installation. Both of them were clear, simple, faithful exhibitions of truth. He was grateful and happy to find that, while he had not sought his own edification in the change, the providence of God had given him a minister whose preaching commended itself to his judgment and taste. The preaching of Mr. Aiken he always regarded as peculiarly adapted to his own wants; being eminently scriptural, instructive, and practical. Perhaps few men ever more valued the faithful ministrations of the sanctuary, or were more thoroughly benefited by them, than Mr. Safford. He had his preferences, but was far from being fastidious. If the preaching was adapted to its appointed end,—to convert the soul and lead to holiness of heart and usefulness of life,—he counted it above all price; and for nothing did he more cheerfully contribute his money and influence. His seat in his own church was never vacated for the sake merely of hearing other preachers, however eloquent and renowned. He gave the most humble and earnest attention to the word, carefully obeying the injunction, "Take heed how ye hear;" and feeling deeply his accountability for the practical improvement of every sermon. It was not unusual for him to retire immediately after service to his closet, to pray that a divine influence might be given to the word as it had been preached, and *every* hearer be savingly benefited by it. The habit hed till his which he thus acquired, it is believed, was th the uable to him; increasing not only his piety, but ow- his intellectual strength, especially the memory. He could give an excellent report of every good sermon he had heard.

Although, when Mr. Safford left the Franklin Street church, it appeared to him so strong in numbers and wealth that he was justified in taking that step, yet the great commercial embarrassments of that year (1837) so seriously affected some of their most reliable members, that a committee was appointed to wait upon him and urge his return. His heart was, however, so much set upon aiding his brethren in remodeling Park Street Church, that he did not yield to their request. The building was uncomfortable and unattractive, on account of the high pulpit and pews. The debt was increasing every year, with no prospect of paying it; and indeed the fear had been expressed that this noble edifice, which had been erected in the midst of obloquy and discouragement, but which had been signally owned and blessed of God, might yet have to be sold for debt. The greatest difficulty in the way of the proposed enterprise was the opposition of a few aged pew-proprietors to any change in the interior of the building, and their persistent refusal to surrender the deeds of their pews. All efforts to get a vote to this effect had failed. He had dwelt so much upon this subject during the winter previous to his return as often to prevent his sleeping, which it was very unusual for any trouble or anxiety to do. His affection for the church had not been diminished by his separation from it; and to see that fail would have been to him a sore trial. It was because his family had found that he could not "give sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids," while any thing was wanting on his part to save it, that they had consented to sacrifice their own preferences, and make the change. He was prepared to enter upon the effort with all his heart. He believed it could be accomplished; and he was always willing to perform labor which might never be appreciated, when, as now, the object commended itself to his judgment, and he felt called of God to it. Of these labors, in various churches, a gentleman who was at this time an officer in Park Street church writes as follows: —

"The death of Deacon Safford was to me more than the loss of a brother. We had long labored in the church in unison, and taken sweet counsel together. His judicious zeal and ardent love for the cause of Christ inspired confidence in him as a leader in every good enterprise. Three times in fourteen years he was dismissed, with others, from this church, to organize new churches, superintend the erection of meeting houses, and settle pastors. In every instance he accomplished his object faithfully, as those churches will testify, and within that time, in addition to these arduous labors, he has done as much for Park Street church as a deacon. During the ministry of Rev. Dr. Griffin and Rev. S. Dwight, we had no vestry but the little room over the front door of the church. When the revival of 1823 had rendered that place too strait for us, we had to dig out a cellar under the church, alongside the tombs, to make what we called the 'lower vestry.' It was so dark, damp, and dismal, that we could not bear it long, neither would it contain our increasing numbers. Numerous consultations were held to see how we could get a better vestry; but land and building materials were dear, and we were deeply in debt. In this dilemma Deacon Safford proposed that we should raise the roof, and erect a second floor, twelve feet above the original one, upon which the pews, organ, and pulpit should be placed, and leave the first floor for a large vestry, and four other rooms, which could be let for schools, the income of which would pay the interest of the cost of the alteration, and create a sinking fund, which would yearly diminish the debt, which was now annually increasing. This wise and simple plan was adopted. Mr. Safford was chairman of the committee to superintend the work. It was speedily completed, and we now have the comfort of this spacious vestry, and the debt which it occasioned has long since been extinguished by the income derived from the new rooms. I could say much of his amiable disposition, his love of prayer, and his brotherly affection; but it is unnecessary — they are known to all."

The work of remodeling the building* being accomplished, he gave himself, with his brethren, to increasing prayer and efforts for the spiritual interests of the church. Being superintendent of the Sunday school, he had meetings of the teachers at his own house every Saturday evening. One of these teachers thus writes: —

"The meetings at his house, which it was my privilege so long to attend, differed from all others which I have ever known, in the familiar and unrestrained intercourse of superintendent and teachers. We gathered about him in his own house, as children about a father, to pass an hour in the study of the Scriptures, and in conversation about the lesson. No one feared to ask questions, to state difficulties, to express doubts, or to confess ignorance to that kind, paternal friend. His sympathies were with us; he understood us individually, and his patience was unwearied in returning again and again to explain our difficulties. Do you recollect his kindness to young Mr. ——, when the subject of man's free agency and God's sovereignty were for several evenings the subject of the lessons? Every night the young man came back to the same difficulty, apparently unconscious that it had been again and again met to the satisfaction of every mind save his own.

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* His last act in reference to it was to ascend the lofty spire, and, at great risk, as was thought by those who knew of his disease of the heart, to stand on tiptoe upon the bars which indicate the points of the compass, and lift the large gilded ball or vane into its place.

"Those of us who, for months and years, met in that social manner, formed life-long attachments to Deacon Safford and to one another. As we still meet, at long intervals, in later years, we love to refer to those happy evenings. Their influence may still be traced in the clear and distinct ideas we then obtained on many points of doctrine, where else we had remained in darkness and confusion.

"I wish I could express all the affectionate and grateful remembrance which I cherish of those pleasant and valuable hours."

In the Sunday school, as in every other work, his chief reliance was on prayer. Never, we think, did a winter pass while he was superintendent, in this or any other school, in which he did not call on the teachers to observe at least one day of fasting and prayer. He usually invited them to meet in his own house, where, before God, they confessed their sins and the sins of their pupils, and pleaded for the descent of the Holy Spirit upon them. In the school his manner was so kind and fatherly toward the children that it won their hearts; for even the youngest child could see that it was the expression of a sincere regard, especially for their immortal interests. Every one found more than a school and superintendent — a home and a personal friend.

He was observed one day, just as the school was about to begin, to step to the door and speak to a young man who was standing there alone, apparently considering whether to venture in or not. He brought him to a seat, and sat down by his side. He found him to be the son of a minister, residing some miles distant in the country, who had, for the first time in his life, left his parents, and was employed as a clerk in a store here. He looked sad, and every now and then brushed away a falling tear. He said he was very homesick, for he felt friendless and alone in this large and strange city. Mr. Safford cheered and encouraged him, invited him to his house, and continued to treat him and care for him as he would like to have some good man do for his son, if similarly situated. The youth joined the Bible class, was converted, and united with the church not many months after. It is believed that, during the subsequent twenty years, Mr. Safford was made the happy instrument, by similar attentions and expressions of kindness, of saving numbers of young men from the vortex of destruction to which they are exposed on being first introduced to the city.

A young lady, one of a large family of children, who was connected with him, first in Franklin Street, and afterward in Mount Vernon church, says, —

"I shall never forget one evening when Deacon Safford called upon us, and I was requested to go with my sisters to the parlor and see him. After we were seated, he looked round upon us, smiled benignantly, and said, 'My own children are out of the city, and I have not them to talk with, and so I thought I would come and talk with some of my other children.' He proceeded in such an affectionate, familiar, and earnest manner to speak of the importance of becoming Christians now, and giving our hearts at once to Christ, that we could not resist it. However much we might, before this, have disliked being talked to about religion, it was so manifest that he really loved us, and sought our good, that we could not but thank him in our hearts. For myself, I can say, that from that evening I did not rest until I had a hope in Christ."

Besides these earnest efforts in the Sabbath school, he, with other brethren, held informal meetings in the winter of 1839 and 1840, among the families of the congregation, the special object of which was to gain access to the impenitent members of each household. If practicable, they were always conversed with personally on the subject of religion at the close of the meeting, and special prayer was offered for them. Several conversions occurred in connection with these meetings.

On March 3 of that year, these brethren, with Deacon J. C. Proctor, who had been associated with Mr. Safford in Salem and Central churches, commenced a daily eight o'clock morning prayer meeting in the new and beautiful vestry of Park Street Church. This continued without interruption for five years, and it is believed he never once failed of attending it during that period, unless when absent from the city.

A blessed work of the Holy Spirit was now begun, which continued several years, bringing hundreds into our churches. In this work Mr. Safford's heart and hands were fully employed. It has been said by one of his pastors that he was usually the first to discern and welcome the presence of the divine Spirit. He sought to prepare the way for his coming by prayer and fasting, often setting apart a day for these exercises, and recommending the same to others. On these occasions he searched diligently to learn the sins of his heart, and with great self-abasement confessed them before God. The ninth chapter of Daniel, in which the prophet speaks of setting his face with fasting and prayer to seek the Lord, confessing his sins and the sins of the people, was the passage of Scripture which, more than any other, was read by him. On the ears of many still linger the tones with which he used to repeat the words, "O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken and do; *defer not*, for thine own sake, O our God."

No one ever more highly valued the established ordinances of the gospel. Every Christian, it is believed, on whom the light of his example fell, was stimulated by it to stand in his lot to improve every opportunity for usefulness, and to encourage and sustain his pastor by prayer and coöperation. Yet his eye was continually turning to the masses who, in a large city, are not reached by stated preaching and the ordinary means of grace. The Rev. Jacob Knapp, the well-known Baptist evangelist, was then preaching in the city, and drawing multitudes to hear him. At this time Mr. Safford received a letter from his brother-in-law in New York, describing the labors of the Rev. E. N. Kirk, in the Mercer Street church, then under the care of Rev. Dr. Skinner, and of the marked success with which they were attended. Having heard from other sources similar accounts of the great revivals which had been enjoyed in connection with his labors in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, Mr. Safford was led very strongly to wish that Boston might be favored with the same instrumentality. He believed that there was work enough for the pastors, and for both of these evangelists; and that if a coöperation of the pastors and laymen could be secured, a great spiritual harvest might be gathered. At this time, however, on account of measures which had been introduced in some parts of our country by rash and inconsiderate men, most of our pastors were opposed to inviting any minister from abroad to labor in their congregations. Mr. Safford, never willing to do any thing which was, or which even might be thought to be, detrimental to the influence of the settled ministry, for some time repressed his strong desires in this direction. There was a large circle of young persons, from different churches, and of different denominations, who had met at his own and at other houses for two successive winters, to labor for the support of a colporter in France. This social circle was an auxiliary to the Foreign Evangelical Society, of which Mr. Kirk was then Secretary; and had received encouragement from Mr. Safford, that before their meetings should close for the season, he would endeavor to procure an invitation for Mr. Kirk to address them. As the season was advancing, they reminded him of this promise. He was in doubt what course to take, and spread the case before the Lord.

He at length said, "I will go and consult my pastor. If he does not object, I will go on to New York and see Mr. Kirk. But if he is not willing, I will do no more about it for the present." After his hand was upon the door of his chamber, he turned, and said to his wife, "Let us pray once more about it, because we are to consider the opinion which Mr. A. shall express as the mind of the Lord to us on this subject." They knelt at the same chair, and earnestly implored for his pastor the light and direction of the Holy Spirit, in a matter of so much importance. He arose from his knees, and went directly to the study of his pastor. He freely communicated to him his views of the condition and wants of the masses in the city; and his belief that Mr. Kirk's preaching, in the existing state of things, might be productive of great results, and his strong desire that he should be invited to come to the city. Yet he also stated, that he was aware how the ministers generally felt, as to employing evangelists; and declared his purpose to do nothing in the matter, unless it should meet with his pastor's approbation. To his great joy, Mr. Aiken replied, "I see no reason why you should not follow your own convictions of what is right and best in the case."

Learning thus, as he thought, what the will of God was, he went immediately to New York. Not finding Mr. Kirk there, he addressed him a line, conveying to him the wishes of the young people, and added, in a postscript, "If you bring some gospel sermons with you, I think you will be invited to preach them."

Mr. Kirk was happy in the opportunity of aiding the benevolent in Boston in their efforts to circulate the gospel in France, where he had been sojourning many months, and in the welfare of whose people he felt an absorbing interest. He arrived at Mr. Safford's house, June 26, 1840, and on the following Tuesday addressed the interesting social circle above referred to, assembled in his parlors.

On the morning of his arrival, the pastor of Park Street church invited him to preach in his pulpit while he should remain in the city, as often as his strength would allow, and to employ such other means as he had found to be blessed of God. This was Friday morning; and notice having been given in the church meeting, Mr. Kirk on Saturday evening preached his first sermon in Boston, from the text, "Prepare to meet thy God." Thus commenced, in that noble edifice, just after it was remodeled, a series of remarkably interesting meetings. For nine successive days there were services every afternoon and evening. At the daily morning prayer meetings fervent supplication was offered. The audiences constantly increased, until the aisles were filled; the pulpit-stairs were covered; and many were obliged to go away from the house because they could not find a place even to stand. Such crowds listening to simple and faithful exhibitions of gospel truth, new to many of them, — such deep attention and solemn stillness pervading the house, and plainly indicating the presence of the Holy Ghost, — were, to Mr. Safford and those dear brethren who sympathized with him, a most cheering spectacle.

The results of this experiment having been even greater than was anticipated, the desire was expressed to Mr. Kirk that he should return in the autumn, and resume his labors. After receiving a pledge from the brethren that if he would thus devote himself to labors for the conversion of souls, they would be responsible for making the collections for his society, he consented to return.

Accordingly, in the November following, he arrived again in the city, making his home at Mr. Safford's house. As Mr. Aiken was averse to monopolizing his labors, or to appearing not to act in concert with his ministerial brethren, he waited to see what steps they would take; and Mr. Kirk thus remained for several days unoccupied. Mr. Safford greatly desired that all the pastors, whom he so sincerely loved and respected, should coöperate with him; and that every church should share in the blessing which he believed would follow these united efforts. Hoping that by personal conference they might see eye to eye on this subject, he went himself to the ministers and the leading laymen in the churches, and invited them to come together and talk the matter over freely. They met; and after some conversation, Dr. B., one of his former pastors, who acted as the moderator of the meeting, said, "I would inquire for what purpose we are come together." Some one replied, "I suppose it is to decide what shall be done with brother Kirk." Dr. B. then said, "I should like to be informed, in the first place, by whose invitation brother Kirk came to the city. Who brought him here?" One made answer, "I imagine that brother Safford can enlighten us on that point as well as any one." Mr. Safford then arose, and made a simple statement of his agency in the matter; and after some discussion, the moderator pleasantly remarked, "Well, I propose that as brother Safford brought brother Kirk here, brother Safford take care of him." Thus the matter ended.

Although the views of Dr. B. and Mr. Safford with regard to evangelists, and some other subjects, did not coincide, there was, nevertheless, the most friendly feeling between them. And in after years, when Mr. Safford had learned to love and revere Mr. Kirk as his pastor, to bear his burdens, and minister most liberally to his wants, he reminded Dr. B. that in this he was only following his former pastor's directions, which he was always happy to do when they accorded with his judgment.

Mr. Aiken now saw that he was left to judge for himself what would best promote the spiritual good of the multitudes who were desirous of attending upon the preached word, both in season and out of season, and repeated his invitation to Mr. Kirk to preach in his pulpit as often as his strength would admit. For many successive weeks, the doors of Park Street Church were open, and the house was thronged with attentive listeners. The preaching was preceded and followed by meetings for prayer; and meetings for inquiry were also frequent. Many, not connected with any evangelical society, as they were drawn in to hear the truth, and became convicted of sin, found their way to Mr. Safford's house, for personal conversation and prayer, either with himself or with Mr. Kirk. Indeed, prayer could be heard ascending from one room and another of his house at almost all hours of the day. Often, late at night some wounded soul would come in to receive one word more of counsel, or to be prayed for again. Mr. Safford's heart was thus cheered by seeing sinners flocking to Christ. Little gatherings for prayer of those who were agreed as touching the same thing, were held often in his own parlors.

Among those who thus met every afternoon for several weeks to pour out their hearts before the Lord, were included Hon. Samuel Hubbard, Deacons Willis and Dana, and Rev. Louis Dwight. Judge Hubbard always insisted on having a record kept of every meeting, and the special subjects of prayer noted, so that, when answers were received, thanks could be returned, and God's faithfulness and truth made known, that the humble might "hear thereof and be glad." He was a man of profound biblical knowledge, as well as uncommon good sense and earnest piety; and Mr. Safford had great confidence in his judgment on all subjects pertaining to Christian faith and duty. Deacon Nathaniel Dana, too, whom Mr. Safford used to designate as "an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile," stood shoulder to shoulder with him in his zeal to promote these efforts for the salvation of the people. "Now," as their pastor, Mr. Aiken, has well said, "they are doubtless all uniting in ascriptions of praise above." As the fruit of this revival season, numbers were added to the Lord; and the hearts of Christians were greatly encouraged and strengthened. After Mr. Kirk left the city the second time, the interest was found to be so deep and extensive, that Mr. Safford, urged by Mr. Hubbard and others, went to Hartford, where he was then laboring, to persuade him to return and resume his labors in Boston. The following letter, written after this interview, explains itself: —

To Rev. Edward N. Kirk.

"Boston, March 9, 1841.

"My Very Dear Friend: When I left you at Hartford, you said you must visit New York, and labor four or five weeks for your society; after which you gave me some reason to expect you would visit Boston. You remarked, indeed, that you would like to go to Philadelphia and Baltimore, but that you had almost done making plans for the future, as the Lord had often sent you in a different direction from that which you had designed. It appears to me that, as far as raising money for your society is concerned, your way is hedged up in those cities by the suspension of the banks.

"Now for Boston. It is increasingly evident that your labors here produced a very extensive movement in the minds of this community, which has been followed by a pretty general inquiry after the truth. Mr. G. and Mr. C., in a course of Sabbath evening lectures, have been telling what they believe to be truth, and what *Unitarianism* is. Many have attended who never have attended religious meetings in the evening before. Now, if you were here so as to commence your public labors about the time Mr. G. closes, I believe many of the same persons would come to hear you, and see the difference; or perhaps you can come immediately and rest, and write sermons, and 'just preach a little' in Park Street Church.

"The morning meetings are kept up with increasing interest. There is also a prayer meeting in our own house every day, and sometimes two or three times a day, at which you and Mr. G. are not forgotten. Mr. Aiken never stood so high in the judgment and affections of his people as now. He appears deeply interested in his work. So far as I hear, the churches are pleased with the manner in which our church and pastor invited you. Deacon P., of Bowdoin Street church, told me, if we had not invited you this season, they should have done it. He also said he was satisfied that Park Street Church was much the best place for you to preach in, both on account of its size and location. And now, dear sir, do come, and come soon. We have an open house, open hearts, open — and almost empty — purses, but think, if you should come, we should shake them again.* If you do not come immediately, please let me know whether we may expect you at no very distant time, that I may encourage the hearts of these praying ones, who are asking me daily about you.

" Yours very affectionately, DANIEL SAFFORD.'

Mr. Kirk did not return at that time. At Mr. Safford's suggestion, another day was set apart by the church, to pray that the influences of the Holy Spirit might be given in larger measure. He observed this day strictly, with fasting and entire abstraction from worldly concerns. His anxiety was great, lest Christians should feel that because one instrumentality — daily preaching — had been suspended, and one agent was withdrawn, the work must necessarily cease, and his pastor, for whom his love and respect were greater than ever, should not be sustained by the prayers and increased coöperation of the members of his church. He stirred up their minds not only to call upon God more earnestly, but to labor more with individuals; himself setting the example. His heart was particularly drawn out in desire for the conversion of his own workmen, and he was led to labor and to pray with them individually. His reward was given him. Several of them were brought under deep conviction of sin, and, as they hoped, to the feet of Christ. After this day of prayer, the work seemed to deepen; and, in several families connected with the congregation, conversions occurred.

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* Referring to collections Mr Kirk was making for the Foreign Evangelical Society.

In scenes like these, the energies of his whole being were brought into exercise. His joy can not be described when, at an evening meeting, seventy-one, who had recently, as was hoped, been converted, arose at the request of the pastor, and sung, —

"Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
  Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender;
  Every power and thought be thine,
    Thine entirely, —
  Through eternal ages thine."

It was to Mr. Safford peculiarly interesting to find among the persons now awakened to serious inquiry upon religious subjects, some with whom, in his early life in Boston, he had been intimately, and very pleasantly, associated. It has already been remarked that he never obtruded his sentiments upon those who differed from him in their religious views. While it was his earnest desire and constant prayer that they might be led to accept Christ as the only Saviour of man, he depended more upon the exhibition of the fruits of his faith in his daily life, than in the power of argument or controversy. The following instances may serve to illustrate the influence thus exerted.

A gentleman one day about this time invited him into his counting room, where was an open Bible upon the desk. Laying his hand upon it, he said, very seriously, "Mr. Safford, I would give all that I possess to be able to believe in this blessed book as you do. Can you tell me how I can get your faith in it? I have so long been taught that this and that passage are not inspired, that I am continually in doubt, as I read, what is and what is not the very word of God. I am anxious to know whether I am prepared to die, and if not, what more I must do in order to be ready to meet my Judge." Mr. Safford rejoiced in an opportunity thus afforded him to declare his firm belief in the whole Bible, to show some of the evidences that it is all "given by inspiration, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness," and to urge this friend immediately to receive Christ as the Saviour of his own soul.

A relative of Mr. Safford's first wife was ill, and sent for him to visit her. He had not met her for some months, and was surprised and saddened, on entering her room, to discover at once the hectic flush, and other unmistakable symptoms of that disease with which it had been his lot to become so familiar. As he seated himself beside her, she said, taking his hand, "Mr. Safford, I have sent for you to tell me what I must do to prepare to die. My pastor visits me frequently, and it is pleasant to see him; but he aims solely to encourage me that I am better, and shall soon be well. This is not pleasant, for I know it is not so. I am going to die. The hope which answered for me when in health is not sufficient now; my own works can not save me. I want a Saviour who is almighty and divine; such a Saviour as you believe in."

It was his joy to give, as it was her delight to listen to, simple instructions from the word of God, in which Christ reveals himself as an all-sufficient Friend to the dying sinner. And in his repeated visits he obtained evidence, as he thought, that she received Christ as her Saviour, and died in the comforting hope of acceptance in him.

Early in the autumn of 1841, the Park Street church, with the entire approbation of Mr. Aiken, invited Mr. Kirk to return and resume his labors, in connection with their pastor. The latter requested Mr. Safford to convey this invitation to him; and at the same time recommended that he should, as before, receive him to his own house, as the work would be best promoted by this course. This Mr. Safford was most happy to do. Mr. Kirk accordingly came, and the religious interest increased, especially among a class who had not before attended evangelical preaching.

Soon after this, a few gentlemen, feeling the desirableness of securing his labors permanently in Boston, consulted informally with him on that subject. Having received some encouragement, a meeting was called at the house of Mr. Safford, December 16, of the pastors and several leading laymen of all the evangelical Congregational churches in the city, to consider the question. They were unanimous in the opinion that it was desirable to form a new church, and invite him to become its pastor.

As the way for it grew clearer, it became necessary to decide who should constitute the new church, and take the responsibility of carrying forward the work. The gentlemen engaged in it said that they could not go forward unless Mr. Safford would join them. The brethren of Park Street church very strenuously opposed his leaving them; and a meeting was called at Judge Hubbard's for the purpose of laying before him the importance of his remaining with them. For six weeks he remained undecided, asking continually that the Lord would make known to him the way in which he should walk. Learning, at length, that one of the gentlemen whom he considered more essential to the enterprise than himself, was wavering, he said, "I will go down to brother S., and tell him that I can not join the enterprise unless he does; and that if he consents, I will." But the circumstances of the case, and the responsibilities thrown upon him, led him still, at every step, earnestly to ask counsel of the Lord. We believe he never engaged in any enterprise, in which he so strongly desired that he and every one else connected with it should constantly seek the divine guidance and blessing. His life seemed to be an unceasing prayer, from the day that he first went to consult his pastor about inviting Mr. Kirk.

In June, 1842, forty-two persons, including Mr. Safford, were set apart, in the vestry of Park Street Church, as a distinct body, which afterward received the name of the Mount Vernon Church. On the first Sabbath of that month they met for worship in the Old South Chapel, where they listened to the first sermon of their pastor, and in the afternoon both of the sacraments of the New Testament were administered.

Thus closed Mr. Safford's connection with Park Street church, though he still ever cherished a lively interest in its prosperity, and a very warm attachment both to its pastor and members. On taking leave of it, he addressed the following affectionate letter

To the SUPERVISING COMMITTEE OF THE PARK STREET SABBATH SCHOOL.

"DEAR BRETHREN: Having believed it to be my duty to unite with others for the purpose of forming a new evangelical church in this city, and having asked a letter of dismission for that purpose, I now resign to your care the Sabbath school.

"Allow me to say, dear pastor and brethren, that if I know any thing of my own heart, nothing but a sense of duty to the great Head of the church, and to the souls of my fellow-sinners in this city, could have made me willing to be separated from the pastor, church, and Sabbath school with whom I have been so happily connected, and from whom I have received so many tokens of forbearance and affection.

"May I ask an interest in your prayers, especially for the enterprise in which we have engaged? In return, it shall be my earnest desire that the good Shepherd of the sheep may gather all the lambs of your flock in his arms, and carry them in his bosom, and finally present them and you spotless before his throne.

"I am, dear pastor and brethren, with increasing love, affectionately yours, D. SAFFORD.

"To Rev. Silas Aiken, N. Willis,
Samuel Hubbard, N. Dana."

As his official connection, with both Mr. Aiken and that church, here closes, it will be appropriate to conclude this chapter with the following letter of Mr. Aiken, communicating his views of Mr. Safford's character and usefulness: —

"My acquaintance with him commenced at the time of my settlement in Boston, March, 1837. From the day of my installation, I had the best opportunities of learning his character; but it is not easy to give a full and accurate impression of it to one not personally acquainted with him. Modest and unassuming in his manners, his voice rarely, if ever, heard in assemblies for public discussion, his remarkable efficiency and great influence over others can be appreciated only by those who knew him intimately in his every-day life. He was a man of deeds, rather than of words; and of his deeds he made no boast. They were the unconscious development of his inner life.

"For many years, as I was told, Deacon Safford had been associated with successive colonies in the establishment of evangelical churches in different parts of the city, and his name, in any such enterprise, carried with it something like a charm, insuring ultimate success. At the time alluded to, he was just returning to his old church home. The Park Street church had parted with many efficient members to form the Bowdoin Street, Salem, Pine Street, and Central (formerly the Franklin Street) churches. It had been repeatedly thwarted in endeavoring to obtain a pastor to succeed Dr. Linsley, and was laboring under great discouragement. The church needed the efficient aid of Mr. Safford, and he cheerfully returned to strengthen the things that remained, to renew Christian fellowship and labor with those well-known brethren, Samuel Hubbard, Nathaniel Dana, George J. Homer, Henry Homes, Louis Dwight, and other congenial spirits, then associated in Park Street church, and now united in holier bonds in the presence of Christ.

"I often think of those brethren as they prayed and labored together on earth; and I love to think of them now, and Daniel Safford among them, in the perfect union and fellowship of heaven. Happy is the pastor who has the confidence, prayers, and coöperation of such Christian men. Mr. Safford was at once appointed deacon, and used that office well. His heart and hand were in every thing that concerned the welfare of the church and society. Always in his place, he was ever ready for every good work.

"With no uncommon advantages for education, his mind was naturally active and vigorous, and, what is more, habitually under the control of religious principle. No one could be much with him without the conviction that the glory of Christ in the extension of his kingdom, at home and abroad, was the paramount object of his life. There was no ostentation about him. His whole demeanor, even to the tones of his voice, indicated a humble, self-abasing spirit. He assumed no airs, put forth no pretensions, was every where and every day the same unassuming, active, earnest Christian man. Those who were associated with him soon found that there was something for every Christian to do. How they came by the discovery they could hardly tell. It was more from what they saw in him than from any thing he said of personal duty. Energy, indomitable energy, was a prominent, if not the leading trait of his character. Once enlisted in any cause which commended itself to his judgment, the thought of failure seemed never to enter his mind. Steadfast to his purpose, and trusting in God, the work was prosecuted to the end. If unexpected difficulties arose, they called forth hitherto reserved energies to meet them. I have known him to engage in arduous enterprises, but never knew him falter, much less turn back, from any work which he had undertaken. In ways and means of doing good, his mind was very fruitful, and in executive energy I never knew his superior.

" He was a leading spirit in every good enterprise, without any thought or purpose on his part of being so. It was a matter of course. He was guileless, frank, and transparent in all he said and did. His words were the true index of his heart. No person acquainted with Deacon Safford would suspect him of any thing like craft, concealment, or duplicity. Hence he had great power over other minds, which was owing in part to his sound judgment of men and things, and an almost intuitive perception of what was practicable, and how a good object could best be accomplished. Any enterprise in which he saw his way clear to engage, was very sure to be successful. Great confidence was placed in his practical judgment. When it became known that he had put his hand to any work, there was a general expectation that it would be carried through; and his power to enlist others consisted mainly in the fact, that he assumed the chief responsibility himself, and stood ready to give more time, and thought, and money, than he asked from any body else.

" Nor was it only great public objects that could enlist his sympathies, and incite him to action; as missions to the heathen, the evangelization of our own country, the formation of new churches, and the building or remodeling of houses of worship in the city, or the endowment of seminaries of learning. These were objects which shared largely in his regards. But he cared no less earnestly for the church to which he belonged, and its Sabbath school for the poor, and ignorant, and vicious of the city; and some of his most efficient labors were expended in these more private ways of usefulness. To him foreign objects and home objects were but different parts of the same work of the Lord; and with an enlightened liberality he contributed to each as, in his judgment, its relative importance required.

"The piety of Deacon Safford was remarkably cheerful. Amid his self-forgetting cares and labors for others, he always seemed in a pleasant mood when meeting his friends; and this was the more noticeable as connected with his characteristic energy and decision. At home and abroad, in the counting room and at the prayer meeting, he was the same hopeful, happy Christian. There was a rare combination of good elements in his Christian character. That he had faults and imperfections is not to be doubted. He thought he had many. Yet he was a fine model of a Christian layman. The Lord grant that his mantle may fall upon many others.

"How much the cause of evangelical religion in Boston and elsewhere is indebted to his labors; how many of Christ's disciples have been quickened in duty by his example; how many of the ignorant and destitute have been, by his instrumentality, instructed and brought to the knowledge of Christ, — will not be known in the present world. Deacon Safford has left behind many precious memorials of his Christian fidelity, nor can we doubt that in the day of Jesus Christ it will be seen and known, as it can not be now, that his abounding in the work of the Lord was not in vain."

CHAPTER XI.

MOUNT VERNON CHURCH.

Dependence upon God's Blessing. — Object sought in the Formation of the Church. — Regard for the Poor. — Readiness to yield to the Opinions of his Brethren. — The Church Prayer Meetings. — Cultivation of Benevolence. — The Two Cent Subscription. — Construction of the Church Edifice. — Efforts to render it convenient and pleasant. — Aversion to Display. — Social Circles in the Church. — Gathering in the Masses. — Labors for the spiritual Growth of the Church. — Relations to his Pastor, as described in a Communication of Mr. Kirk.

In the undertaking described in the last chapter, Mr. Safford's dependence was placed, in a preëminent degree, upon the guidance and blessing of God. It was the continual burden of his prayers, "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." And it was the inward assurance, received by undoubting faith, that the response had been given, — "My presence shall go with thee," — which inspired him with courage. He had a clear discernment of the responsibilities involved in the enterprise, and of the specific objects to be accomplished; and he "had a mind to work." It was with him a maxim in spiritual, as well as in temporal things, "We may expect God's blessing *upon* our labors, not *without* them." Previously, as we have seen, he had been in his church relations a devoted laborer; but he had never before as now entered into all the details required to give a church the greatest efficiency; never had studied so carefully what it is that constitutes the spring of its life and power, and renders it truly the light of the world and the salt of the earth.

The pastor continuing to be a member of his family for more than two years after his settlement, they became of one mind in respect to all the interests of the church, daily conferring, planning, and praying together. The fear had been expressed that the formation of this church might injure the interests of the other churches in the central part of the city, particularly that in Park Street. Therefore it was his aim, and that of his brethren, to prevent this result; and only one person left that church with him.

He had desired the formation of the new church with reference to the unconverted thousands in the city who attend no place of worship, and also the large numbers who had professed religion before coming hither, and were living in neglect of its ordinances, but who were manifestly interested in Mr. Kirk's preaching. It was to gather in these persons that he labored, from the day that he put his hand to the work until his death. He had no sympathy with the desire expressed by some persons to attract the higher classes especially. He would make no effort and subscribe to no policy looking to this, but would welcome the rich and the poor equally; he was anxious to prevent the formation of *cliques* in the church, recognizing, in this relation, no distinction except that arising from peculiar resemblance to the Master. He had a full appreciation of those impressive texts in which the church is compared to the body, particularly the following: "Those members of the body which we think to be less honorable, upon these we bestow more abundant honor; that there should be no schism in the body, but that the members should have the same care one of another." To promote brotherly love and union was a cherished purpose with him; and he was willing to sacrifice almost any thing except principle to effect this.

Sometimes he found his brethren differing from him in judgment respecting the course adapted to do the most good. At such times, after expressing his views, if they could not be brought to coincide with him, he would cheerfully yield; always acknowledging the principle that the majority should govern. It was proposed, for example, that the weekly church meeting for prayer and conference should be confined to the members of the church. As this meeting was entirely devotional, admitting no secular business, and was usually attended by the pastor, Mr. Safford differed in his judgment decidedly from those who favored the plan. He thought that, if it was profitable for the members of this church, it would be for other Christians worshiping with us; he would allow these and all others to come who were disposed, and could be thus profited. Perhaps in this instance there was, on both sides, more determination than in almost any other of equal importance in our early history. But after the discussion, the vote being taken, it was found almost unanimous for an exclusive meeting. Returning home, he remarked, "I yield to the majority; they have made a mistake, but they will find it out in time." He waited patiently two or three years for this change, when, without opposition, the doors were thrown open for all who wished to enter.

Next to the promotion of brotherly kindness and sympathy in the church, he considered it important to cultivate the spirit of practical benevolence by contributing freely to extend the knowledge of salvation to all men. He believed that, to enjoy the benefits of the gospel ourselves in the highest degree, we must give as freely as we have received. He coveted for this church the fulfillment of the promises to those who thus give, desiring that each member, even the poorest, might share in them.

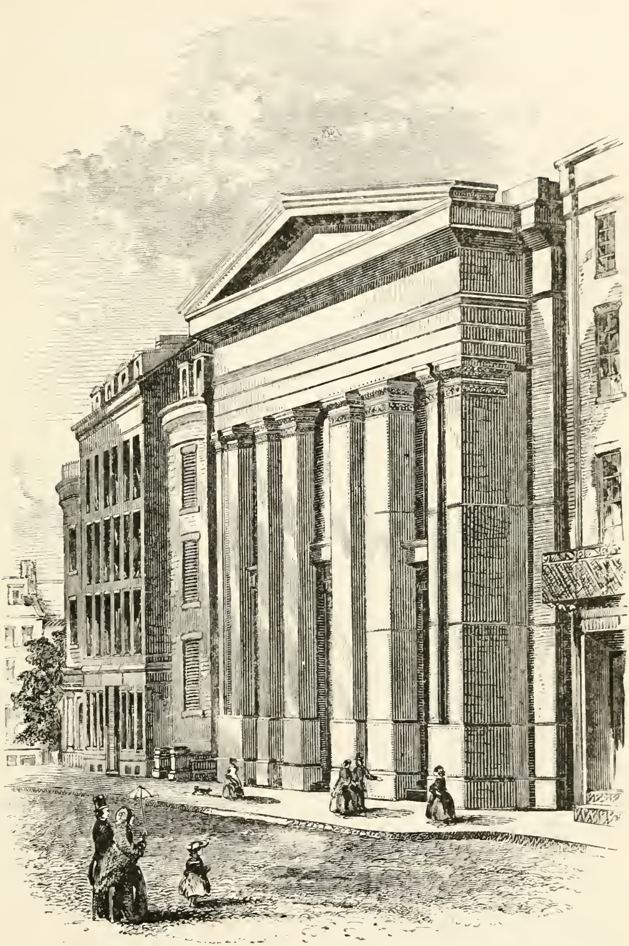
On one occasion, after the pastor had preached a sermon on cheerful giving, in which he had requested every one to subscribe, though it were but a single penny, we shall never forget with what delight Mr. Safford received the subscription of an aged woman, blind with one eye, who had herself been for years a recipient of charity. He waited patiently for her to unroll her handkerchief, in which were carefully deposited *two cents*, the avails of her earnings with her needle. As she placed them in his hands, she said, with an expression of great pleasure, "Mabbe I shall get two more by next Sunday." He wrote her name upon the list, with the sum attached, anticipating with joy the time when her Lord will acknowledge it as an expression of her love to him; for he said he believed if there was no record kept in heaven of any other offering on that day, there would be one of Ann Lane's.

At the close of each year, when the charities of the church were added up, he always examined the record with interest, hoping to find them in advance of those of former years. He regarded this as a criterion of the life and energy of the church, and an eminent means of its prosperity, believing that "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

He advocated the use of subscription papers on some occasions, because he thought it well for us to see ourselves, and be sometimes willing to have others see what we gave, and whether we were each contributing our proportion in support of a good cause; referring to the subscription lists in the Old Testament, and also to Christ's own words, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." It was well understood that he never proclaimed his own deeds of this nature to obtain praise of men, much less because he fancied himself thereby laying up merit; for he never forgot his entire sinfulness by nature, nor ceased to fix his only hope of salvation upon the atoning blood of Christ.

In saying this it is not intended to intimate that he stood alone. This was the spirit inculcated from the pulpit, and exemplified by many in the church, with whom he was united in truest fellowship. The fruits of it were apparent in the fact, that in the thirteen years preceding his death, the benevolent offerings of the church, — not including sixty thousand dollars paid for the erection of the edifice, and fifty-six thousand for current expenses, — exceeded one hundred and ten thousand dollars.

The corner stone of the church edifice was laid on the 4th of July, 1843, and the building was dedicated the 4th of January, 1844. The spirit of the enterprise was expressed in the passage, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus



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Christ," on which the dedication sermon of the pastor was founded.

Mr. Safford was a member of the building committee, of which the Hon. George W. Crockett was chairman. The action of this board was always characterized by great harmony, although their views on subordinate points sometimes differed. It is interesting to remember how the esteemed chairman, now no longer on earth, when his own preferences were not adopted, which was but seldom, used to say in his peculiarly pleasant manner, "Yes, they floored me there;" as if boasting, rather than complaining, of the fact.

Mr. Safford gave much time and thought to the finishing of the interior of the building. Many new arrangements were introduced, some at his own suggestion, others at that of the pastor, or his associates of the committee. Among them was the construction of the doors, above and below, so that they might open and shut noiselessly; of the book board of the pulpit so that it may slide up or down, as each preacher may require; the form of the pews, enabling every person in the house to see the preacher. "We do not intend," he said, "that there shall be an uncomfortable or unpleasant seat in the building, if we can prevent it. I want the poorest person there to have as good a seat as the one I shall occupy myself." This he exerted his skill to secure, not only by the form of the pews, but the hight and shape of the backs, and the upholstery. Nothing was too minute in his view to be other than as perfect as possible. But he desired, at the same time, to preserve the greatest plainness and simplicity consistent with fitness and durability. He would have nothing to attract the eye on entering, or to divert the mind while the truth was being proclaimed. The presence of God filling the house he regarded as the glory of the interior; and while he approved of beautifying the city which he loved with a strong affection, yet he preferred to dispense with a costly exterior and tower, considering that these would involve increased pew-rents, and hinder those in moderate circumstances from participating with him in the privileges of the sanctuary. Yet he wished all to pay something. In his judgment it was better to have low-priced pews than free seats, believing that the rule would apply in this case, that we value that least which costs us nothing.

Benevolent sewing circles in our congregations were at this time considered by some as nuisances, because they were constituted by subscription, and met at the houses of the members. The tendency, accordingly, was to exclusiveness, those only being invited to subscribe whose society would be congenial; and it was thought also that they were very much devoted to unprofitable gossip.

Mr. Safford preferred that the whole congregation should constitute a circle, the ladies to meet at six o'clock and the gentlemen at eight, the invitation to be given from the pulpit; and before the edifice was commenced, a meeting of this kind was organized in his own house. Large carpeted vestries, with cushioned seats, were then unknown in our churches. The committee decided to provide one such, capable of accommodating six hundred people, with several smaller rooms, furnished in a similar manner. The circle was thus amply accommodated, and since then has continued in successful operation.

The young people wished to form an association in addition to this. They did so, and met at Mr. Safford's house once in four weeks during six months, for a number of years. He would have this invitation also given from the pulpit, that all the youth in the congregation should be free to come. This being before the formation of Christian associations for young men, now so common, it gave to many the only opportunity they had of spending a pleasant evening in social intercourse, the attendance varying from fifty to one hundred. Simple refreshments were provided, and Mr. Safford improved the occasion to make himself acquainted, especially with those who were not likely otherwise to be known by any in the church. These meetings he greatly enjoyed, for he could always make himself one with young people, and they never considered his presence a restraint. The avails of this circle, as of the one with which he was before connected, were devoted to the support of colportage in France.

Nor was his interest confined to purely religious matters in his sympathy with them. He entered with great spirit into the formation of a little history class, composed of young persons in the society. They met at his house during two winters, and he took his part in the exercises, writing once an interesting sketch from Scottish history.

Any possible effort or sacrifice for the good of the whole he made most cheerfully. The congregation soon became so large that the pastor found himself unable to become personally acquainted with them. Mr. Safford strove to remedy this difficulty as far as possible. For this purpose he often invited to his house as many as his parlors would accommodate, and sometimes more, to render them mutually acquainted, as well as to introduce them to their pastor. Often has the remark been made, "Mr. Safford was the first one who took me by the hand, and made me feel at home; when I met him I always knew that I met a true friend."

For many years after the church was finished, a supply was furnished for the pulpit in the afternoon of the Sabbath, during the winter season, that the pastor might preach in the evenings to large numbers who would otherwise be unable to attend. Mr. Safford's influence was exerted, and his money gladly paid, for this purpose. He always kept in view the masses, who had none to care for their souls; and often, without the knowledge of his pastor, he inserted an advertisement of this evening service in the Saturday's paper — a practice which was among the few things about which he and his pastor differed. He could not enjoy these good things alone; his pew, however well constructed and cushioned, was not comfortable to him while any thing remained which he could do to fill other seats. He thought of the thousands in the city needing as much as he did the water of life, and echoed the voice of mercy, "Ho, *every one* that thirsteth, come to the waters and drink."

There was no service he rendered more cheerfully than that of aiding the sexton in accommodating strangers with seats. His eye, after reaching his pew, would uniformly turn to the porch to see if any were waiting there; and it was very common for him to return and wait upon them in, often resigning his own seat to them. Many remember the kind welcome they have thus received when they have entered with a fear of intrusion.

But success in the sale of the pews, and crowded attendance, did not satisfy him, without the conversion of souls. His earnest prayer continually ascended, that the preaching might be accompanied by the Holy Ghost. The brethren who heard will never forget his earnest and solemn manner, as he endeavored to stir up their minds to prayer and personal effort, by adverting to the extensive and marked success which had followed the preaching of the pastor before being settled among them; the responsibility they had assumed in calling him hither, and thus confining his labors to this field; reminding them, too, again and again, of their design in the formation of this church.

Still he feared lest they should lean too much upon the preaching of the pastor, and feel excused from their part of the work — personal efforts with the impenitent. Many have said, "It was a conversation which Mr. Safford had with me which first decided my mind on the subject of religion." One gentleman says, "I was a very thoughtless man, and did not live comfortably with my wife, because she refused to go with me to the theater and other places of worldly amusement. Our pastor had, on one occasion, preached a very solemn discourse, but I should probably have soon forgotten it, as I always had before done; but Mr. Safford, leaving his own aisle, came around to ours, followed me out, and laying his hand upon my shoulder, said, 'C., what *are* you doing? Will you go on and perish in spite of all this?' I could have resisted the sermon, but I could not resist Mr. Safford's kindness and faithfulness." This gentleman was converted, and is now a member of the church.*

We have hitherto in this chapter spoken chiefly of Mr. Safford's character and influence as a member of the church. What he was in his relations to his pastors may be seen from the following testimony of Dr. Kirk, who was perhaps more favorably situated for knowing him thoroughly than either of the others.

"In the Congregational churches the deacons not only 'serve tables,' they are also the confidential advisory council of the pastor. For the peculiar duties of that office Mr. Safford was qualified to an extraordinary degree. The pastor needs some medium of communication with the people — to know many things about their ever-varying spiritual and temporal conditions which he can not learn by personal intercourse with them; and they, too, need, besides the privilege of free access to him, a channel through which they can reach him indirectly. Into the spirit of this office our brother entered most fully, and brought to its service a sound judgment, an acute discrimination, an earnest and self-sacrificing love not often witnessed.

"It is now more than twenty years since I first met Mr. Safford; and having enjoyed the opportunity of knowing very many good men, with whom I may compare him, my conviction is, that I never saw human nature come nearer perfection than in him; while I never saw the man that more repudiated the claim of having attained to it.

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* The church, at its organization, consisted of forty-seven members; in 1857, or at the time of his death, there had been added eleven hundred and thirty-three — seven hundred and thirty-five from other churches, and three hundred and ninety-eight by profession.

"The trait of character in which he excelled was not so much unselfishness as positive love. He not only did not seek to be prominent, or honored, or comfortable, or rich, or treated with consideration ; but he was always seeking to make others good, honored, and happy. He could scarcely enjoy even the pleasure of eating an apple — his favorite fruit — unless he shared it with a friend. He preëminently acted upon the Saviour's maxim, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' He loved his pastors, not with a blind admiration, not because they were of his denomination, and laboring for his church ; but chiefly because they had given themselves up to the salvation of men's souls as their chief employment. Their popularity was important in his view, mainly because it would facilitate their accomplishing this great work. He knew how to encourage without flattering. He knew there was no aid to a pastor more efficient than praying. No man had a more clear discernment of the true end of the ministry, and of the adaptation of preaching to this design. For himself, he desired the clear, unqualified statement, by the preacher, of every doctrine contained in the Scriptures, and derived from them by an honest and intelligent interpretation of their language. But with him doctrine was designed for practical results. 'All Scripture was given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine and for reproof, that the man of God may be perfect ; thoroughly furnished unto every good work.' Personal perfection and a useful life were the results of preaching which he most earnestly sought for himself. No searching of the heart, no piercing by 'the sword of the Spirit,' was ever complained of by him. The reproofs uttered in the pulpit he received, first and chiefly, for himself. Generally in advance of the pastor in his earnestness for the revival of religion in the church, he was never harsh in his judgment, nor censorious in the expression of his desire that others might be more in earnest. It was manifest that nothing furnished him more intense gratification than seeing his pastor awakened to any unusual degree of earnestness. A stickler for no one method of usefulness because it had been used, he welcomed whatever promised to give the gospel more ready access to men's hearts. If a preacher presented himself whose style or topics arrested attention, with no diminution of interest in his pastor, he did every thing in his power to sustain that preacher.

" But I would speak more particularly of his relation to his pastor. I have not an idea of that interesting relation which Mr. Safford did not reduce to the reality of every-day life. Our intimacy was that of brothers, for sixteen years. We studied, labored, prayed, journeyed, suffered, and rejoiced together. He was not an angel, but a man ; not a perfected saint, but a man lamenting his own defects, which he saw as I could not. But in him my heart rested with a complete repose. If he reproved me, I knew it was from an honest heart, longing for my perfection. If he opposed my plan, I knew it was generally from a profounder wisdom than mine. In these points we were in perfect harmony ; that the kingdom of Christ is not merely conservative, but reformatory and aggressive ; that the ministry was not instituted with supreme reference to its incumbents, but to its issues and the good of the people ; that the true recruiting of the church of God is mainly from the middle section of society, and its principal triumphs among those occupying the less prominent conditions of life.

"The new church was organized, and Mr. Safford elected deacon. What he was to that church, and to its pastor, can better be felt by us all, than described by any one. My health, my comfort, my success, were as dear to him as if they were his own — if I dared to say all I believed, I would say, dearer. The proofs of this were so constant, so unstudied and natural, some of them so costly, that I could not enumerate them all. I only ask the liberty of stating a question I proposed to him once in a little group of us who were studying the Scriptures together. We came to the passage in the Acts of the Apostles, in which Luke says of himself and Paul, The brethren 'brought us on our way.' Some person inquired what that meant. I turned to our brother, smiling, and said, 'Brother Safford can tell you.' His simple reply was, '*I think I understand it*.' I speak of his costly contributions to my comfort, and allude to instances like these: Twice I crossed the ocean to recruit my strength, the entire expense of each journey being borne by him; and when, on my return, other dear friends wished to bear their share of this testimonial of affection, he passed their contributions over to an investment for my benefit.

"But in the proper work of the ministry I experienced his peculiar worth, and saw what a deacon may be to his pastor. When I consulted him on any step to be taken, I was sure to have the benefit of a spiritual, as well as a sound judgment. The first aspect of the proposed measure which he contemplated was, its relations to the glory of God, the spiritual welfare of the church, and the salvation of men.

"If I had any plan for concentrating men's thoughts on their religious interests, he was never behind me in zeal. He was ready to devote his time, house, and heart to do whatever would facilitate the success of his pastor's work. His aim, in fact, seemed to be, to aid me to the utmost of his power, and then to surround me with prayer. And I may say, I know not how a member of the church could more faithfully and effectively promote his pastor's usefulness and comfort. His was a true Christian self-denial, without will-worship, without any ascetic element, or any morbid feature. Nor should it be passed over without notice, that his zeal, fervent as it was, was balanced by the soundness of his judgment. He loved his own church fervently; but cherished, at the same time, the most lively interest in the prosperity of all other churches. He loved his denomination, but he loved the church catholic even more earnestly. Once, when I recommended to him a denominational religious newspaper, his reply indicated that he took but little interest in reading on points that divide true Christians. This I do not hold up as a model for all, but as an index of the catholic tone of his piety. In the meetings and exercises of the Evangelical Alliance, at London, he saw more than merely pleasant meetings and kind words. He believed that between men holding the essential doctrines of the gospel there ought to be no partition walls that should shut out the most lively sympathy, delight in each other, and in the prosperity of each.

"I would also speak of him as a peacemaker. His maxim was, 'It requires two to make a quarrel;' and as he never would be the second, no other could be the first with him. He took no part in the quarrels of others. He was with both, and loved both parties, and aimed simply to get them to regard each other kindly, and to settle their difficulties as Christians at once.

"He never entertained his friends with recitals of others' failings. There was a delicate reserve, a caution, in speaking to the disadvantage of the absent, which showed great purity and kindness of heart.

"To him Mount Vernon Church owes a debt of gratitude which, I doubt not, all in it who knew him, deeply feel; and for myself this is but a slight tribute of thankfulness for favors. On this Memoir, as on a monument, would I inscribe —

"'Sacred to the memory of a true believer and dear friend, and to the glory of Him who made him what he was — eminent among the saints.'"

CHAPTER XII.

VISIT TO EUROPE.

Appointed Delegate to the World's Evangelical Convention in London.—Accompanied by his Pastor.—Sails from Boston.—Incidents of the Voyage.—Arrival at London.—Meetings.—Letter to Deacon Palmer.—Journey to Scotland.—Edinburgh.—Glasgow.—Manchester.—Letters from Home.—Departure from England.—Brighton.—Paris.—Fontainebleau.—The River Seine.—Brussels.—Antwerp.—Cologne.—The Rhine and its Cities.—Mannheim.—Strasburg.—Basle.—Lausanne.—Geneva.—Tour among the Alps.—Chamouni.—Mont Blanc.—Martigny.—Lake of Geneva.—Journey to Paris.—Sickness.—London.—The Evangelical Conference.—Dublin.—The Giant's Causeway.—Belfast.—Liverpool.—Embarkation for Home.—Arrival.

In the year 1846 a convention had been called, in the city of London, for the purpose of promoting the spirit of brotherly love throughout the Protestant churches of the world. To this meeting Mr. Safford and his pastor were appointed delegates by the Mount Vernon church. The question of accepting the appointment he weighed, as a Christian man, in "the balances of the sanctuary." On the one side was the amount of money it would cost for two to make the voyage; for it admitted with him of no question whether he should bear his pastor on his way if they should go. Every consideration seemed to favor an affirmative decision. Chief, we believe, in his mind, were the improvement of his pastor's health, and the promotion of union in Christ's church.

In May they sailed for Liverpool; and his own journal and correspondence will henceforth best continue the narrative.

To Mrs. Safford.

Halifax, Sabbath, May 2, 1846.

My Dear Wife: Since I saw the wave of your handkerchief, I have learned that seasickness is not all in the imagination. I have thought much of you and of the church to-day, noticing the time of the morning prayer meeting, and thinking of you at this moment as seated around the table of our common Lord and Saviour.

Left Halifax at three P. M. Distant one hundred and eighty-six miles. Can eat my full allowance, and feel perfectly well. For all which I would be thankful to the great Giver of all good. Find we can enjoy united and private prayer in our state room without interruption.

May 5. Clear weather; wind from N. N. E. The pitching and rocking of the ship is to me as delightful and soothing as the rocking of the cradle to the infant.

"Thus far the Lord has led me on."

May 6, 12 *o'clock*. Six hundred and twenty-two miles from Halifax; weather delightful; appetite, food, health, and spirits, all good.

Monday, 11*th*. Nineteen hundred and twenty-three miles from Halifax. Quite a gale last evening; sea broke over the upper deck. Notwithstanding, I slept well, and have done so every night on board.

Wednesday, 13*th*. Discovered the coast of Ireland at five o'clock, P. M., yesterday, and arrived at Liverpool at nine, P. M.; twelve days and seven hours from Boston. Had our trunks passed through the custom house just in time to take the cars for London, at quarter past nine o'clock. Saw but little of Liverpool, except in passing from the wharf to the custom house, and from there to the railroad depot, a distance of two miles. The city has a somber appearance, the buildings being of dark freestone, or sandstone, of brick, and almost black. I ought to have remarked that Captain Lott, the officers, and waiters on board the steamer, were all attentive, kind, and gentlemanly, as were also the passengers, except that there was more smoking and wine-drinking than was agreeable to me.

To Mrs. Safford.

London, May 16, 1846.

We have arrived safely in this great city, — a world in itself, — and are now in lodgings at Mrs. F.'s, Fitzroy Square. When the Sabbath comes, I am ready to sigh for one of those Mount Vernon church Sabbaths; I think of that Sunday morning prayer meeting, and look around from seat to seat upon those dear Christian friends whom I have so often met there. I could name them now, and tell you the seats they usually occupied. I can almost hear their earnest prayers for the presence of the Holy Spirit, for a blessing upon the labors of their "dear pastor," and upon the instructions of the Sunday school; and although absent in body, I am still present in heart and mind. At two o'clock here I think it is nine there, and that they are about to commence that meeting. Then I think of that beloved class in the Sunday school, — how gladly I would be with them, — and then of the public services. But I will leave this subject, upon which my mind so loves to linger, and tell you about my Sabbaths since I left home.

On account of our arriving at Halifax on the Sabbath, service was omitted on shipboard that day. The next Sabbath, the sea was rough, and Mr. Kirk somewhat seasick ; yet he preached his "blind Bartimeus" sermon ; but on account of the motion was obliged to sit most of the time. The officers and crew, and those of the passengers who were not sick, attended the service. Persons of seven different nations, and of various religious views, and even some infidels, were present. They were all solemn and attentive, and some eyes were filled with tears. Although there were smoking, drinking, and gambling during the voyage, yet it was evident that the example of a few individuals exerted a restraining influence, from the apologies that were made for indulging in these practices.

Our ride in the cars from Liverpool to London, a distance of two hundred and twelve miles, was performed in eight and a half hours, including stoppings. The cars are very roomy and comfortable, and so arranged that the head is not only supported at the back, but also on the sides; consequently one may sleep very comfortably in them. We passed numerous manufacturing cities and villages, with their tall chimneys, say from one hundred to two hundred feet high, sending forth volleys of thick black smoke. The scenery is pleasant, the land generally highly cultivated, although I should think having a rather light, sandy soil. Vegetation is about two weeks later than in the vicinity of Boston.

After breakfast this morning, we set off on an exploring tour. Our first object was to consult in respect to going to Palestine; but after learning the time it would require, both by water and across the continent, we were obliged to relinquish the idea altogether. We then called upon Alderman Challis, an old friend of Mr. Kirk's, who conducted us to a meeting of Congregational ministers. Two or three hundred were assembled, discussing various important subjects. Soon after we entered, Rev. Dr. Blackburn introduced Mr. Kirk and his deacon to the meeting, who received us with numerous greetings. After leaving that meeting we went into Exeter Hall, to attend a meeting for the better observance of the Sabbath, but could not find a vacant seat.

After dinner we attended a meeting of the Congregational Colonial Missionary Society, and heard a number of speeches, manifesting an excellent spirit, especially toward their colonies in America. Near the close Mr. Kirk spoke fifteen minutes, as I thought, in a very happy strain; which was frequently interrupted and followed by expressions of approbation. After taking his seat, the Rev. Mr. Binney, who was in Boston last year, gave a glowing description of Mount Vernon Church, "its spacious altar, carpeted floors, cushioned seats, and upholstered pews; also its elegant chapel below, large enough for a common church, carpeted and cushioned."

During the day we visited St. James's Park, a beautiful spot, in the center of which is a pond, probably a quarter of a mile long, with swans, geese, and ducks of various kinds, in great numbers, swimming upon it. We passed by Buckingham Palace, Her Majesty's mansion, to Hyde Park, where the nobility often ride in elegant style, with a coachman and two footmen, dressed in uniform of small-clothes, and white stockings or white top-boots. While standing at this corner, the police — who, by the way, are to be seen all over the city — stopped all carriages, of every kind, that were passing in the street, which, in a few moments, produced a large collection on both sides. Immediately after, we saw four men, mounted on horseback, wearing red coats, coming toward the gates. They were followed by an open barouche, in which were seated Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. We were within six feet of the carriage, and had a full view of them.

May 18. To-day have crossed the suspension bridge, through the tunnel under the Thames, and passed down the river in a steamer several miles below London Bridge. This is the lowest bridge upon the river. Above, the river abounds in small steamers, coal boats, and other small craft; below, for miles it is lined with larger vessels on both sides, sometimes six to eight ships deep, beside the numerous docks, filled with shipping. In the evening, had a long and pleasant conversation with the young ladies in the house on the subject of doing good to the poor and vicious in cities.

To Mr. JULIUS A. PALMER.

May 21, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER: You have doubtless learned that we have been obliged to abandon the hope of seeing the land promised to Abraham, which was for thirty years the residence of our adorable Saviour. This is no small disappointment to us. But if we may inhabit that land, of which this is only a type; reside in some of those mansions which Jesus has gone to prepare, and be with him where he is, not for thirty years only, but duration without end, we can afford to wait, and to bear this disappointment.

Mr. Kirk finds so many old friends here, that it is difficult for him to get away. Sunday evening he preached in Surrey Chapel, where he labored in a revival in 1839. That large building was crowded; and at the close of the meeting the congregation sung a revival hymn and tune which they had learned from him at that time.

We find our conversation and prayers frequently dwelling upon the dear friends in Mount Vernon church and society. I endeavor to keep the run of all your meetings on week evenings, as well as the Sabbath, making an allowance of five hours, so as to know the very time when you are engaged in worship. Your evening meetings are at an hour when I am sometimes asleep; but your Sabbath meetings, especially the Sabbath morning prayer meeting, and the Sabbath school, I never forget. Do let me hear from you, and the church, too, by the next steamer. Love to brothers H. and A., Mrs. P. and the children, and our whole family in Christ.

Your much obliged brother, DANIEL SAFFORD.

Friday, May 22.

At nine o'clock in the morning, left London in the cars for Newcastle. The weather was pleasant so that we had a very good view of the country, with its low, dark brick houses, covered with tile or thatch, generally the former. Farm houses are not placed in the center of the farms, as in New England, but in small clusters or villages, with a little church in the midst. Sometimes not a house can be seen for miles. The land appears not to be very good naturally, but cold and wet: to obviate this, it is nearly all laid down in *waves* eight or twelve feet wide, so that the water can run off in the drains between them. Multitudes of blind ditches also are made of earthen ware. In addition to this, they manure the land highly, using a great deal of lime, which is easily obtained where limestone and coal are so plenty.

In all of this part of England, cattle and sheep are very abundant and fine. In the north of England the land improves, and after we entered Scotland it appeared better than any we saw in England; and in a perfect state of cultivation. Here wheat is raised in great abundance, and a large amount kept over each winter. Upon some farms we saw from fifteen to twenty large stacks of old wheat. The fodder for their cattle, and their wheat, are all stacked out. The latter is not threshed until they have a market for it, because it will keep better in a stack than in any other way.

We passed directly by the castle of the Duke of Northumberland, a very extensive and splendid edifice; also the palace of the Duke of Sutherland, and rode for miles under the walls which inclose his grounds, occasionally getting a view which was beautiful indeed. The yearly income of each of these dukes is said to be five hundred thousand pounds. These are the men who refused to sell land for free churches. We passed also Dunbar and Preston Pans, where some of Cromwell's battles were fought; arriving at Edinburgh at half past one, P. M.

At Newcastle we stopped at the Queen's Head; here we stop at the Black Bull. We have taken two large chambers, with a door connecting them, pleasantly situated, for which we pay two shillings each, two shillings for breakfast, one and sixpence for tea, and for dinner according to the articles ordered. We have a table by ourselves, and take our meals at any hour we please; every thing is neat and good.

TO MRS. SAFFORD.

EDINBURGH, May 26, 1846.

MY DEAR WIFE: This city, in many respects, and the people in it, remind me of my beloved Boston more than any other city I have seen in Europe. It has not the smoky, gloomy aspect of other cities through which I have passed; but the broad, neatly-paved streets, the public monuments and buildings, and the private dwellings generally, greatly surpass those of Boston, or any other city I ever saw. Although our house is in a central part of the city, it is as quiet, both within and without, as our own dear home. When we went out to go to church, the sidewalks were filled with people walking to the house of God silently, and, as it appeared to me, more seriously than the people in our streets. Their dress and appearance are more like those of our own people than I have elsewhere seen.

This morning, after private and social prayer, and a season of conversation about our friends at home, the dear church, (which appears dearer to us than ever,) and many of its individual members, — a very delightful exercise, in which we often indulge, — I went into my bed room, and read Paul's Letter to the Philippians. As I thought of him in prison at Rome, chained to a Roman soldier, yet exhorting Christians to persevere in their Christian course, joying and rejoicing in their faith and holiness, — especially as I saw how his whole soul was filled with Christ, having a desire to depart and be with him, but willing to live on in suffering in prison, his whole will being in subjection to the will of God, — I had such a sense of my own vileness, unfaithfulness, and ingratitude, as almost overwhelmed me. I wept, I prayed, I read and meditated, until, to the glory of the grace of God be it said, the Lord Jesus did manifest himself to me in a manner more delightful than I have experienced for years. It seemed to me that if I had a thousand lives, I could give them all to him. I knew I loved him better than all that this earth affords. I believe now that he loves me. How affecting the thought that he can love one who has always been so unfaithful! How many times you have tried to lead me to say, "Yes, I *know* I love Christ"! But to your repeated question, "Do you not *know* that you love Christ?" I could only reply, "I don't *know;* I hope I do." Just now, I can say, if I do not love him, I know not what I do love. Let us, my dear wife, like Paul, count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord, that we may win Christ, and be found in him, not having our own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.

Monday, May 25. After visiting various places of interest in the city, we went into the meeting of the General Assembly of the Established church of Scotland, which is in session at the same time with that of the Free church. They spoke very kindly of the Free church, and of their movements, and are evidently stimulated by them to greater exertion, especially in the missionary cause. They complained that about one third of their parishes had not contributed any thing for missions. There is reason to hope that the separation will be overruled by Providence for the quickening of them to greater efforts in this cause. We next went into the meeting of the Free church, where were, I should think, three times as many assembled, and much more spirit and interest manifested.

Glasgow, May 27, 1846. This morning, after some consultation, we concluded to separate for a few days; Mr. Kirk in pursuit of his friends in the south-western part of Scotland, and I to come to this place, with the hope of meeting in Manchester, on Saturday. Accordingly, at eleven o'clock, I left the beautiful city of Edinburgh, and passing the ruins of Nidding Castle, and some other objects of interest, arrived at this city about one o'clock. After supplying myself with a map of the city and the "Stranger's Guide," I made my way to the Necropolis, or City of the Dead. It is upon a hill four hundred feet high, ascended by serpentine walks, and ornamented with shrubbery and flowers. Upon these walks are erected monuments of every size and form, many of them very elegant. Upon the extreme summit of the hill is that of John Knox, with his figure holding a Bible in his hand. The view of this hill from below, with its numerous monuments rising one above another, is one of the most beautiful sights of the kind I ever saw. This is all, worthy of note, that I have yet observed in Glasgow. Here, as in all other cities I have thus far seen in Europe, the poorer class of the population is very large, and the females especially are filthy and degraded in the extreme, standing, walking, or sitting about the streets, with heads, arms, and feet bare.

May 28. This morning I set out to see Dixon's iron works, about one mile from my lodgings. I found one of the foremen, who informed me I could not be admitted without a line from the proprietor or his head clerk, Mr. Campbell. This was not obtained without difficulty, nor until I had explained that I was from Boston, &c., and given the assurance that I was in no way connected with any establishment of the kind. The foreman then went with me through the works, explaining every process, giving me as much time as I wanted, and appeared willing to entertain me longer than I could afford to stop.

To-day the streets are every where in perfect confusion. In all directions we see heaps of old furniture piled up; men, women, and children running hither and thither, with old chairs, beds, pots, kettles, crockery, provisions, some in their hands, some on their heads, some lashed to their backs, and some in handcarts. Women drawing heavy carts, laughing, scolding, or crying; groups of half-naked children; trucks, drays, cabs, and the ordinary business of the city, rendered it necessary to have eyes before and behind. I asked one of the police what all this meant. "Oh," said he, "this is the 28th of May, when all the moving is done for the year."

There is near the center of the city an open square, larger, I should think, than Boston Common, lying along the river Clyde. This square and the fence were nearly covered with clothes drying. Upon inquiry, I was told that the poor are so crowded together, that the authorities allow them to dry their clothes here. Near this is another smaller square, where the women have small tents, in which are exposed for sale articles of almost every description, such as old clothes, furniture, boots and shoes. Women appear to do most of the retail business. You may see them blacking old boots and shoes for sale, with much more that we should think very unsuitable for women to do.

Manchester, Friday, May 29, 1846. At three o'clock, yesterday, I left Glasgow for Androssan, on the railroad. At that place, I took the steamer for Fleetwood, then the railroad for this place, arriving about nine o'clock, P. M., at the Albion. I find here a number of our fellow-passengers in the Caledonia from Boston, also other Boston gentlemen, who recognized me, whom I do not know; also found one with whom I boarded in London. This is very pleasant, after passing two days without seeing one human being I had ever seen before. Mr Thornton, a partner of Deacon Kimball, pressed me hard to stop with him while here; but I thought it not best.

This place has about the same number of inhabitants as Glasgow, — say three hundred and fifty to four hundred thousand, — but it spreads over more territory. Here are great numbers of tall chimneys connected with the manufactories, principally cotton. I had been told so much about the city being filled with smoke from these chimneys, that I am quite agreeably disappointed. Many of the streets are wide and pleasant, and some of the buildings are elegant. There is, however, nothing worthy of particular notice, except the Old Church, as it is called. It is more than four hundred years old, was formerly Roman Catholic, but is now occupied by the Episcopal church. It has one apartment more than four times as large as Mount Vernon Church. Although the seats are not economically arranged, it will seat four thousand persons. In the lower part, the seats are free for the poor of the city. Besides this, there are a number of other large rooms and chapels, some as large as an ordinary church. There is chapel service here twice every week day, in addition to the Sabbath, in the large room. The floor of the church, and the large yard that surrounds it, are all covered with gravestones, which constitute the pavement.

To Mrs. Safford.

Sabbath Evening, May 31, 1846.

Can it be that this is the same month on which I left home? It seems almost impossible. Not because I have been unhappy, but because I have seen, and heard, and traveled so much.

This morning, just before going to church, one of the waiters handed me a package containing the richest treasure I have received since I left home. I had been invited out to dine, but had declined, choosing to spend the Sabbath in my own hired room alone, if I could not have my fellow-traveler's company. On my way to church, after dinner, I met Mr. M., of New York, who exclaimed, "How is this, that you are not at the Queen? I saw Mr. Kirk's name there." After a little explanation, I went with a quick step to the Queen's Hotel, which is on another side of the same square with the Albion, where I am. We had a meeting like that of old friends who had been separated. He came in last evening, but entered the depot at the opposite end from that in which I was waiting for him. We proceeded to read our letters together, and were very much affected by them, especially the expressions of unmingled kindness from various members of the church. When we had finished, we knelt down together, and in turn, with flowing tears, and I trust with grateful hearts, blessed the Lord together, and poured out our fervent prayers for you all.

I am glad you have been with my Bible class. Give my love to them all. They are very dear to me. Tell them we will meet around the mercy seat.

London, *Wednesday*, *June* 3. Left our kind friends at Fitzroy Square, and took the cars at two o'clock for Brighton, about fifty miles. This is a fashionable watering place, and a very delightful spot. Here we went on the steamer to Dieppe, eighty miles; then thirty-eight by post coach.

Riding upon the top, I had a fine view of the scenery. That which arrested my attention particularly during this ride, was the rapidity with which the horses were changed. I noticed in one instance that from the time the coach wheels stopped until four horses had been taken out, four more harnessed in, the driver upon his box, and the coach in motion, was but one minute and five seconds. I think it was sometimes done in less time than that.

Eighty miles more on the railroad, and we were in Paris. Took lodgings at the Hotel Meurice, a house mostly occupied by English and Americans. Here we have a parlor, with a small bed in one corner, and a bed room, for which we pay seven francs a day, and get our meals where we please. This is a very extensive and well-regulated house, and every thing is rendered very easy and pleasant.

To Mrs. Safford.

Paris, Sabbath Morning, June 7, 1846.

My Dear Wife: This is the sixth Sabbath I have spent away from you and home. After our morning devotions, Mr. Kirk conducted me to an English church, and went himself to hear his favorite preacher in French. Oh, how unlike Edinburgh, or even Boston, is Paris! — the stores open, goods displayed, and every kind of business going forward; companies of soldiers marching through the streets with martial music, &c. We were glad to get back into our room, which is comparatively retired and still.

We took our church book, read a part of the history of our church, articles of faith, and church covenant; then all the names of the members, nearly every one of whom we were enabled to call to mind distinctly. Some have removed to other churches; some gone to heaven; and others, we believe, are fast ripening for it. It is interesting to witness how the heart of our pastor is bound up in his people — how he sighs and cries for the spiritual well-being of those committed to his charge. I never had such evidence of his attachment to his people as I have since our leaving home.

After some conversation upon the way in which the Lord has led this church, and some of its members, in particular, we kneeled down together, and in turn committed them all, and our own souls, to Him who loves his church and gave himself for it. I believe the Lord was present, and taught us how to pray. How delightful, when far away from home, and friends, and accustomed religious privileges, to find a present Saviour!

Paris, June 13, 1846.

I think you may by this time be tired of reading about palaces, abbeys, museums, monuments, shady walks, &c.; so I will tell you a little about myself and suite. On one side of my room is the bed room of my chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Kirk. As you have some acquaintance with him, I will only say respecting him that his health appears very good, that he is faithful, kind, and attentive as usual. On the other side is the bed room of my physician, Dr. W., of whom I must say, he is the most agreeable, and I think the most skillful, physician I have ever employed. I will give you one instance as a specimen of his practice. Last night we came home very tired with the labors of the day. Soon after we were seated at the center table, he placed before us a basket containing more than four quarts of large pills, with directions that we should take as many as we could; and to make them the more palatable, he gave us a quantity of pulverized sugar to take them in. These pills were of the form, color, and flavor of strawberries, and I should think we took nearly a quart apiece of them. Strawberries here are very large and abundant, and of excellent flavor. When eating them, we often wished we had some help from Boston.

Sabbath Evening. The weather has been very warm to-day. In the afternoon heard a sermon in

English. The *text* was very good. Spent most of the day in my room. Read the Epistles of Peter and John. If it were not for the Bible, I should hardly know how to get along in this land of a strange tongue. It is melancholy to see the multitudes in this city that neglect this blessed day altogether, continuing their business as on other days, or devoting it to amusements. This evening, in the garden of the Tuileries, directly opposite our house, there are probably tens of thousands of people, of all ages and conditions, walking and sitting about, some playing ball, some jumping rope, with music from the royal band, and a display of the waterworks; giving it more the appearance of our national celebration of the 4th of July than of the Sabbath. How I long for a quiet Boston Sabbath in Mount Vernon Church, and No. 3 Beacon Street.

It is now nine o'clock. I think of you as in the midst of your afternoon service. I have thought much of you and of our dear church to-day. If I ever get there again, I shall be prepared to prize it more highly than ever. As soon as we get our letters, which we hope to do on Wednesday next, without fail, we design to prosecute our journey as fast as we can with comfort and safety.

June 21. Went yesterday, in company with the Rev. Mr. Boucher and lady, to Fontainebleau, about forty miles from Paris. There is in this place a small Protestant chapel, built by a converted Frenchman in his garden, at his own expense, where he sustains worship every Sabbath. When he can not procure a minister, he reads a sermon himself; he also reads to and converses with his neighbors at other times, as he can get opportunity. Mr. Kirk preached in this chapel, in English, in the morning, and Mr. Boucher in the afternoon, in French, to a house nearly full, although the weather was excessively hot. Mr. Boucher is an old friend of Mr. Kirk, and I found it very pleasant to have for a time such a companion as Mrs. Boucher, she being almost the only lady I have been able to speak with since leaving London.

22d. Took a steamer, and went down to Paris, on the River Seine, enjoying a view of the scenery on its banks, some of which is very pleasant. There were numerous rafts of wood and timber floating down, and a large number of flat-boats, sometimes eight or ten together, one after another, drawn by from six to fourteen horses. Arriving near the city, we saw hundreds of people bathing in the river.

23d. Left Paris at seven o'clock in the cars for Brussels, a distance of two hundred miles. This being a new road, and the second day of its being open for travel, the conductors were awkward, made long stops, and appeared in a good deal of confusion, so that we did not arrive in Brussels until eight and a half o'clock. When we crossed the line into Belgium, we were detained more than an hour to have all our baggage taken from the cars, carried into an office, and the contents examined. This I understand is to be done every time we pass from one country or kingdom to another. The weather grew cool through the day, and before morning I found it necessary to put on my cloak, and was cold with that.

24th. After breakfast, in company with two Englishmen who had been fellow-passengers from Boston, took a carriage to Waterloo, to see that famous battle ground, and monuments. This being twelve miles distant, it occupied the whole day. Mr. Kirk, having seen it, and wishing to make some calls in the city, did not accompany us.

25*th.* Visited the cathedral, senate, and chamber of deputies, lace manufactory, &c. Brussels is a very neat and pleasant city, with about one hundred thousand inhabitants. Many English families reside here, and most of the company at the hotels appear to be of that nation. At four, P. M., left in the cars for Antwerp, about twenty miles distant. This city is situated on the River Scheldt, which is navigable for ships of the largest class. Here we saw large ships from America, from England, and various parts of the world, besides a very great number of their own Dutch-built vessels, most of which were small, with but one mast. The city is well fortified, with a strong citadel at one end, and two fortresses on the opposite side of the river. The streets are generally wide, and as clean as any I have ever seen ; the houses not extravagant, but in good taste. We visited the cathedral, citadel, wharves, and docks ; also a collection of ancient paintings, by some of the best masters. Antwerp has eighty thousand inhabitants.

Friday, June 26. Left at six o'clock, A. M., in the cars for Cologne, a distance of one hundred and thirty-four miles, passing Lorraine, Liége, Aix-la-Chapelle, and numerous smaller towns, and arrived at Cologne at four and a half o'clock. This is also a walled city, of nearly the size of Antwerp, but the streets are not so wide, nor the buildings nearly as pleasant. It is situated on the river Rhine, which is truly a noble river, larger than the Thames. We visited the immense cathedral, which was commenced nearly six hundred years ago, and is still in progress, but will not probably be finished for centuries to come. It is built of stone, without any wood, inside or out. The amount of delicate carved work upon it is almost incalculable. The stones which were first laid are already crumbling to pieces. It has two towers, which are to be each five hundred feet high. There is one bridge across the river, composed of a line of boats. When a vessel is to pass, two or more of the boats are disconnected, and allowed to fall down stream; afterwards, they are brought back again to their place. We crossed this bridge, and took lodgings at a very pleasant hotel on the bank of the river opposite the city. There are twenty-four distilleries for Cologne water in this city.

27*th.* At seven o'clock, A. M., took the cars to Bonn, about nineteen miles from Cologne, and at that place a steamboat for Mannheim, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles, passing by Coblentz, Bingen, Mayence, Worms, where Luther met the Diet, and more than one hundred smaller towns and villages. We stopped an hour or two at Mayence, a pleasant city of about thirty-six thousand inhabitants. Many of the streets are crooked and narrow, but they are very clean, and the buildings generally are beautiful. Napoleon had a palace here; it was one of his favorite cities. We regretted not seeing Worms, as we passed it in the night, when we were asleep.

We entered the Rhine with some misgiving as to its claims to its great popularity. Our own Hudson River was continually in remembrance when the glories of the Rhine were lauded. The day proved exactly what we could desire, and greatly did we enjoy it. The scenery excels the Hudson in the great length of its interesting portion — about ninety miles, from Bonn to Bingen. This part every traveler must be sure to take by steamboat, even after railroads shall have been constructed between these points. The descent is said to be too rapid to allow a full enjoyment of the scenery.

Mannheim is in some respects more beautiful than any city we have seen. It is surrounded by a dense forest, so that in approaching it nothing can be seen except the cathedral, the castle, and a few of the highest public buildings. In this forest are laid out beautiful circular walks. It abounds with birds, whose singing contributes much to the pleasure of the walk. The streets of the city are wide, and arranged with perfect regularity. The buildings are rather remarkable, some of them being very old. On the chimney of one we saw a stork's nest as large as a two-bushel basket, and three or four of these ugly birds upon it.

In the morning we attended a Lutheran church. After the sermon the congregation was dismissed, and the Lord's supper administered to about twenty men and one hundred and twenty women, in a manner different from any that I had ever witnessed. At each end of the altar stood a minister; one with the bread, the other with the wine. The communicants came two and two to him who held the bread, first the men and then the women. They bowed to the altar, or the minister, who broke off a small piece of bread and gave to each of them, saying some words. They ate it, then bowed again, and passed around the back of the altar to the other end, and took the wine in like manner. The females generally left their bonnets in the pews. Some of the latter courtesied with great ceremony and display. I could not understand a word, and of course was not much edified.

There is in this place a very large palace, quite as large as the one at Versailles, near Paris, one wing of which has never been finished. Large bushes have grown upon the walls.

Monday Morning, *June* 29. Left Mannheim for Basle in the cars; traveled all day with two clergymen from England — very intelligent and gentlemanly men. We dined at Strasburg, in France, where our trunks were again examined. After dinner went into the famous cathedral of this place, which is very large and beautiful, and the highest in Europe. After this we had a pleasant ride, in view of the distant highlands of Switzerland, and arrived at Basle about nine o'clock in the evening.

30*th*. Rose at five o'clock, and were told that a diligence had just left for Geneva, but that another would leave at nine o'clock. Went to the office, and found that the seats were all taken, but that a fourth would start at half past two o'clock, P. M. This was a disappointment, having directed our letters to be forwarded to us at Geneva. We engaged seats in the last named; then visited an old cathedral, where we heard a sermon, and witnessed a wedding and a christening. At half past two o'clock we took our seats in the diligence for Geneva, and soon found ourselves winding our way up the far-famed hills and mountains of Switzerland, by the side of an ever restless, murmuring mountain stream, which diminished in size as we ascended.

We crossed the little tributaries that came leaping down from the rocks on either side, and plunging into its bosom. This reminded me of the *Notch* of the White Mountains. In one place the road was cut through a ledge, so that we passed under an arch of solid rock. About nine o'clock in the evening we reached Delsperg, a walled town on the mountains, where we took tea; then resumed our seats in the diligence. The weather was dark and rainy, and not being able to see much, we passed most of the night in sleep. Early in the morning we arrived at Berne, — an old town with walls and watch towers, — but stopped only long enough to have our luggage changed from one diligence to another. We rode on through numerous towns and villages without any opportunity for breakfast or dinner until we arrived at Lausanne, the former residence of Madame Feller. Saw her brother-in-law, and took a hasty dinner about three o'clock, at the hotel kept by her son-in-law, but did not see him. We arrived at Geneva about nine o'clock in the evening.

To Mrs. Safford.

Geneva, July 3, 1846.

We arrived here last evening at nine o'clock, after the post office was closed. We requested the landlord to inquire for us in the morning. Early in the morning the servant came to our door with your letters by the Great Britain. One who has not been from home, and from those most dear on earth, can not realize with what eagerness, and almost breathless, but not tearless silence, the seals were broken, and the contents devoured. The last I heard from you, you were ill, in consequence of which I had indulged in unwarrantable forebodings and painful misgivings; but now come the joyful tidings that the Lord has had mercy on you, and not on you only, but also upon me, "lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow." This is indeed like "cold water to a thirsty soul." Oh that we may learn to trust the Lord at all times, and pour out our hearts before him. "God *is* a refuge for us."

After reading our letters, uniting in thanksgiving and prayer, and taking breakfast, we went upon the lofty roof of our hotel, where we had a full view of the scenery on every side, which is beautiful beyond description. In front is the lake; in the distance beyond are seen, with great distinctness, many of the highest peaks of the Alps, all covered with snow, as white as if just fallen from the clouds, which was probably the case, while it was raining in the valleys below. On the opposite side are the Jura Mountains, forming nearly another half circle; on these, also, some snow remains; the effect of the whole is that of a beautiful panorama.

Toward night we rode out to Colonel Tronchin's country residence. From a tower in his grounds we had a delightful view of Mont Blanc, and many other high peaks of the Alps. Long after the sun had passed from view, we could see his rays lingering upon these. Mont Blanc detained them longest. At length from perfect white it became tinged with pink, as it received the borrowed rays from the clouds above it. From a bright pink it became darker and darker, until it faded away from our view. The whole scene was splendid, and the close somber and impressive. I could not but feel and say, "Our God is a great God, above all gods."

I have passed through the market. The whole of the business is done by women, who bring in the provisions either upon their heads or in carts or wagons drawn by mules or donkeys. Oxen all draw by yokes made fast to their horns. The washing here, as in many other cities in Europe, is done in floating houses constructed for that purpose to accommodate hundreds at a time, with sloping boards, running down to the water, upon which they rub their clothes.

Sabbath, *July* 5. In company with Mr. and Mrs. A., from Boston, I attended service in the cathedral where Calvin used to preach. But few persons were present. We heard an aged, tall, spare man preach, who I thought must have resembled Calvin in appearance. He was animated in delivery, but I could not understand what he said. After the close of this service we attended another in an English Episcopal church. I kept my room the remainder of the day. I have been reading many of the Psalms of David. They never appeared so delightful to me before. What a rich experience his was, and how full and abundant the promises of God!

We have decided to leave Geneva to-morrow morning for a tour of a week among the Alps. On our return we hope to find more letters from home. Tell D. I was much pleased with his letter. He says he finds he has some little bad habits which he is trying to correct, but finds it hard work. Tell him it is the little things that make up the character; and it is worth working hard to have the character right.

Tuesday, July 7, 1846. At seven o'clock set out for a tour among the Alps, in company with Mr. Guers. In little more than an hour we entered Sardinia, one of the kingdoms of Italy, where our baggage was very closely examined. It is governed by a very liberal monarch, who is himself governed by a very illiberal system. The road was literally lined with beggars. Sometimes eight or ten would be on both sides of the diligence at a time, holding out their hats or hands, saying, as I was told, (for I could not understand,) "Have mercy on a poor sick man, for God's sake;" or, "Pity a poor lame or blind man, for the Virgin Mary's sake." The degradation of women, as far as I have gone in Italy, is painful to behold. A large portion of the out-of-door work is done by them. I have seen twelve of them reaping in one field, with about half that number of men; also sharpening their scythes, and mowing. Much of the hay is carried into the barn on their heads. They tie up large bundles, weighing, I should judge, one hundred pounds, then put their heads down by the side of them, and, by the help of another person, raise them, and walk off to the barn. They are generally short, and evidently not injured by lacing. Many of them have a disease called the goitre, which shows itself by bunches on the neck half as large as the head.

Pears, apples, and cherries appear to be abundant. The fruit trees grow very high, and sometimes very large — more in form like our forest trees. Passing through Clusse, a village recently destroyed by fire, and partly rebuilt, we enter the beautiful scenery of the Alps. Following up the valley of the river Arve, which empties into the Rhone just below Geneva, for some distance it appears as if the mountains had been separated, like the Blue Ridge in Virginia, and thrown apart, thus making a passage for the river, and standing perpendicular on either side. In other places the mountains are more distant. Leaving a beautiful fertile valley between, we passed another village called Salleneche, still more recently burned down by lightning. Here we left the diligence for a smaller carriage, the name of which I did not learn, adapted to the rougher roads of the higher regions. In this we went to the Falls of Bon Nant, where are the famous baths of St. Gervais; also hot sulphur springs. This is quite a resort for invalids and travelers generally. The entrance is so narrow and crooked, that when at the baths you appear to be entirely surrounded by high mountains, so that it would seem impossible to get out.

After dinner, and looking at the falls, springs, and scenery, we engaged a man to carry our luggage round to Mont Joli Hotel, and we took a zigzag path up the side of the mountain, which was very steep. Here we passed the night, and early next morning, being joined by Mr. De Watteville, the president of the Geneva Evangelical Society, with three mules and a guide we set out for Mont Bellevue, where we arrived in about five hours. Here we were in full view of Mont Blanc. a deep ravine being between it and us, the atmosphere very clear, and the snow so white that the mountain seemed almost within reach. Our fellow-travelers then returned to the Mont Joli Hotel, and we took a zigzag path down a steep side of the mountain — too steep to ride — to Chamouni, a village in the plain of the Arve.

9th. We set out with two mules, two guides, and pike poles, or large canes, about six feet long, with a sharp iron point in one end. In about two hours, riding up a steep winding road, we reached Montanvert. Here, leaving our mules and taking our feet, we hoped, with the aid of our pikes, to reach, if possible, a place called the "Garden." This is a verdant spot in the midst of an immense glacier, or sea of ice, surrounded by the most beautiful of the Alps — the needles, with their thousand sharp peaks, of different hights, pointing up to their Maker.

The entrance to the Garden is crooked, so that, when there, one appears to be entirely shut in by high and beautiful mountains. The glacier which we passed over was probably nearly ten miles long, and on an average of perhaps one thousand feet broad, and from three to five hundred feet deep, all of solid ice. From the lower end of this, or near it, issues the River Arveiron, connecting with the Arve, which has its rise at a glacier a little above this. These rivers probably extend the whole length of the glacier at the bottom, as in the crevices and holes in the ice, the water produced by thawing on the top is constantly running down.

Leaving Le Montanvert, — a hotel erected for a resting place for travelers, — our guides took some cold meat, bread, and cheese in their knapsacks, urging us to take some brandy to put in our ice water on our journey, which of course we declined for ourselves, allowing them to take what they chose. We first passed through a beautiful flowery walk a short distance, then began to descend to the glacier over an almost perpendicular ledge, where we had to step with great care upon little projections of the rock of not more than two or three inches' breadth, and those frequently far apart. We all got down safely, and after some difficulty mounted upon the glacier, the surface of which is very rough, and all the way ascending. It abounds with deep crevices or fissures, requiring great care in stepping or jumping across them. If one should make a misstep here, he might be precipitated a hundred feet, and find himself wedged in between two vast bodies of ice; or perhaps he might go through, into the river below. Here we found our pikestaffs a great safeguard. In some places, for a considerable distance, where the fall was greater, the ice had broken up and come down in avalanches, in such wild confusion that it was as impossible to pass it as to walk upon the needles of the Alps. In such places we got along upon the sides of the mountain ledges as best we could. All along on the glacier are immense masses of stone, thrown sometimes into the middle of it by the avalanches of snow and ice which are coming down from the mountains on both sides. I noticed one stone of, I should think, twenty or thirty feet in diameter. We were told by the guides that most persons who set out on this journey stop at the glacier near the hotel where we left our mules, and that of those who start for the Garden, a majority turn back before they reach it. I should remark that, although I have spoken of this as one glacier, it being all connected, yet it is called by different names at different points.

This was a hard four hours' walk. Probably two thirds or more of it was upon ice or snow. Where there was snow, as it was rather steep, and the top softened by the sun, it was even more tiresome walking than on the ice. This excursion may be thought a very dangerous one, but I do not regard it so to one who is careful and has a steady head.

In returning, it was descending most of the way, and we were but three hours in going to the place where we left our mules. We mounted them, and in a little more than two hours were at our lodgings in Chamouni before sundown, highly gratified with what we had seen, but tired enough to keep quiet. I find my description so meager as not to deserve the name. I can only say, with regard to what we have seen yesterday and to-day, in the language of my friend, "Wonderful, more wonderful, most wonderful!"

Friday, July 10. At five o'clock in the morning we mounted our mules, with our luggage strapped on behind, and a guide on foot to take our mules back, and set out for Martigny, walking the mules all the way for eight hours and a half. Our road — or rather path, for it was not passable for carriages of any kind — was all the way winding among mountains the most wild and rugged imaginable; some covered with snow, and the ravines with glaciers; some with sharp rocks like needles, and some with forests, making a constant variety, as one after another opened to our view. We followed up a ravine from the river Arve until the last rill that ran into it terminated. Then, as we began to descend, a little rivulet came down from one of the mountains, and ran toward the Rhone. This was increased by tributary streams from the right and left continually, until it became a powerful river, emptying into the Rhone at Martigny.

Our path was not less romantic than the scenery around — sometimes along the rapidly descending stream, which was constantly leaping down among the rocks in wild confusion; sometimes winding up the side of a mountain; sometimes cut through a perpendicular ledge, with solid rock entirely overhanging the path; and in one case piercing the solid rock about one hundred feet, so that we could ride through on our mules. About three miles of the last of our ride were down a steep hill, which looked dangerous; but our mules were sure-footed, and by a kind Providence we got down without injury.

There are along the path a number of poor Swiss villages, with patches of land cultivated whenever a little soil can be found. These villagers live in miserable little log cabins, usually without any glass windows, and frequently occupied partly by themselves and partly by their cows. At half past one o'clock we arrived at Martigny, in the valley of the Rhone. This river has just overflowed its banks, flooding many fields of grain and grass, and doing a large amount of damage. Just opposite this place is where Napoleon crossed the Alps with his army.

Geneva, July 11. This morning at eight o'clock left Martigny in a small carriage, in which we rode sideways, very common in this country, called *char*, drawn by one horse, down the valley of the Rhone to

Villeneuve, on the Lake of Geneva, a distance of twenty-four miles; then we took the steamer down the Lake of Geneva. This lake is a beautiful sheet of pure, transparent water, about sixty miles long, and nine wide in the middle, very narrow at the ends, and quite circular, being nearly of the form of the new moon. Toward the upper end of the lake, on the south side, were some high mountains; with this exception, the land rises gradually, is very fertile, and settled with numerous towns and villages, and many very beautiful country residences and splendid mansions.

July 17. I went with Miss Gaussen to a charity school of little girls, in which she is interested, and heard Mr. Kirk address the children in French.

18*th*. Passed through the different markets. The amount of meats was very small in proportion to the vegetables. Every thing, except meat and grain, is sold in the open public streets; and in some of those I verily believe there were more than ten thousand women at one time, filling the street more than a quarter of a mile, so that it was difficult to pass, and scarcely a man to be seen except the police.

18*th*. Mr. Bargnani has arrived, and is meeting Mr. Kirk and others in consultation respecting the interests of the Christian Alliance and Italy. I can not but hope and believe that our long stay here will result in good to each. We have decided to leave Geneva on the 21st, and I have taken our seats to-day in the diligence. Although this is a delightful place, it is more delightful to set my face toward home.

Sabbath, *July* 19. On our way to church, passed hundreds of peasants, male and female, who had come into the city to find employment, the men with a scythe on their shoulders, and the women with an instrument for reaping. On the morning of each Sabbath, before the people of the city have arisen, companies of the peasantry may be heard marching through the streets, with implements of husbandry, singing as they go. First the men sing a tune, and then the women respond. The time is perfect, and the tune flowing and easy. The words I can not understand. Their voices are very clear and sweet, and the effect would be delightful when all else is still, but for the fact that it is the Lord's day, and they are seeking employment for the coming week. I returned to my room, and when seated, my thoughts reverted to the many quiet Sabbaths I had passed in Boston. For although there are many profanations of the Sabbath there, still, in comparison with any place I have seen on the continent of Europe, it is kept externally as sacred.

20*th*. Mr. Bargnani took breakfast with us, and spent most of the forenoon in conversation upon the condition and prospects of Italy. Being out of funds, I furnished him with two hundred dollars. How melancholy, that a people living in a climate the most salubrious, and on a soil the most productive, should be among the most poor, degraded, and miserable of civilized nations!

21*st*. After spending a sleepless night, although not sensibly ill, started in the diligence for Paris. Following up the lake to Nyon, then turning at a right angle, we commenced ascending the range of the Jura

Mountains. The road being steep and winding, the driver opened the door, and gave all an opportunity to walk. Nearly all, and among the number two ladies, embraced it. A foot path ran straight up the mountain, shortening the distance, but of course being more steep. When we came to the first crossing of the road, I was so much exhausted that I waited for the diligence to come along, and resumed my seat, although the ladies walked on. About ten o'clock we reached a town in the mountains where we took breakfast. I did not think myself ill, but was still surprised at my weakness. Soon after starting I was seized with violent pain, indicating the approach of dysentery, which increased through the day. About nine o'clock in the evening, we came to a village, where we were to sup. I told Mr. Kirk if he would send me a cup of tea, I would lie down upon the cushion. While he was gone I had a very distressing turn, nearly fainting, which led me to doubt the propriety of proceeding further; but as this was an inconvenient place, and being privileged with the *coupé* entirely to ourselves, after making the best provision we could for my comfort, we decided to proceed. Although my bodily sufferings were considerable, and, at times, almost insupportable, I was almost entirely spared that anxious foreboding which so often adds mental misery and anguish to bodily pain; having endeavored to profit by that delightful text, " Be careful for nothing."

At eight o'clock we arrived at Dijon, a large town of thirty thousand inhabitants. Here Mr. Kirk sent for a physician, who said I must not proceed further. He took us to a nice hotel, where we found a large room, a quiet place, and the people all kindness. He also provided an excellent old nurse, whose great kindness and care I can not soon forget. My physician proved to be very skillful, and soon relieved me entirely. He seemed very much pleased when he could get some English words to speak with me. Having a little book of translations, after he had done what he could at that time, he took it to the window, and seemed for some time to be studying it. At length he returned, smiling, and said, "Quiet, diet, friendship," then shook hands very affectionately, and left me. Being so much relieved, I slept most of the next day, and the day following took some gentle medicine. When my doctor came that night, he said I might start in the diligence the next afternoon, at five o'clock. He appeared to write down all the directions, arranging my drinks, &c., so that I took something once in an hour, my good nurse keeping them and my watch before her all the time, and so quiet that I should not have known she was in the room. The doctor visited me four times, and charged but fifteen francs, or less than three dollars. The nurse asked six francs; but learning that she was poor, and had a sick husband, whom she would occasionally run home to see, I gave her twenty.

During this short illness I received so much sympathy and kindness from the French, — not only from my physician and nurse, but from the people of the hotel and my fellow-travelers in the diligence, — that I wish ever to remember it with gratitude to them and to Him who thus inclined them. I shall long remember a French lady who traveled with us from Geneva, and had some knowledge of the English language, who, when I got out of the diligence, came to me, and, after hesitating a little, evidently to make out the sentence, said, "Be you *vary* sick?" It was uttered with an expression of countenance and tone of voice so expressive of sympathy and kindness, that I could not say, "Yes," but smiled, and said, "Not very." She said, in the same sweet tone and expression, "Are you leetel better?" I said, "*Oui, madame.*" At five o'clock, we started again for Paris, having the *coupé* again to ourselves. Although very weak when I started, I rode three days and nights, making very short stops.

Among the many mercies of the last week, not the least has been that of having my pastor with me. Without him I know not what I should have done. Most sincerely would I thank my heavenly Father for the discipline of the past week. I do not pray for afflictions, but I do pray for sanctification; and if this work can not go on in this treacherous heart without, then let afflictions come, in whatever garb he may clothe them.

London, July 31. After breakfast, went out and engaged our passage home on the 4th of September next. This leads me to feel that the time is coming when, with the good hand of our God upon us, we shall see our beloved country, and more beloved friends again.

Friday. A return of former illness, which kept me in bed all day, abstaining from food, remembering the direction of my old French physician, "Quiet, diet."

Monday and Tuesday. Attended meetings of the committee, which were increasingly interesting, especially in the spirit of prayer and brotherly love that prevailed. Subjects were discussed with spirit and freedom, and in two cases, when the members appeared to be nearly divided, finding discussion did not bring them together, prayer was proposed; after which the vote was taken, and found to be unanimous. Upon which an old gentleman said, "Let us sing the doxology, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'" I never saw such an effect produced by the singing of a verse before. Many of the committee were in tears. In the other case, when the vote was taken after prayer, there were only five hands up in the negative, although there were probably more than four hundred present.

Wednesday, *August* 19. This is the first day of the General Conference — a day which I hope never to forget. An assembly of eight or ten hundred Christian brethren, probably nine tenths of whom were ministers of the gospel, from more than twenty different denominations of Christians in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, America, France, Germany, Switzerland, and different missionary stations, for the purpose of laying aside their sectarian prejudices, and uniting together for the promotion of Christian love and union, is such a sight as was never seen in this fallen world before. Praying and singing might be heard in different languages, in the general meeting or in the committee rooms. Never did I hear such praying before — old, gray-headed ministers, with tears in their eyes, confessing their uncharitableness, the unkind and censorious feelings they had indulged, and words they had uttered; their prayers for pardon, and that they might all be filled with love to each other and to their common Head, and that they might all be one! The prayers of Christians in different parts of the world, I do believe, have been heard for this conference.

20*th*. The meetings of the conference to-day have been full of interest, and a spirit of kindness and love. In the morning, after spending an hour in devotional exercises, the first two resolutions were passed unanimously, after a free discussion, and many interesting addresses, which occupied more than three hours. In the evening, the third and important resolution — to form the Evangelical Alliance — was discussed more than two hours. All spoke in favor of the Alliance. But many proposed amendments to the resolution, and advocated them with tenacity. All amendments, however, were rejected, except the striking out of "the" before "church." Before taking the final vote, the chairman requested all to stand up a few moments in silence, saying that he doubted not all would find their hearts ascending in prayer that God would decide this important question. After a short time, he broke the silence by saying, "All who are in favor of passing this resolution will hold up their hands." The vote was unanimous. An old gentleman said aloud, "Thanks to God that I have lived to see this day." Another said, "Sing 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'" All joined in singing that delightful doxology with so much heart and earnestness as to make the hall tremble. In less than a moment the whole audience were shaking hands with each other with a cordiality and earnestness I have seldom, if ever, witnessed. I was between a clergyman of the Established church and a dissenting minister, both of whom seized my hands and shook them, saying, "I can reach across the Atlantic to take a Christian brother's hand."

Sabbath, 23*d*. Rev. Baptist Noel gave yesterday an invitation to the Alliance to partake of the sacrament at his church to-day. It was an interesting sight — the large collection of ministers and laymen, of different denominations, kneeling around the altar, partaking of the emblems of the body and blood of Christ from the hands of an Episcopalian.

24*th*. The meetings of the Alliance were very interesting all day. In the evening, the vote in favor of the doctrinal basis of nine articles was unanimous, with but one dissenting voice; whereupon they united in singing the Coronation Hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." This morning the meeting was in Exeter Hall, which was filled to overflowing, not only the seats, but every inch upon which a man could stand. After many interesting addresses, following that of Sir Culling E. Smith, Rev. William Jay, D. D., was announced. Loud and long expressions of applause filled the hall. The old gentleman, now seventy-seven years of age, was so much affected in view of such an assembly, and the occasion, as to be entirely deprived of the power of utterance. He sat in his chair and wept like a child, which was probably the most eloquent speech he could have made. This was the most interesting meeting I ever attended. There were some of the most learned and pious men of the age, clergymen, statesmen, private citizens, of various denominations, acknowledging their past uncharitableness and unkindness; some who had been engaged in controversy, confessing the bitterness with which they had conducted it; all pledging themselves that, while they would feel at liberty still to discuss and defend what they believed to be truth, they would put away all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, with all malice, and be kind, tender-hearted, forbearing one with another in love, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven them. I sat upon a plank five hours, without scarcely thinking of myself. And although many stood during the services, scarcely an individual went out or appeared tired.

There are now present twelve hundred and fifty members of the Alliance, most of whom are ministers of the gospel. Of this number, two hundred and fifty are clergymen of the Church of England, many of whom appear to be among the choicest spirits in the Alliance. Many of the speakers spoke as if inspired from on high; Dr. James, especially, appeared to be carried, and his audience with him, up to that great meeting of the Christian Evangelical Alliance from every nation and denomination around the throne of God.

Dublin, Ireland, August 29. Arrived here this morning. A gentleman, finding that I was from America, went with me through the college, where are seven hundred students; and, I should think, accommodations for three times that number. I have walked or rode nearly all day, and seen most of the principal streets and public buildings. Although these are handsome, and many of them elegant, indicating wealth, prosperity, and happiness, the back streets and alleys, with the buildings on them, and their inhabitants, furnish painful evidence of extreme degradation, poverty, and suffering. Beggars are very numerous, appearing in the most dirty, ragged, pitiable condition conceivable. Still, the gentry compare favorably with those of other cities in Europe whom I have seen. I have been treated with more attention and respect by entire strangers here than in any other city, and I must say, I have seen a larger proportion of good looking, and even handsome, ladies than in any other city.

Sunday, *August* 30. I went out in pursuit of a meeting, but finding the Protestant churches do not open until twelve o'clock, entered a large Catholic church just as they were engaged in saying high mass. In the center of the house, and in front of the altar, were a few people of respectable appearance seated, with kneeling benches before them, separated from the rest of the audience by a railing. On either side were crowds of the poor, some dressed decently, others very ragged and dirty: these were kneeling upon a stone floor, with their lips constantly in motion, with strings of beads in their hands, occasionally moving a bead from the right hand to the left, while the priests, in their gorgeous attire, were busily engaged sprinkling the holy water, or burning incense, or chanting something I did not understand; taking off and putting on their caps; kneeling around the altar, sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, with a sanctimonious air. The scene made my heart sicken, perhaps the more so as I had just been reading a description of Luther's first visit to Rome, when he became so disgusted with the wickedness of the priests, and the heartlessness of their worship.

In the afternoon I heard a sermon, in a Protestant church, from the text, "He doeth all things well." The preacher appeared to have more orthodoxy than unction.

31*st*. Visited the Giant's Causeway; also went into a number of the most miserable-looking huts I could find in the outskirts of the town. They are generally very filthy, and some of the clothing, of both sexes, so ragged as to afford but a partial covering. When asked how they were situated, and if they got a comfortable living, they would say, "Yes, I thank God." But when spoken to about making provision for the soul, they excuse themselves by saying, "We have as much as we can do to get along and provide for ourselves and children, and have no clothes to go to church." Upon being reminded of the danger of making excuses now, which will not justify them before God at the judgment, they appeared solemn and willing to hear. In one case, quite a congregation of men, women, and children collected about the door. In some cases I gave a trifle to the aged and infirm. I went through the workhouse here, which is well managed, the children being instructed in all the common branches. When the keeper had gone around and shown me their beds, which are of straw, laid upon the floor, their school rooms, mode of cooking, &c., he said, "I suppose you have nothing of this kind in *your* country!"

Belfast, *September* 2. After visiting the Botanic

Garden, spent two hours in the poorhouse, where are about a thousand inmates. This poorhouse system, established by Parliament about five years ago, I think must be a great blessing to the nation, especially to the children, who, instead of living in the streets, in ignorance, filth, and vice, are now not only instructed, but also form habits of cleanliness and industry. Adults generally dislike it, and many will not enter because they are obliged to keep themselves clean, and are deprived of their beloved whiskey and more beloved tobacco; for almost all the poorer part use their stub pipes, and, having limited mental resources, are miserable when deprived of them. The master of the house gave me all the information I wanted, and some more. Leaving this institution, I visited a large linen manufactory, owned by Mr. M., a very gentlemanly man, as, indeed, most of the intelligent Irishmen are. Here are eight hundred persons employed, the most of whom are girls. I was kindly accompanied through all the apartments, and shown the whole process through which the flax passes, from its crude state to the finest fabric. At five o'clock I went on board the Sea King, for Liverpool.

3*d.* I arrived at Liverpool at half past six o'clock, after a very smooth passage and good night's sleep. Am occupying a bed room at Brown's Temperance House, Clayton Square. Visited the Zoölogical Gardens, and afterward passed through the poorhouse of Derby Union, two miles from the city.

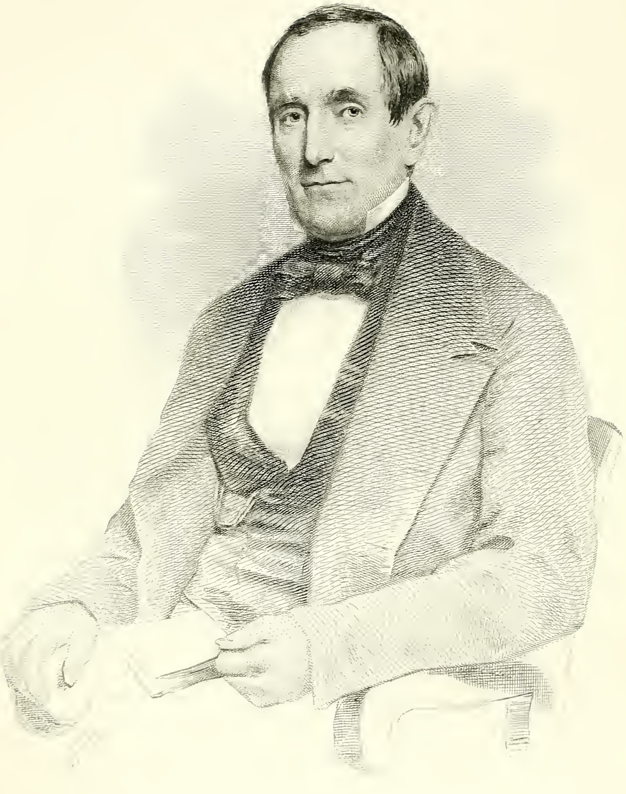
4*th.* Embarked on board the Cambria at six o'clock for Boston. Weather mild and very pleasant; sea smooth; one hundred and twenty-five passengers.

We have an excellent state room, high and airy, sufficiently large to contain all of our luggage, and afford room for dressing.

12*th.* A gale commenced in the afternoon of last Sabbath, and before night Mr. Kirk, myself, and several others became sick. The wind increased and blew almost a gale from Sabbath night until last night — five days. The first two days the wind was dead ahead, and so strong that we could make but five miles an hour, and accompanied by rain a part of the time. At other times the sea would break over her bows, and sweep and wash the whole deck, even the upper deck, the spray striking high up on the chimney and masts, the ship at the same time pitching and rolling so that it was almost impossible to stand without holding by something. One of the passengers was thrown against a gun with such violence as to break his knee pan. The cow, which was an old sailor, was sick, and beat about so much that she died, and was thrown into the sea yesterday. Of the one hundred and eight passengers, I was told that on one day but seven appeared at the table. We kept our berths most of the time for three days, unable to read, or do any thing. Many suffered much more than we did. To-day the weather is very pleasant, the wind light; still there is much motion.

Sabbath, September 13. The captain refused a request that Mr. Kirk might preach, signed by forty persons; the first name being that of Washington Irving.

Friday Morning, September 18. At eight o'clock the



travelers arrived safely in Boston, and were welcomed by some hundreds assembled in the Park Street morning prayer meeting, and on the Sabbath by the Mount Vernon congregation, the services wearing the form appropriate to a thanksgiving day. A sermon was preached from the Psalm, "I will extol thee, my God," &c. But the rejoicings were mingled with mourning; for, as the ship was nearing the harbor, bringing to them their pastor and deacon, one of the most lovely of the flock was passing away, to return no more, and the oldest deacon had also, during their absence, left this church for the church above.

On his return the subject of our narrative resumed his work with increased delight. His health was never more vigorous, and his spirits were joyous and light. The portrait from which the engraving here presented is a copy, was taken at this time.

CHAPTER XIII.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES OF CHARITABLE AID.

Orphan Children. — Little Jane. — Delight in the Pleasures of Children. — Little Nelly. — Counsel and Care for the Poor. — Story of the West Indian Family. — The Widow and her Boy. — Testimony of a Lady.

In Mr. Safford's family, during the last ten or twelve years of his life, might always be found two or more orphan children. We have seen him as early as 1826 taking into his family the children of his own brother, and becoming a father to them; but we shall now see him receiving many times that number, of those who had not the claims of kindred upon him. Among them were the children of Germans, Irish, French, Scotch, and English. These were seated at his table, and retained in his family for weeks, months, or years, as the case might require. Some of them were at length adopted by others, and some were placed in situations where they could support themselves. He might truly say, with the patriarch, "I have not eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof." And never did he eat it with a better relish, never did his whole countenance beam with more delight than when his table had been extended to furnish new accommodations for others.

His own children were now leaving home, the one for a residence in New York, and another to enter college. But he had other children, as he said, besides his own to care for, and these were without number, and of all countries. The first was a youth from India, by the name of Barlow, who had been converted to Christianity; the next, a little homeless German girl; then, a family of three children, with the mother; then, an English girl, of ten years, with her little brother of four; after that, another English family of three children, with the mother, whose husband was supposed to be lost at sea, leaving the widow sorrowful, sick, and discouraged; the next, a bright little Scotch girl of seven, whose mother had been accused of crime, and committed to jail, and the father brought this, his only treasure, to leave it with Mr. Safford, as he forsook the country, never to return.

Of a little Irish child received into his family he thus speaks in a letter to his son: —

January 26, 1849.

My Dear Son: I wish you could step in and pass an evening with us occasionally. We have a very pleasant family this winter. Besides Daniel Ephraim, we have L. E. and H. W., who, by invitation, are passing the winter with us; and also little Jane, an orphan child about twenty months old. When your mother found her, she looked dirty and miserable, had sore fingers, and was almost sick. For nearly a week she would scarcely look up, and never smiled, but pouted out her lips, and was very uninteresting. She is now in good health, is lively and happy, and talks very well for one of her age. She has beautiful hair, very pleasant dark eyes, fine complexion, with red cheeks, is very affectionate, and, we think, truly handsome.

A lady has commenced a correspondence with us who wishes to adopt her as her own. If she does not take her, I do not know but we shall keep her ourselves.

This little child, after a few months, was claimed by distant relatives, who had previously refused to do any thing for her support, or even to inquire after her welfare, supposing her to be still in the almshouse, where they left her under Roman Catholic influences. But on being told that she was in a Protestant family, they came and carried her to the Sisters of Charity, who had also, until now, refused to receive her. These relatives acknowledged that she had every desirable comfort and care in Mr. Safford's house, and that she appeared perfectly happy. They manifested no affection for her; indeed, the child had never before known what it was to be loved by any one. But they said her soul would be lost, and they would have to suffer in purgatory for the sin of allowing her to become a heretic, and their priest had told them they must *at all events* get the child away from the Protestants.

The case of this child very strikingly illustrated the power of love to transform the character. She became truly lovely, although, as Mr. Safford has stated, she had been so uninteresting that even he was not at all attracted toward her for the first two or three weeks. But one day he came home bringing a *doll* in his coat pocket. As he opened the package and held it up, looking smilingly upon her, she ran up to him with her hands extended, and was taken upon his knee. She now found that she was really loved by him, and their friendship was soon sealed. She learned the sound of his key as it was introduced into the lock of the front door, and however absorbed with her playthings, they were left, and her little feet were heard pattering through the entry to greet him on his entrance. So effectually had she conquered the habit of pouting, — the most powerful stimulus with her being the fear that she should not be loved, — that, when the time of parting came, which was truly a sad event to the whole household, as well as to the child, as she was carried out of the door by the stranger, it was with her lips compressed, while her eyes overflowed with tears. This inspired the hope that other teachings had not been in vain.

Mr. Safford loved children. His kindness was not bestowed in pursuance of any formal plan in respect to them; but as he had a heart and hand for every good work, if the providence of God brought to his notice a little child in circumstances needing fatherly kindness, whether it was of refined and cultivated parentage, or otherwise, he could throw his arms around it, and, if need be, add it to his household. He was never annoyed or troubled with any thing which this involved, except the fear of the care that it imposed upon his family.

It was delightful to witness the pleasure imparted and received by such children and their newly-found friend. Never could there have been a more beautiful illustration of the sentiments expressed by another — "Live not for selfish ends; live to bless others; for every act of this kind will find a speedy echo in your own breast." One of them, whom we will call Mary, then a pleasing little girl of three summers, was often taken by him to ride; he allowing her to sit in his lap and entertain him with her childish prattle, and then disputing with her which should sing first, settling the matter by taking turns. On one occasion a family party, including little Mary and her brother, visited a watering place forty miles distant from Boston. In this excursion, not only Mr. Safford's enjoyment, but that of the whole party, was much enhanced by the pleasure it afforded them, especially the brother, then a boy of eight years. He had expressed the greatest desire to see that Atlantic Ocean in reality which he had so often examined upon the map. When he first came in sight of the sea, inspired with wonder and delight, he asked, "Is that truly the Atlantic?" and after gazing at it a moment, exclaimed, "Well, I have never before in my life seen the ocean in all its grandeur." On reaching the beach, he was seized with such an irrepressible desire to bathe in it, that Mr. Safford said, "Well, jump out of the carriage, and lay off your jacket and pantaloons, and run." The tide was flowing out, and the sea was very calm. With delight, and, as he thought, the bravery of a hero, he obeyed. But the first ripple that passed over his feet so thoroughly affrighted him, that he turned and ran back with all possible speed to the carriage, saying, "I can not contend with those mighty waves!" Such incidents, though trivial in themselves, show at least one of the sources from which Mr. Safford's enjoyment came.

The providence of God which had brought him into connection with these children was one of peculiar interest. A wealthy and truly estimable gentleman and lady, in a distant town in the state, had been early called to consign one after another of their dear children to the grave. Five little mounds may be seen side by side in a burial place near their beautiful mansion. They had taken to their stricken hearts two children of a missionary, whom they had educated, and who were expecting soon to leave their adopted home, the one to be married, and the other to travel in foreign countries. In anticipation of this, the lady had requested Mrs. Safford, if she became acquainted with any child suitable for adoption, that they might be informed of it. The latter, having casually met with little Mary, and learned something of her history, believed that she would please her friends, and wrote them accordingly.

They came; all the arrangements were made, and the next day she was to go to her new home. At the tea table were seated, with Mr. Safford's family, little Mary's two sisters, older than herself, her two brothers, and her newly-found parents. She was happy in going with them, for she had been fully informed about the beautiful home to which they were taking her. But she was too much excited to eat, and leaving her seat, tripped around the table with her fairy-like step, laughing and shaking her curls, touching each one as she passed, in order to get a look and a smile from them. But whenever she passed Mr. Safford, she would draw down his ear to her mouth, and whisper, —

> "If you love me as I love you,
> 'Twill take a great *chopping-knife* to cut our loves in two!"

In December following, Mr. Safford, with two other of these children, and a bright little girl of seven years, who had been rescued from a very exposed situation in the city, and prepared by a short residence in his family, started in the cars for their new homes in the western part of the state. Mary's brother was the only sad one of the party; for he did not wish, as he kept saying, to be "docted," (adopted;) he wanted Mr. and Mrs. Safford for his father and mother. But a kind Providence had found a place for him in an excellent family, to take the place of a dear son who had been removed by death. He soon became a joyous and grateful recipient of their affections and care, and a light in that dwelling which had been so shaded with sorrow.

When he had grown to be a lad of fourteen, and nearly fitted for college, he called upon Mrs. Safford at her house. He was taken to the room where his early benefactor had passed through his last weeks of suffering and sickness, and listened with tearful eye to a description of them, and of the manner in which his faith had sustained him, and triumphed over death. In that solemn chamber, and looking forward to their next meeting, all the kindness he and his family had received from Mr. Safford, and all that he had witnessed of his daily life, returned to his recollection with increased force. The next intelligence from him, as furnished by his letter to Mrs. Safford, stated that he had chosen the Lord for his God, and was expecting on the following Sabbath to unite with his people by a public profession of religion; also, that his sister Mary, whose home was but a short distance from his own, believed that she, too, had recently obtained an interest in the Saviour.

But there were methods in which Mr. Safford's benevolence was exercised, which can not be appreciated without a more minute description. No service was undignified, in his view, which he could render to add to the comfort or relieve the suffering of a human being. The same arms which carried up the load of wood for the poor widow, when a young man and a blacksmith, were ready to perform any similar labor, when necessary, throughout his life. He had studied the example of Christ, and been deeply impressed by it. A brother deacon remarked of him, "The directions of the Saviour — 'If I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought to wash one another's feet' — he received in their literal import, and beautifully illustrated them in all his official character."

The history of one of the families who shared, not only in his pecuniary benefactions, but in his personal counsels and care for many years, seems worthy of more minute detail. It will serve to illustrate the wonderful ways of God in fulfilling his promises to those who put their trust "under the shadow of his wing." A day of fasting and prayer had been appointed at his house for the sisters of Mount Vernon church. Mrs. Safford had retired to her room to spend a little time in preparation for the meeting, when she was called to the basement, where sat a stranger, clad in the habiliments of mourning. Her countenance showed marks of intelligence, mingled with deep sadness, and when she spoke, her accent being French, the tones of her voice and manner were those of a cultivated and refined woman. Her dress also, although threadbare and very rusty, was of the finest texture. A deep struggle was apparent as she attempted to make known the object of her call; but receiving encouragement and sympathy, she at length expressed herself freely. She said, "I have been educated with the impression that to be poor is the greatest disgrace possible, and poverty has always been regarded by me as the most terrible calamity that could befall me. On the way here I have not lifted my eye from the sidewalk, because I imagined, although a stranger in the city, that every body knew I was going to beg bread for my children. But the Lord knows what a proud heart I have had, and he will cure his children in his own way."

She then gave an outline of her history, which was so strange, and yet told with such simplicity and apparent sincerity, that it was listened to with intense interest. Mrs. Safford informed her that she would soon call and see her family, and returned to her chamber, half doubting whether it were not all a fabrication, having so many times been thus deceived. Opening the Bible to find a portion of God's word on the subject of fasting and prayer, her eye rested first on that in Isaiah. She read it, paused and pondered, and read it again, and said, "Is this the voice of the Lord to me at this moment? 'Is not this the fast that I have chosen, that thou deal thy bread to the hungry, and *that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house?* when thou seest the naked that thou clothe them, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?'" The words of the stranger, as she was leaving, "Mrs. Safford, if you will help me God will bless you, I know he will;" returned with double power. God himself was uttering them. "Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily. Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer. Thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here I am." It was the voice of the Lord, and could not be resisted.

Mrs. Safford went to Pitts Street, where she was told she would find them, and followed a dark stairway up to the door. After knocking, all was silent for a moment; at length a little face, with pretty black eyes, peeped out, and a sweet voice said, "Mother told us not to admit any one in her absence." "I have seen your mother," replied Mrs. Safford, "and she would be willing I should come in. If any blame is incurred, I am responsible." The door opened, and presented a scene such as may seldom be witnessed. It was only necessary to look upon it to read the story. Every thing was in confusion. There were articles which must have been possessed in days of affluence mingled with those indicating deep poverty. The mattress was thrown upon the floor, and the bedstead taken down. The little girls, in their simplicity, answered all the questions asked. "Why is your bed taken to pieces?" "Oh, the man of whom my mother hired the bedstead says we can not have it any longer if she does not pay for the use of it; and mother has no money, and so he is going to send and take it away."

Their history, as related by herself, was this: The mother was born in the Island of Martinique. Her mother was a French Catholic, and her father an Englishman, son of a highly respectable man who held an office under the British government, as collector of the English revenues of Canada. This lady had inherited a princely fortune from her father, who was killed in the time of the insurrection at St. Domingo, at which time his family fled to the Island of Martinique with only their jewelry, which alone enabled them to live in princely style until their other property was partially recovered. Nurtured thus in the lap of affluence, the fond mother never imagined that her daughter could ever know a want, and unconsciously fostered that pride which now the latter said she had to suffer so much in curing. Diamonds had been displayed so profusely that they were regarded as very common ornaments, and she was not allowed to wear any thing but the most costly articles of dress — if possible, not one that could be obtained by any other person on the island, all their goods being imported expressly for her from Paris.

But what was a more serious evil, and one from which she now suffered most, was the impression which her mother had given her that it was very degrading for her to perform the least service for herself or for others. She must rely on servants for every thing. Her mother, once seeing her with a broom in her hand, angrily caught it and threw it down, saying, "Do not ever let me see you with such a vulgar thing as that in your hand again."

At length her father died, and her mother married again; and by a series of events over which she had no control, her handsome fortune was gradually diminished, till she had but a single estate remaining. In the hope of recovering that which she had lost, she was strongly urged to permit the sale of this also. Her better judgment convinced her of the futility of such anticipations, but, unable to withstand the pressure of entreaty, she took the pen, and signed the paper; then turning to her daughter, and bursting into tears, she exclaimed, "Now, my daughter, you are a poor girl," and died very soon of a broken heart.

This idol of that mother gathered up what could be saved from the wreck of her fortune. She was accomplished, attractive, and still young, and soon after accepted the hand of a lawyer of very respectable parentage, well educated, but trained in the dissipated habits of the society in which he had mingled. He died young, and left her a widow, with four little children, two of whom were adopted by relatives.

When a girl of sixteen, a New England gentleman had been a guest at her father's house, then the abode of luxury. He was captivated with her, and sought unsuccessfully her hand in marriage, but, on leaving, asked her to accept from him a volume of the New Testament. She had never seen one. After he left, she turned over its leaves with contempt, then threw it down, and it was carried, with other rubbish, to the garret.

But the gayeties and frivolities to which she was accustomed failed to satisfy the cravings of her higher nature; neither was there any thing in the religion of forms in which she was educated to interest her. She often retired to a solitary place, weary and sick at heart. God had marked her for his own, and was beginning within her a work which required a process of severe and protracted discipline to complete. At length she remembered the New Testament which she had so contemptuously thrown away. She found it in the garret; she read it with avidity, then knelt and offered her first sincere prayer. God heard it, and ever after that little book was cherished by her as her most precious treasure.

We pass over some years of her history, and find her brought by a second marriage to North Carolina, still attached to the Catholic church, and knowing no other form of Christianity. One day, influenced, as she afterward believed, by the divine Spirit, she said to herself, "I will just go in for a few moments and see this Protestant worship." She was at once impressed with its stillness and spirituality, and thought, "Why, *this* is just what I have longed for." Her mind, naturally simple and clear, had been bewildered by forms, rites, dogmas, and penances; now she was listening to the simple gospel. Her Saviour was revealed as her own precious Friend and Guide; she received him fully, with joy and gratitude, and never again entered a Catholic church. Henceforth she found support under sorrows deeper than ever before experienced; for she was soon after left a widow, with three little children, entirely destitute. Her husband was wrecked at sea, and all his property, which was invested in the ship and cargo, was lost with him.

We now pass over another interval of two or three years, and find her in Boston. She had come north, hoping to find relatives of her last husband able to aid her; but being disappointed in this, she repaired to this city, thinking, as her last resource, to support herself by teaching French. Here her faith had been sorely tried. Month after month her efforts to procure scholars were ineffectual. At the same time, she concealed her destitute condition as carefully as possible, selling one article after another, until, as we have seen, she had nothing more even to buy a loaf of bread for her children. But she said, "It is my heavenly Father; he abhorred my pride, and will by this fire of adversity consume it. I submit. It is as when you have a very sore finger; the doctor orders a remedy to be applied which is extremely painful, but it is the only way to save your finger, and you say you will bear it. I will drink the bitter cup, for it is my Father who mingles it."

Let us now see Mr. Safford undertaking this case. He as yet knew nothing beyond her own statement. To do any thing for her effectually, much must be done. Should he give her money? She knew nothing about the use of money, for one of the saddest effects of her education was to render her wholly ignorant of its value. Should he buy her provisions from day to day? But that would make her unhappy, and tend to destroy that self-respect which he wished to cherish. She desired to teach; but, in her present circumstances, it would be impossible to procure scholars. He called at her room; he listened, and was deeply affected by her story. He asked, "What can you do besides teaching?" "I can sew;" and she showed him a garment she was trying to make, by which she would earn a small pittance. But though extremely nice with her needle, she was very slow. "Can you do nothing else?" "Yes, one thing. All the daughters of the island were taught and allowed to make jellies, and I have now the very kettle I received from my mother for that purpose." Mr. Safford caught the idea. It would test her willingness to make an effort for her own support. If successful, it would encourage her, and the occupation would be a diversion from her deep sorrow.

Accordingly, we see him in Tremont Street, accompanying a man with a wheelbarrow. He goes first to a provision store for a bushel of quinces; next to a grocery for the sugar; then to a crockery store for the cups, and to a hardware store for a little hand furnace; and lastly to his own cellar for the charcoal. The load being made out, it is sent to the place, and she commences her task. But few can understand the severity of this test to this delicately-trained woman. She had indeed performed the process before, but with servants to do all the labor. Mr. Safford was as much delighted as she was when at length she triumphed over all her discouragements, and brought the jelly to his house. A sample was placed upon his dinner table, at which she was a happy guest; the remainder was sold for her benefit.

After a sufficient time had elapsed for a thorough acquaintance, it was decided that a house should be rented for her, and she should make the effort to procure scholars in French. In this undertaking, a very respectable and truly benevolent lady, who had been informed of it, desired to unite. The tenement was found, furniture was provided, and Mr. Safford sent a man in the morning to remove her goods. In the afternoon, he went to the house to see what progress she was making. There the poor woman stood in the midst of her goods, just as they had been left, with her hands folded in perfect helplessness and bewilderment, not knowing the first thing to do to get them in order. Mr. Safford immediately took hold of the work himself, and did not leave until he saw her little parlor carpeted, a fire in the grate, with provision and fuel to commence housekeeping. But though, when kindling the fire, he took care to instruct her how to do it, it was ascertained next day that she had none. The third morning — it being December — Mr. Safford was found dressing himself while it was yet dark; and being asked, "Why have you risen so early?" he said, "Oh, I thought I would go over and build Mrs. C.'s fire for her, before breakfast." He continued this minute supervision of her affairs for many months. She manifested a true desire to do what she could, although her progress was like that of a child in learning to walk — she must take *one step* at a time. She at length gained sufficient experience to venture upon opening a French boarding house, Mr. Safford becoming responsible for her rent. Her friends multiplied, and not a few became her patrons, and afforded her important aid. She was employed in five different schools as a teacher of the French language, and her amiable disposition and many interesting qualities attached her pupils strongly to her. But no kindness of friends could prevent the recurrence of her troubles. Though strictly honest, she could not learn how to keep her pecuniary affairs unembarrassed, pay her debts, and make the most of her little income. Mr. Safford often patiently investigated her accounts, and aided her in settling them. But during a summer when he was absent from the city, she became involved, and her liabilities were so great that she was obliged to give up what she had to her creditors. Such was the bitter fruit she now reaped from the mistaken kindness of her parents, who trained her in elegant idleness, and utter ignorance of all that was needed to procure a livelihood for herself, and secure her independence in the days of adversity which were before her.

But God fulfilled to her his word, on which he had caused her to hope. Many friends sympathized with and comforted her. By an accident which occurred to her while walking in the street, she received a very severe bodily injury, which subjected her to weeks of suffering, and from whose effects she did not recover till her death, several years afterward. Her last hours were cheered in a remarkable manner by the presence of the Saviour. To her weeping children she said, "Do not forget, so long as you live, that your mother was once too poor to buy a loaf of bread; that she cried to the Lord, and he delivered her out of her distresses. Never be ashamed to have this known. Remember, God's word is true; it will never fail; not one of those who trust in him shall be desolate. Oh, the tender mercies, the tender mercies of Jesus!" Mr. Safford provided for her funeral, laid her body in his own tomb, and took the three daughters, now of the ages of ten, fourteen, and eighteen, to his own house, which was their home for some months. The faith of their dying mother has been verified in their history. God has fulfilled his promises, and proved himself the Father of the fatherless.

Before the founding of the "Home for Aged and Indigent Females," Mr. Safford was often seen upon a cold, snowy morning at the door of a large, old building in Pleasant Street, where single rooms were rented by many of this class, with articles in his sleigh to be distributed among them, which they might not be able to face the storm to procure for themselves. Several of these were widows, and earned their living by washing. During the winter of 1838–9, he attended and conducted a religious meeting on Sunday evenings for their benefit, in a room occupied by a poor, pious widow, who had a little boy about ten years old. We remember how clean and pleasant that humble little sanctuary looked, lighted up at his expense, and how attentively his audience listened as he read and expounded to them a portion of the precious word, especially the little boy, sitting upon his stool.

Eighteen years after, as Mrs. Safford was seating herself in the rail car at Rochester, New York, a well-dressed and very respectable looking gentleman entered, and hearing her name spoken, came up to her, and, with a peculiarly earnest manner, asked, "Is this Mrs. Deacon Safford, of Boston?" Being told that it was, he added, "May I have the privilege of speaking with you?" He was seated, and continued: "You do not recognize me; but do you not recollect Mrs. C., the widow who used to live in what was called the old college building in Pleasant Street, and her little boy who used to carry the clothes she washed to and from her customers? *I am that little boy.* And never shall I forget, or cease to be grateful for, the kindnesses my mother received from Mr. Safford and yourself; especially do I remember, and bless God for, those prayer meetings which he used to hold in my mother's room on Sunday nights. As I sat on that stool by her side, I received impressions of the truth and value of religion, as it was exhibited in Mr. Safford, which I never lost. I owe much of what I am to the power of his example, as I saw it there and knew of it elsewhere. God has prospered me. I was able to give my mother a comfortable home the last years of her life. She is now in heaven; and I am mourning the loss of one of the best of wives, who has followed her thither. I desire to use my property, as Mr. Safford did his, in doing good. Will you tell me about his sickness and death? for I have earnestly desired to hear more than I know, and would have called when in Boston, but feared to intrude upon his family." Mrs. Safford learned afterward that this gentleman was a member of one of the Presbyterian churches of the city of Rochester, an exemplary Christian, a Bible class teacher, and that he possessed a handsome property. Just one year from the day of his wife's death he followed her to heaven.

The following is an extract from the communication of a lady, who, with her family, had been aided by Mr. Safford in a season of deep affliction, and for ten or twelve years before his death shared largely in his counsels and parental care.

"I can scarcely recall a scene of importance, during the past eight years, with which Mr. Safford is not intimately associated. He was the friend, the counselor, the guide, of myself and children; and when, in difficulties, I had conferred with him, I felt safe. I wish to give my heartfelt testimony to his disinterested kindness, benevolence, and sympathy. I love to think of his peculiar tact in smoothing the rough places so familiar to the widows and the fatherless; to remember how his heart was drawn out toward the helpless little ones, whose eyes, sadly and unnaturally dimmed by sorrow, I have so often seen brighten with delight, as they exclaimed, 'Oh, here comes Mr. Safford!' and with a bound ran to meet this father of the fatherless. And as I have many an evening seen him in his parlor, surrounded by a flock of these little ones, and watched the interest with which he joined in their innocent sports, I have sometimes been at a loss to decide who seemed the most delighted, they in the happiness conferred, or he in making them thus happy. In this connection I wish to speak of the influence of his Christian example upon these children. He seldom made a direct personal appeal to them; yet his whole life, every word, and look, and act, spoke so emphatically of the principles which actuated him, that they felt that, to be like him whom they so dearly loved, they must be holy.

"I always noticed and admired the spirit of his charities. He had a faculty, peculiar to himself, of making those obliged by him feel that he was being blessed, and also that in them individually he was deeply interested, — thus taking hold of the very heart. His assiduity in any benevolent enterprise in which he had enlisted was untiring. Duty plain, and the work of love decided upon, no obstacles were suffered to thwart his purpose. After he became connected with the City Missionary Society, and his facilities for observing the crime and misery which so abound in the city were increased, his cheerfulness seemed to me to be of a more subdued character; and while he found so much of his happiness in laboring for the relief of this misery, his countenance often assumed a cast which folly might mistake for want of joy.

"Another trait prominent in his character, which always impressed me much, was his unwavering trust in God. It was always exhibited in himself, and he never failed to impress its value upon others. I well recollect, in a time of trial, when entering upon an uncertain position, and speaking to him of my doubts and anxieties, the expression of his countenance, as, in his deliberate manner, he replied, '*Trust in the Lord*, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.' And in numberless other cases did he thus lead me to rest in God. Oh, he was a kind, dear friend, a blessed counselor and adviser, a good man, a large-hearted, whole-souled Christian; and having done all his work, and done it well, he has entered upon that abundant, that full reward which awaited him, the foretastes of which, in no small degree, he seemed here to enjoy."

CHAPTER XIV.

FRIENDLY EFFORTS FOR YOUNG MEN.

Interest for young Men. — The young Artist. — The Bookseller. — The Student. — The Clerk. — The Prodigal, his History and Death. — Resolutions recommended. — Letters to his Sons. — Conversion of his Son in College. — Testimony of a young Man.

Mr. Safford ever felt a deep interest for young men. He remembered his own early history when dependent solely upon his character and industry, and was ready to help others in all practicable methods which promised to give them respectability and success in life. In very many instances young men have been saved from despondency by the heartfelt sympathy expressed by him, sometimes only by advice, sometimes by aiding them to procure a situation, and at other times by giving or lending them money, though never in large sums. It was not in his power to "set up" as the term is, young men in business; but his course shows in a striking manner how very moderate resources could be turned to great account. Of this the following instances may serve as examples.

A very respectable, worthy young man had come to the city hoping to establish himself as an artist; but he had no friends and no money, and all his efforts had failed. He was almost ready to surrender himself to despair, when he met Mr. Safford, who had some knowledge of him through a business friend in the country. He inquired into his affairs, and received from the young man a very discouraging account of himself. Mr. Safford took out his pocket-book, and handed him one hundred dollars, saying, "Take that, and when you get able you may pay me." As Irish Mary said of the quarter of a dollar given her, "That saved my life," so this young man says of this one hundred dollars, "It saved me from despair, and gave me new life." He has now stood at the head of his profession for many years in our city, and has been able to do many acts of kindness to others.

One of our prominent booksellers says, "I commenced business in Boston in 1846, with small means. I felt myself cramped, and unqualified for competition with the men of capital. I went to capitalists; they gave me a cold shoulder. Some one advised me to go to Mr. Safford: I went to him; he met me cordially; said, "I'll bear it in mind," but was then unable to help me. Soon after he came to me: he had found a person who wished to invest some money, and thought I could make an arrangement with him. He did me a real service, and was like a father to me."

In his charity account there occur frequent entries of donations to aid individuals in getting an education, besides annual subscriptions to the American Education Society. One of these was an apprentice of his own, who studied for the ministry.

We have the testimony of another, who has been a useful pastor, and a more than ordinarily successful preacher of the gospel, for twenty years. He says, "I was accidentally brought into contact with Mr. Safford when I was poor and struggling to get an education. He inquired into my circumstances, spoke kindly, and before leaving the house where we passed a day or two together, dropped a five dollar bill into my hand. This act of kindness was repeated as we met occasionally. A person was owing me forty dollars. On this I depended for completing my preparation for the ministry. The person failed just at the time when I most wanted it. This overwhelmed me. The lady with whom I was boarding discovered my sadness, and urged me to allow her to inform Mr. Safford of my trouble, as he was there on a visit at the time. Shortly after, she came to me with forty-five dollars. Mr. Safford had spoken of it to another gentleman, who had given twenty, and he added the twenty-five, making up my loss, principal and interest. What those forty-five dollars were to me at that moment, I can not express."

On going, early one morning, to the prayer meeting in the vestry of Mount Vernon Church, he engaged in a pleasant conversation with a young member of the choir, who had also come early, being somewhat interested in the subject of religion. During the conversation, the young man told him of his desire to obtain a situation. Mr. Safford cordially promised his aid and influence, at the same time kindly and delicately advising his young friend to abandon the habit of smoking — a piece of advice which he desires us to say was, after a severe struggle, complied with, to the great benefit of his health and purse. A few days after, Mr. Safford sent him a note to the effect that Rev. Mr. Bliss, then Secretary of the American Tract Society, would like to confer with him. An interview was at once had, resulting in a pleasant connection, which has for eleven years continued unbroken. The young man is now depositary of the society, being the only one remaining there of those who were then in its service. Shortly after the interview mentioned above, he became a Christian, and enjoyed the friendship and confidence of his benefactor until his death.

While Mr. Safford had great satisfaction in seeing his efforts prove to many a blessing, and was permitted to reap a rich reward in their expressions of gratitude and affection, he was greatly pained by the conduct of one who was an orphan early committed to him, and who was followed by him for many successive years with earnest counsels and prayers. The following letters addressed to this young man will show something of his history, while they illustrate the faithfulness and kindness with which Mr. Safford reproved his faults.

March 23, 1835.

My Dear ——— : Yours of the 14th instant is before me; but what shall I say in reply? You have inherited nearly two thousand dollars, and have been blessed with good natural and acquired abilities. You have four times been situated in business where your prospects were good for future success, but in each instance your discontent or misconduct threw you out of employment. You have "spent your substance with harlots and in riotous living," and, as you say, have involved yourself in debt to the amount of one thousand dollars. And now, knowing, as you do, that your course has been directly opposed to my repeated advice and earnest entreaty, you come to me for help. But I ask, What encouragement have I to help you? You say you will never step your foot into a house of ill fame again, you will never enter a theater again, and will drink no more ardent spirits; therefore you think I need not be afraid to trust you in future. I admit your confessions and promises would be entitled to some confidence, did I not remember the tears you shed, the confessions and resolutions you made, when you called me into the parlor in Salem Street, and at other times; and did I not read, in a letter from you now before me, dated New York, June 3, 1832, after similar confessions to those in your last, the following sentence: "I have now done with such places, and, with the help of God to keep my mind, I will never again enter either, except it be to do some good."

I know your aversion, and the aversion of all who have done wrong, to review the past. I remind you of this for your good, that you, like the penitent prodigal, may return to God, and confess to him your sins, and be willing to be even a hired servant; to do any thing to obtain an honest living, and restore, as far as possible, the injury you have done to society, to the feelings and reputation of your friends, and especially to yourself. Remember, that before I can reasonably have confidence in your reformation, you must bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

And now, what shall I say in conclusion? I am distressed to see that you enumerate your horrid, Heaven-daring sins with apparently very little concern except on account of the poverty which they have brought upon you. Oh, the stupefying and degrading effects of sin! Repent, repent, or not only your health, your reputation, and your happiness, are destroyed in this life, but your poor, dying soul is doomed to an endless hell.

With deep anxiety, yours, D. SAFFORD.

September 21, 1835.

My Dear ———: I have been made happy to-day by the receipt of your kind letter, dated yesterday, especially by the spirit you manifest, and the resolutions you say you have made; and now, allow me to lay down six rules, which I deem of the first importance for you to observe, and never deviate from them.

1. Abhor your past sins, principally because they are offensive to God. Seek pardoning mercy through Jesus Christ, and resolve in his strength to devote yourself to him.
2. Drink no intoxicating liquor.
3. Daily read a portion of the Bible, for the purpose of understanding, believing, and obeying it; and heartily seek the blessing of God.
4. Avoid all worldly business and amusement on the Sabbath, and always attend public worship.
5. Treat all persons kindly, but ever avoid the company of the openly vicious, of all descriptions.
6. Trust not to your own heart or resolutions, but to the grace of God, and seek, in all that you do, to please him.

I send you Abbott's Young Man's Guide, and Corner Stone, which you will find interesting and useful. If you have time, please write before you leave New York; if not, as soon as you arrive at Mobile, and tell me what business you are in, and in whose employ. Be assured that every thing about yourself does, and always will, interest me.

Yours very affectionately, Daniel Safford.

Besides these wise counsels, Mr. Safford, as far as he thought it prudent, aided him with money, always endeavoring to do it in such a way as not to encourage a dependence upon him. Several years after the date of the last letter, the young man came to this city, reduced to a mere skeleton. Disease had rendered him unable to attend to business. Although he had had seasons of apparent repentance, during which his fine business talents procured him a respectable support, yet successive relapses into his old habits ensued, until, in a confirmed consumption, he returned to Boston, and from a hotel addressed a line to Mr. Safford, asking him to come and see him, which was immediately done. At first he was opposed to hearing any thing on the subject of religion, having dismissed it from his thoughts entirely, and, as he said, not wishing to be troubled about it any more. Toward the close of his life, however, he listened with apparent interest to the reading of the Scriptures, and to prayer offered in his behalf, and occasionally appeared anxious to know what he should do to be saved. But having often repressed such feelings, and resisted the warnings of the Holy Spirit, it was easy to do so now, and the hope excited by these manifestations of interest in him was speedily dispelled.

Late one evening Mr. Safford received a request from him to come immediately to his room in the hospital. He hastened thither, and found him upon his bed, alone, and but just alive. There was a little fire in the grate, and a dim lamp burning upon the table, with an open Bible before it, to screen his eyes from the light. His watch lay in a position to enable him to see the hands, as they counted off the last minutes he had to live; for the doctor had informed him he had but an hour or two more remaining. As Mr. Safford entered the room, he said, "I have sent for you because I had something special to say to you before I die." He had not strength to proceed. Mr. Safford seated himself, and a silence of several minutes followed, which he thought it not best to break. At length the young man signified to him that he wished him to bend his ear to his mouth, when, in a very faint whisper, he said, "I shall die to-night. I have been very foolish and wicked. You have been all right, and I have been all wrong. I can not express in language the misery and wretchedness I have suffered in my sinful course. I must die now. It is too late to undo what I have done. I do not wish you to stay to see me die. I wish no one present who will have any sensitiveness or sympathy with me. I desired to say this, and thank you for all you have done for me. Now I wish to be left to die alone."

Early the next morning Mr. Safford went to his room. It was vacant; the spirit had departed; the lifeless clay was in its coffin. In the vigor of manhood, before he had lived out half his days, he had passed away. But the impression made upon Mr. Safford's mind by that life and that death was never effaced. He had been deeply interested for young men before, but never felt as now the importance of guarding against the first beginnings of a wrong course, for he saw how difficult it was to retrace the steps thus taken.

The following is a set of resolutions which he once assisted a young man to frame when about leaving his paternal home, as a safeguard from temptations to which he might be exposed, and which Mr. Safford knew, both from his own early experience and later observation, could not be too strenuously resisted: —

RESOLUTIONS.

1. I will rise early in the morning, and make it a rule not to be out of my boarding house after ten o'clock in the evening.

2. I will have a regular place of worship, where I will attend, forenoon and afternoon, on each Sabbath, unless prevented by sickness; and will never engage in business or amusement on that day.

3. I will endeavor to promote the interest of my employer as if it were my own.

4. I will not play with cards, nor gamble in any way, even for the smallest amount.

5. I will not drink wine, nor any other intoxicating liquor, as a beverage, under any circumstances.

6. I will not use tobacco in any way.

7. I will never visit a theater, or any other place where immoral practices are encouraged.

8. I will carefully avoid all profane language, and will not voluntarily associate with those who use it, or with those who are intemperate or dissolute in their habits.

9. I will employ my leisure time in such manner as will have a tendency to improve my mind or health.

10. I will keep an accurate account of all the money I spend, what I spend it for, and make a monthly return of the same to my father.

The above resolutions I pledge myself conscientiously to comply with.

Signed, ——— ———

The extracts which follow are from letters addressed to his two sons, one of them now in business in New

York, and the other a member of Yale College. They will not only show Mr. Safford as a father, but also the kind of advice which he was accustomed to give to young men. Such counsels can not but be valuable to all who would lay broad and deep the foundations of future usefulness and happiness. The following is to his son in college: —

October 20, 1848.

Your account is very acceptable and minute. I think it very important for you to continue this practice of keeping your accounts in detail. I am very much pleased with your habit of early rising and retiring, and doubt not, if you persevere in it, you will find it both pleasant and beneficial, especially if accompanied with systematic daily exercise.

He again writes to the same: —

January 22, 1849.

It affords me very great satisfaction to know that you have commenced your college life with so much honor to yourself, and satisfaction to the faculty of the college, and the family with whom you room and board. If you continue through your college course the habits of economy, study, exercise, and general regularity of deportment with which you have commenced, and especially if you add to these the "one thing needful," you will reflect upon it with satisfaction during the whole of your future existence. Many a man has spent life in unavailing regrets that he has wasted his college privileges. Many more will no doubt spend eternity in the same way, because they have wasted their religious privileges through life. That neither may be your case, improve the present, and thus bless the future.

He thus addresses his son in New York: —

January 26, 1849.

There is quite a rush for California here, as well as in your city. Mr J., one of my partners, thinks of going, and two or three of my journeymen. My impression is, that one half who go from these parts will lose their lives or health; a few of the remainder will make fortunes; but the great majority of those who return at all, will return as poor as they went, owing to their own misconduct or the villany of others.

To his son in college.

March 20, 1849.

Mrs. B. informs me that you and your chum have received the two highest prizes in your division. This is very gratifying to us. I hope, in all your study of books, you will not neglect the Book of books, or the duties which it requires. If it is important for us to obey the laws of the land, in order to escape their penalties and secure their rewards, how important to obey the law of God, to escape its penalties and secure its rewards! You have probably heard of Miss Lyon's death, which occurred two weeks since. She was sick but eight or ten days, of inflammation of the brain, probably occasioned by over mental exertion. Her loss is very great. The mourners are many and sincere; her reward in heaven glorious, without doubt.

I hope you do not neglect daily exercise; if the weather is unpleasant, take it in the gymnasium.

I hope you will take sufficient time at your meals, even if you sit a long while after the others have left; as eating fast is unquestionably injurious to health.

To the same.

March 31, 1849.

I congratulate you and your chum on your success; but while I do this, I must caution you against applying yourself so closely to study as to injure your eyes and health. Many an ambitious student has so injured his eyes and health, while in college, as to prevent his ever using his learning to profit, either to himself or others.

I am glad an effort is being made in behalf of temperance among the students, and hope you will aid it by personal efforts and subscriptions.

To his son in New York.

June 5, 1849.

My Dear Son: On the subject of changing your place I hardly know what to say. Frequent changes usually have an unfavorable effect upon one's character. I do not think it would be wise at any rate to leave your present situation, until you are sure of another, such as you like and your uncle would approve. If you can do that, and leave where you are with honor, I should not probably object. In that case, I should go on to New York, and see about it with you. I send this by Mr. J. B., of the firm of Palmer & Bachelders. You may have seen by the papers that I have become a limited partner in that concern, and left the old firm, "D. Safford & Co."

Your affectionate father.

To the same.

October 31, 1849.

I feel as anxious as you can that you should acquire all the knowledge possible of business during the brief period of your minority; but remember that, wherever you are, practical knowledge can only be obtained by close and persevering application.

To the same.

February 9, 1850.

My Dear Son: Since you left I have scarcely been out of the house. Dr. L. calls my illness the "shingles." If it is so, I hope I shall not need *shingling* again very soon. I hope to get out next week. I am pleased to learn that your new situation is secured. Your mother received a letter from you yesterday, of which she is quite proud. She will answer it as soon as she has attended to the wants of *all the poor and sick she knows of*. She will send you some books also, now that you have become so fond of reading. This leads me to think that a book-case would be very convenient. If you find one that suits you, you had better get it.

To the same.

July 10, 1850.

My Dear Son: Your very pleasant letter of the 8th instant was received yesterday. It is peculiarly gratifying to me to learn that your business connection is going on so pleasantly and prosperously. The only way to secure proper compensation for services, is to render them so valuable as to make it for the employer's interest to secure those services by giving such compensation.

This morning brings the melancholy intelligence of the death of our excellent president, General Taylor. How mysterious the providence that he should be taken away so suddenly, in this critical state of public affairs! But God can bring order out of confusion, and overrule for good what seems to us a great evil. Oh, how happy are they, whether nations or individuals, who have the God of Israel for their God; who in times of trouble and disappointment, public or private, can not only submit, but cheerfully acquiesce in, his providence, which extends over all his creatures, and all their actions!

To effect a change in his circumstances which might promote the health of his family, Mr. Safford, in 1851, took a furnished house and garden in Andover, for six months; but his love for Boston prevented the anticipation of any increased enjoyment for himself. He remarked, as he was preparing for the removal, that he felt very much like one who had been sentenced to the house of correction for that length of time. He, however, became very happy in his new occupations, which we allow him to describe in a letter to his son. He had not given any attention to agriculture since he left his father's farm, at the age of sixteen.

May 24, 1851.

I confess I have become much attached to our Andover home, with the various objects of interest in and around it. Corn, peas, beans, and a variety of other vegetables are showing their heads above the ground; flowers of different kinds are unfolding their beauties, and sending forth their grateful odors. The apple trees are white with blossoms; the snowballs also, and the lilacs, are in bloom. This morning I commenced mowing some of the tall grass. So much for vegetable life; now for the animal. Our horse Jenny, and cow, are in fine health and spirits, and perform their duties faithfully. Your mother has made seventeen pounds of excellent butter. We have twenty-nine chickens and fifteen young ducks. By the time you visit us, I think some of them will find their way to the gridiron or spit.

To his son in New York.

May 26, 1851.

MY DEAR SON: I know some young men get the idea that it is mean and disgraceful to economize; but is it not much more so to run into debt beyond one's ability to pay, and have the collector, and perhaps the constable, following him day after day? I should not so frequently allude to this subject, did I not regard it as indispensable to your future success and respectability.

July 5, 1851.

Our new home becomes more and more interesting as vegetation advances, and our flocks and herds increase in number and size.

September 30, 1851.

We are still at Andover, but I begin to think Boston preferable, and when it is cold and stormy I believe your mother does, although she does not like to say so.

December 23, 1851.

When I received your letter on business, I had but a little time before the mail closed, and wrote without much reflection, with a view of having you make such inquiries as are obviously necessary before coming to a decision.

I am pleased with the views expressed in your letter, and doubt not but you would get more information, and feel more interest, by being a partner in the concern, even though you should only make a living for the first year or two; that is, if you could do business in a safe way; but I should be very sorry to have you lose your capital.

If, after a full examination, it should promise to be a good and safe business, I will furnish the amount for you without much delay. I was struck with the coincidence when I read the amount named in your letter, it being the same I had calculated to furnish you with, when the time should come for you to commence business. In forming a copartnership, the most important thing to be ascertained is the moral and business character of the man or men. In Boston, I could ascertain the character and standing of almost any man, and I frequently think how pleasant it would be to have you in business here, and board at home; but if it is best for you to be in New York, I submit. That the Lord will guide you, my dear son, in this matter of business, and in all your undertakings, is the daily prayer of your ever affectionate father,

Daniel Safford.

To his son in college.

February 26, 1852.

Thursday next will be observed by the churches here as a day of fasting and prayer for colleges. I hope your college, and yourself, in particular, will receive a great blessing on that day.

The desire that Mr. Safford felt for the conversion of this son was much increased after his connection with college, not merely on account of his exposure to new temptations, but because the education he was receiving, and which he had himself always felt so much the need of, would increase his power for good or for evil in the world. It was a painful thought to him, that he might be educating a son in opposition to the cause of Christ, as he believed would prove to be the case if the latter remained unconverted. He did not often write to him directly on the subject; he depended more upon setting him a right example, expressing kind feelings, and mingling religious instruction with ordinary conversation. These were accompanied with unceasing prayer. Those of the church who were accustomed to meet upon the day of the annual concert of prayer for colleges will not soon forget his earnest request that this son might be remembered in their prayers on that day, nor the fervent pleadings which followed this appeal, from those brethren who led in prayer on that occasion.

But God saw fit to try his faith for one year more. When the son came home at the next January vacation, having now entered upon his last collegiate year, his father, after asking for the influence of the Holy Spirit to guide them both, in a private interview disclosed to him the deep feelings of his soul, and then took him to the feet of Jesus, and implored him to make this child whole, pleading especially his own example when on earth, in healing a son in answer to the earnest supplications of his father.

It was at length his great joy to receive the fulfillment of his desires. That vacation did not close until he was permitted to hear from the lips of his son an expression of his hope in the Saviour. On returning to college, the father addressed a note to Professor G., informing him of the great change, and asking for his son his counsels and prayers. In May following he had the unspeakable satisfaction of welcoming him to membership in Mount Vernon church.

To his son in New York.

January 28, 1852.

We have received a letter from your brother G., since his return to college, of a very satisfactory character. The change which appears to have taken place in him I regard as of more importance than all the wealth and honor which this world can afford combined. And why should I not? The blessing of the latter would be imperfect and temporal, that of the former perfect and eternal. In this change he was not a passive recipient, but an active agent. He set himself, by reading the Bible, by prayer, and attending religious meetings, to seek the Lord in earnest. Do, my dear son, take up this subject in earnest, and then we may hope to meet, one unbroken family, in heaven.

Your affectionate father, DANIEL SAFFORD.

The great blessing which Mr. Safford had received from God, in the conversion, as he hoped, of this son, led him to express his gratitude by doing more for others. He thought of the anxiety of parents who had sons in our city, for whom he might do something more than he was doing.

To his son in college.

February 20, 1852.

MY DEAR SON: We have just returned from our church prayer meeting. Dr. Kirk held an inquiry meeting in the committee room at the same time. He had twenty-one present, nearly all of whom indulge more or less hope that they have given their hearts to Christ.

On Sunday of last week, we invited all the young men of the congregation to visit us on Monday evening, to spend the evening partly in devotions, and partly socially, closing with some refreshments. About sixty were present, although the evening was very stormy. I told them the object of the visit, — that we might become better acquainted with them, and that they might become better acquainted with each other, — and mentioned some of the difficulties of a large congregation like ours, scattered among a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, becoming acquainted, and spoke of some of the advantages of such an acquaintance, referring also to the means by which it might be accomplished, such as the Young Men's Christian Association, the Mission Circle, and the Sunday School. After this, Dr. Kirk read from the Bible, and commented upon it, sung a hymn, and prayed. The remainder of the time was occupied in conversation, &c. Before we separated, eight young men gave me their names, proposing to form themselves into a Bible class in the Sabbath school, if I would become their teacher. One was a lawyer, one a physician, and others merchants or clerks. I told them I would not engage to become their teacher, but would meet with them. We met on last Sunday for the first time, and on Monday evening, at the mission circle, several others applied for admission to the class.

On Thursday evening of last week we had about one hundred young married people of the congregation at our house, half of whom were strangers to us, and most of them strangers to one another. The time was occupied very much as on Monday evening, when the young men were here. Before they left, a large Bible class was formed, of which Deacon P. is teacher. Both parties appeared very happy, expressed many thanks to us for the privilege, and, I believe, went away feeling that it was a suitable way of conducting a party composed of members of the same religious society. One young man kept his wife (who is pious) up nearly all night to talk and pray with him. I learned from her the next day that he would like to see me; I called at the store in which he is salesman. As soon as I entered, one of the proprietors, whom I did not know, came up, and calling me by name, said, "I am glad to see you; I suppose you have called to look after Mr. D.'s soul; he is occupied just now; you shall see him in a few moments;" and added, "There are eight young men in my store anxious." It is a very interesting fact, that in the revivals now in progress, a large proportion of the converts are young men.

Christians are looking forward with great interest to the day of prayer for colleges. How important that your class should all be brought into the fold of Christ before they graduate! Is there any special interest among the pious students, or anxiety among the impenitent? Did you find in your brother D.'s state of mind any thing more favorable? Oh, how important that he should now choose God for his portion! If I could see *him* a humble, devoted Christian, it seems to me I should be ready to adopt the language of Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Have you thought about making a profession of religion? and if so, where? As your college course is nearly closed, you will be likely to be more in Boston for a few years to come than in New Haven. I have no wish to dictate on this subject; my feelings would lead me to desire that you should unite with the Mount Vernon church, but our feelings are not always a safe guide. Your affectionate father.

To his son in New York.

April 1, 1852.

While dating this letter, it occurs to me that it is your birthday anniversary. Is it possible that you are twenty-two years old? How soon probation will close, and the retributions of eternity be commenced, never to end! Now, my son, while you are trying to make preparations for the future, in this short life, which may never come, and for which I commend you, are they not far more important for that future life which certainly will come, and will never end? Will you not be persuaded to obey the command of Christ, and seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and then all these things will be added to you?

To the same.

August 14, 1852.

Your mother and George start to-morrow for Montreal. I do not expect to accompany them, as I am engaged introducing water into the Mount Holyoke Seminary from the river below, with bathing rooms, &c.

To the same.

October 7, 1852.

I returned from South Hadley last evening, where I have been the last month, aiding in bringing into the building the water from the river back of the seminary, by means of a force pump, and conducting it, hot and cold, into all the stories. It operates very finely, and will be much for the health and comfort of the young ladies. It was my intention to visit New York before this, but so much of my time has been taken up at South Hadley, that I may not find it convenient to do so this autumn.

To the same.

March 21, 1853.

My Dear Son: In reference to the subject you now propose, I wish to say, that it is dangerous for a young man of little experience, and whose time is all taken up in business, to engage in speculation in real estate, stocks, or paper securities of any kind, as he can not compete with men of experience in those matters, who have time and facilities for investigating every security that is offered. I assure you that it requires more skill to keep money than to get it. You say you had an opportunity, a short time ago, to invest where you might have made eight per cent., and not much risk. I understand that money is worth one and one half per cent., at this time, in State Street; but *I* would not do it, for three reasons: 1st. It is unlawful; 2d. It is risky, and if I should succeed six times without loss, I might the seventh time lose all that I had made, and more too; and, 3d. I have none unemployed.

But perhaps you would say, "I would not engage in speculation; I would only make some safe and profitable investments." To that I should reply, "You would not make permanent investments, as you might soon want your funds for business, and if you depend on selling again, that makes it a matter of speculation; it may sell for more, and it may sell for less than the cost." You say, "I am very anxious to get a little ahead — to have some property." Now, my dear D., no man would rejoice more in the prosperity of a son than I should in yours. In fact, I think you are prospering. To receive —— a year is certainly doing very well; and if you had property, you would find happiness was not in that. The order which God has laid down is, "Seek first the kingdom of God, and its righteousness;" but if we reverse his order, we shall be disappointed in the result, or, what is worse, he may give us the desire of our hearts, and send leanness into our souls.

To the same.

March 31, 1853.

By this day's express I send you a watch — an English lever, with a chronometer balance — as a birthday present. After carrying a small one, you may think, at first, this is large and heavy; but I wish you to have one that will last you as long as you live, and keep good time, and you can not be so sure of this in a small, light one.

"Punctuality is the life of business," was a maxim in use long before "men traveled by steam and wrote by lightning." And if it was true then, it is more so now. Punctuality consists in being in the place appointed *at the time appointed*, not a long time before, nor a short time after. And in order to that, one must have the correct time.

To his son George.

April 7, 1853.

My Dear Son: I am very glad you have so freely mentioned the different plans you have had in mind, upon none of which you have yet decided. After four years' close study in college, you doubtless needed one year for partial relaxation, general reading, and obtaining knowledge of men and things. Some of these objects can be attained in your present situation, as well as any you would be likely to find.

As you ask my advice, I would say, taking it for granted that your intention is to study theology, my opinion is, that when your present engagement terminates, you had better commence the study of your profession in such place and manner as will be most agreeable and useful to you, without regard to any reasonable expense. If, by any thing I have said at any time, you have received the impression that I wish you to earn the means of finishing your education, I will remove that impression entirely. I am paying more or less, nearly every year, to aid young men in preparing for the ministry; and now that my own son is looking forward to that profession, I regard it as one of the greatest privileges of my life to be permitted to educate him to preach the gospel of Christ to dying men, and wherever God, in his providence, may call him.

On the mode of studying theology, whether in a seminary or out, I will state my impressions, so far as

I have any, without wishing, or even being willing, to influence you against your own judgment. As at present advised, I should think it best for you to commence in a seminary, and after two or three years, or, perhaps, after going through the whole course, spend a year or less with some good practical pastor; but of that you can judge better hereafter.

As to the place, it may be well for you to spend the first year in New York Seminary, and finish in Andover.

I trust I need not remind you that, while it is proper to ask my advice on this subject, and gratifying to me to have you, it is infinitely more important to ask wisdom of Him who giveth to all men liberally, and who has promised those who acknowledge him in all their ways that he will direct their steps.

And now, my dear son, that you may be guided in the right way, now and through life, and that your life may be one of great usefulness, is the earnest prayer of your affectionate father.

To his son in New York.

April 25, 1855.

My Dear Son: Since I saw you last I have had another attack of my heart difficulty, by which I was entirely prostrated in body and mind, having been for a time deprived of all consciousness. But by the kindness of my heavenly Father, I was soon relieved, and in a few days was nearly as well as before. Since that attack I have frequently been admonished that I am a *minute man*, and ought to hold myself ready to be summoned before my Judge at any moment.

My pecuniary affairs are arranged according to my best judgment; and although I have great occasion to mourn over my own sins, and that I have done so little for Him who has done so much for me, yet I have for the most of the time a comfortable hope that, through the abounding grace of God in Jesus Christ, to whom I endeavor daily to consecrate myself, my own soul is safe.

But there is one thought that presses upon my spirits almost constantly, and sometimes with great weight. It is that my son, my oldest son, my beloved son, has lived in God's world more than a quarter of a century, and furnished no satisfactory evidence that he has ever exercised one emotion of love or true gratitude to Him who has given him all the temporal blessings he enjoys, and who has, at such immense expense, provided a way for his pardon and eternal salvation, if he will only repent of and forsake his sins, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

If you die an impenitent, unbelieving sinner, as surely as God is true, you must go away into everlasting punishment, where will be weeping and gnashing of teeth, "where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

Do you think it hard and unkind for a father to write thus to a beloved son? It is the language of Him who so loved the world as to leave a heaven of glory and happiness for a death of greater suffering than any other being ever endured, that the world through him might be saved. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." But Christ has laid down his life for his enemies, and all the terrible threatenings and warnings of the Bible I regard as evidence of his love, as really as the invitations and promises which so abound in that book.

May 8. I had written the above, when I received your letter, stating your intention to be in Boston in a few days. I then thought I might have an opportunity to say to you all that was in my heart on this great subject; but you know I saw you only a short time, and that in company with others.

Yesterday I had a free conversation with my physician on the nature and probable result of my disease. He told me he had no doubt that ossification had taken place in some important artery connected with the heart, which was incurable; and although I might possibly live years, I was liable to die at any time, without a moment's warning; and that when I die, it is probable that my consciousness will leave me before I am aware of any immediate danger.

Think not, because you are not aware of any fatal disease upon *you*, there is time enough yet for you to prepare for death. A few days ago N. E. was apparently in as good health as you; but before his absent friends could reach him, he was called to meet his Judge. Oh, my son, do not defer this work to a future time. If you could be sure of a long life, and of being converted before you die, would it not be wicked and ungrateful in the extreme to be willing to live in rebellion against God all the best of your days? But you are not sure of long life; and if your life should be spared, the probability is, that your disinclination to repent would increase with your years.

Were I to enter your chamber, and find that the only stairway by which you could escape was on fire, and should cry out, "*Escape for your life*, or you will perish in the flames," would you not thank me, and think it very kind in me? So God, in view of a more dreadful death than that of the body, calls after you, saying, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" But suppose that, instead of thanking me for the timely warning, you should say, "I am writing a letter to send by the steamer which leaves to-day; I can not leave just now," and should remain until the stairway had fallen, and was consumed; would you not be acting quite as rationally as you do in disregarding the warnings and entreaties of your heavenly Father? There is, however, this difference: in the one case, you would lose all the enjoyment you anticipate in this world in a few years, and suffer the pains of a consuming fire a few moments, while, in the other case, you would lose the everlasting enjoyments of heaven, and suffer the eternal torments of hell. Oh, my son, do be entreated by the threatenings, the invitations, and the promises of the Bible to turn now to the Lord. Read over and over the parable of the prodigal son; notice his first thoughts of his father's house contrasted with his own condition, with the prospect of starving; then his determination to return; then his actually setting out with his face toward home; then think of the feelings and conduct of his father, who, seeing him a great way off, ran to meet him, and embraced him in all his rags. Now, this represents the feelings of God toward the penitent, returning sinner.

After reading this over, and reflecting upon the subject it presents seriously and prayerfully, will you not write me just how you feel, and what you intend to do about it, and when? Do not resolve to attend to it at some future time: by so doing, you resolve not to attend to it now; you quiet your conscience for present neglect of duty, and harden your heart against future appeals. Why can we not write and talk as freely on this subject as on any other? Is there any thing else half so important, especially if we take into account our whole existence, the future as well as the present? Surely not.

Your affectionate father.

The following was written on receiving a present of a walking cane from his two sons: —

May 26, 1855.

My Dear Sons: I have frequently thought of late that a cane would be a support to me in walking; and when I opened the box last night, and saw that beautiful one from you, I thought there was nothing of equal value that would be so acceptable to me. It exactly suits my taste in color, size, and form. The length is just right, and it is rendered doubly valuable by the names of the donors which it bears. It will be my constant traveling companion. How pleasant to be supported by my sons when walking about the city!

I can not bless you as Jacob did the two sons of Joseph, when he "worshiped, leaning on the top of his staff," but my prayer shall be, that the God of Jacob may crown you with all needed temporal blessings while you live, and that when you are called to walk through the valley of the shadow of death, his rod and staff may comfort you. And then may we all walk together the golden streets of the heavenly Jerusalem, beside that river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb, and together cast our crowns at the feet of Him who sits upon it, tuning our harps in unison with the redeemed out of every nation, in praise to Him who loved us and gave himself for us.

Your very affectionate father.

To his son in New York.

BOSTON, May 22, 1855.

MY DEAR SON: Your very kind, frank, and confiding letter of the 13th instant was duly received and repeatedly read with great pleasure and solicitude; with pleasure to learn that you are and have been thinking so seriously upon the great subject of religion, and your own salvation, which I think must be attributed to the Holy Spirit; with solicitude lest you should not yield to his gracious influences, and be left in a more hardened and hopeless state than before. You may grieve the Holy Spirit in a variety of ways. You may do it by caviling at the doctrines of the Bible; by indulging hard thoughts of God; by neglecting prayer, the reading of the Scriptures, or any other known duty; you may do it by thinking or speaking lightly of religion, in the presence of ungodly persons, thus showing that you are ashamed of Christ and his cause; and by any other sin of commission or omission.

But perhaps there is no way by which a person feeling as you say you do, "anxious to be a Christian, and determined to be one," is more likely to grieve the Holy Spirit, than by trying to work out a righteousness of his own, thus rejecting the righteousness of Christ. It is true, if you live in the neglect of any known duty, or in habitual commission of any known sin, you have no right ever to expect the favor of God. But if you should live a perfectly holy life in thought, word, and deed, from this moment to the end of your life, this would not atone for one of your past sins. The great adversary of your soul would gladly persuade you that it is presumption for you to go to Christ until you have broken off your bad habits, have prayed a great deal more, read the Bible more, felt a deeper conviction of sin, &c., &c. If the prodigal son had waited until he could procure a rich robe, shoes for his feet, and a ring for his hand, in which to meet his father, it is not likely he would ever have returned. Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance. The conduct of the father in running to embrace his son, while yet a great way off, in all his rags, was doubtless designed to represent the readiness of God to receive and welcome the penitent, believing sinner.

When the jailer came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, with the inquiry, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Paul did not tell him, You must make amends for the injuries you have done to us, or, You must perform a long round of duties, but simply, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." After that he took them into his house, washed their stripes, set meat before them, and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house. Now, my dear son, your true and only safe course is to go directly to Christ, in penitent faith, just as you are, with your feet stained with his blood, which you have so long trampled upon. And if you have got as far as this without deep conviction of sin, pray for the Holy Spirit, whose office it is to reprove of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. "Of sin because they *believe* *not on me*," as if unbelief were the greatest sin in the world. If you are troubled with wandering thoughts in prayer, or while listening to the preaching of the gospel, with pride, selfishness, or any other sin, do not try to forget it, and think that God will; but tell him all about it, especially those things that trouble you most, on account of which you feel most guilty, and ask pardon for Christ's sake. It is a great mistake that some make when they have been guilty of sin: instead of going directly to God, to confess it and ask forgiveness, they wait until a sense of guilt is a little worn off, or try to forget it, which they may do; but God never forgets.

I have recently met with a hymn, in which I am very much interested, which I copy for you, with the hope that you will adopt the language as your own.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, —
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in *thee* to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though so depraved,
So long by Satan's power enslaved,
To be by thee renewed and saved,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe.
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am — thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be thine, yea, *thine alone,*
O Lamb of God, I come.

Remember, my dear son, that religion is something between God and your own soul. Your friends can advise you, but they can not compel you to take their advice; they pray for you, but they can not repent and believe for you.

Give my love to all of our friends, but especially to H. I hope you talk freely with her upon this great subject; and I advise you to talk with your pastor also. And do not fail to write to me in the same confiding manner which you have done, and thus add to the happiness of

Your affectionate father.

This was the last letter which Mr. Safford ever wrote to this son, except a note on business, in which he remarks, "The date of my letter (October 30, 1855) reminds me that I am threescore and three years old to-day."

He was comforted by receiving evidence before his death that God had heard his prayers, and blessed his faithful efforts in behalf of this dear son; and soon after his father's death he made a public profession of his faith in Christ.

The young men who were, in various ways, aided by Mr. Safford, as already mentioned, retained a grateful respect and affection for the memory of their benefactor, and have expressed, in numerous instances, since his death, their sense of obligation to him. From the very full testimonial of one of those who was for some months a member of his family, the following extracts are subjoined : —

" It was in the year 1847 that I began to receive from Mr. Safford and his family those practical expressions of friendship and kindness which form a prominent part of the experiences of my life.

" Having come to Boston through his invitation, he secured for me almost immediately a pleasant and valuable situation, in which I remained for many years. In every perplexity and trial, when I sought his counsel, I found it to be wise and practical, and given with evident marks of gratification that it had been sought. After some years, when making an important change in my business, I found his assistance valuable, enabling me to carry out some long-cherished plans in reference to establishing myself in life ; and to the present time I am daily experiencing the good results of his influence exerted in my behalf, in matters of business.

" The aid which Mr. Safford rendered to those who regard him as their benefactor, was, I think, very frequently, *laborious* aid ; it increased his own *cares*, as well as expenses. Instead of *sending*, he would *go ;* he would plan, inspect, remove, arrange, load, unload.

I have seen him, in the latter years of his life, take off his coat, and put his shoulder to the work, with a cheerful energy which insured its speedy accomplishment. This was accompanied by a delicate regard for the feelings of those he helped — a desire to make them feel at ease. There was an ingenuity in his kindness; his cheerful smiles and quick pleasantries making the recipient feel as if he was bestowing, rather than receiving, the benefit.

"I was early impressed with Mr. Safford's kindness in reproof. A faithful friend, he did not shun to give admonition when it was needed. I well remember an instance in my own experience, the occasion for which might be charged equally to ill health and a naturally indolent disposition. Calling me aside one morning when I had been a few weeks in the situation he had obtained for me, he said, 'I was talking with Mr. B. yesterday about you; he says he likes you very well; he thinks you are capable, and will give him satisfaction; but he says you are *not quick enough*, don't step quick enough, don't run up and down stairs. Now, when you were in the country, I have no doubt you were as lively as any body; but you notice people in the city don't move as they do in the country; every one seems to be in a hurry, as if he had a great deal to do. I wished just to mention this to you, so that you might learn to step a little more briskly;' and with a pleasant smile he bade me good morning.

"During the first six months of my residence in Boston, I was, through invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Safford, an inmate of their family. I have always reverted with peculiar pleasure to this arrangement, showing, as it did, their kind feelings toward myself and relatives, saving me from the inconveniences attending the scanty pay of a boy's 'first year,' shielding me from the corruptions of a strange city, and bringing to bear upon me the hallowed influences of their own peaceful, Christian family."

CHAPTER XV.

BUSINESS AND POLITICAL LIFE.

Dissolution of Partnership. — Proposal of new Connections. — Acceptance of them. — Character as a Merchant. — Member of the Legislature of Massachusetts. — Affability. — Peacemaker.

In 1848 Mr. Safford made known to his partners in business his intention to retire from the establishment. Two months, however, had not passed before the remaining senior partner entreated him to return, saying that he should leave himself if he did not. It was with much difficulty that Mr. Safford persuaded him that, as the connection had been dissolved, it was not best to renew it. He assured him that it was wholly to favor the interests of the other partners that he had left, as he was not willing to share the profits, while he performed none of the labor, and bore scarcely any of the responsibility.

As soon as it was known, and even before it was announced, that he had retired, he received proposals from respectable mercantile houses in the city to connect himself with them. These he declined, regarding it as a hazardous experiment for a person at his period of life to enter into a new business of any kind.

At length the offer of a silent partnership, in a firm at the head of which was a brother officer of Mount Vernon church, was taken into serious and prayerful consideration. He thoroughly investigated all parts of the business, the principles on which it was conducted, and the existing state of their affairs. It was his habit to acquaint Mrs. Safford with all business matters affecting her interests as well as his own, both that he might have her opinion concerning them, and that their prayers might be united for divine guidance. This he regarded not only as "woman's rights," but as his rights also. Accordingly, with her cordial approbation, he accepted the proposals made to him, and became a member of the house of Palmer & Batchelders. The history of this connection is related, in part, in the following statement of Mr. Palmer: —

"It gave us the most sincere pleasure to be able to pay liberal dividends to Mr. Safford, for we could not doubt that he became our partner as much to oblige us as to promote his own interest. Indeed, I have always traced the origin of his connection with our firm to a circumstance which occurred some years before, and which peculiarly exhibited the kindness of his heart.

"On the death of a former partner, we were called to pay out his capital at a time when it was peculiarly disadvantageous to do so. Mr. Safford, on learning the fact, (although we were not then on those familiar terms which have existed since,) came in one day, and made several inquiries as to how we were likely to get on, and what terms of settlement we had made with the estate of the deceased partner. A day or two after he called again, and said, 'I did not ask those questions the other day from mere curiosity, or without a motive. I have been thinking that it must have been at considerable sacrifice that you so speedily and honorably settled up with the estate, and that possibly you might need some assistance in carrying forward your future plans of business. I have mentioned the subject to a Christian brother, and proposed that if he would furnish you with five thousand dollars, I would put in the same amount. He readily consented, and now the ten thousand are at your service for five years, without security, for simple interest.' This offer, which was entirely unsolicited and unexpected, was gratefully accepted; and the disinterested friendship it evinced induced an intimacy of business relations which resulted, a few years afterward, in our partnership, when the business which this generous loan had increased would justify the employment of a still larger capital. As this connection became from year to year more profitable to brother Safford, I could but regard it as a fulfillment of the promise, 'The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.'"

His connection with these gentlemen continued until his death, seven years afterward. The oldest partner was one of like spirit with himself, a "brother beloved;" and toward the others he soon learned to exercise a kind and fatherly friendship. At the close of the first year, Mr. Safford's share of the profits was so large, that when he considered the two younger partners had borne the burden and done the labor, in which he had not participated, he, on receiving it, passed over a thousand dollars into their hands.

"He was," says Mr. Palmer, "a merchant of liberal and enterprising policy, clear in his perceptions, sound in judgment, and conscientious in all his dealings. A prominent trait of his business character was, the carefulness of his examinations into a project before making an engagement. All the bearings of an enterprise were duly considered before he would embark in it; and often his keen foresight would discover obstacles to success which escaped the vision of those who had been longer on the post of observation than himself. But when once committed to a course, he never faltered, but met the responsibilities involved in it fearlessly and promptly."

He regarded it as a remarkable favor of God that he was thus furnished with the means for gratifying his desire to do good, more liberally than ever before, after he gave up the care of business, and devoted all his time to benevolent objects. This was unexpected to him; but he trusted in the Lord, when he saw, as he thought, the time had arrived for him to make the change, and endeavored to do good, and accordingly received the fulfillment of the promise, "Thou shalt dwell in the land, and verily thou *shalt be fed.*"

Allusion has already been made to the fact that Mr. Safford was at different times called by his fellow-citizens to serve as a member of the legislature of the state. The following brief statement of his character in this capacity has been kindly furnished by a gentleman who, having served as chaplain in the same body, is well qualified to speak on this subject: —

"Deacon Safford was no politician. But he was a patriot, and never shrunk from any responsibility which the public necessities seemed to impose. He was not ambitious of official rank, yet he accepted such positions of civil trust as he felt he could consistently fill, respectfully declining all besides. He was urged by friends in high esteem to be a candidate for mayor of the city of Boston, but, for reasons satisfactory to himself, he declined all such overtures. In the autumn of 1833, on his return from a journey, he found he had been chosen, during his absence, a representative to the General Court of his state. In 1835, 1836, and 1837, he was reëlected to the same office. In 1845 and 1846 he represented the county of Suffolk in the Senate of his state, and in the session of 1846 he was chairman of the standing committee on accounts. As a legislator he was modest, seldom speaking, never at length; yet he was ever found punctual in his place. He always examined carefully every subject requiring action, and voted as his intelligence and conscience dictated, whether alone or with the multitude. He was a very close observer of all that occurred; so that, with his characteristic good sense and sound judgment, though a more than ordinary silent, yet he was a more than ordinary efficient and useful member of each house in its turn.

"But he did not content himself with exerting an influence in this one direction alone. He labored in 1833, at the very commencement of his legislative career, to secure the organization of a legislative temperance society; and very soon he had the joy of complete success. His excellency, the governor, signed the temperance pledge, in imitation of whose good example many members of both houses signed it also; and a series of legislative temperance meetings in the representatives' hall was inaugurated, which have been continued at every session until the present time.

"Still further true to his instincts as a Christian, in

1836 he invited all the members of both branches, who were so disposed, to come on Saturday evening to his house, for a season of prayer. And the meeting thus begun was continued every week during that and the session of 1837. Then, comparatively few of the members of either house returned to their homes to spend the Sabbath. This prayer meeting afforded a delightful and useful mode of occupying Saturday evenings, of which many availed themselves. It was every way agreeable to him, and very pleasant to them."

An incident occurred while Mr. Safford was in the Senate which has been related to us to illustrate his habitual courtesy and kindness toward all, without distinction. A carpenter, who had a large family depending upon his daily labor for support, was without employment, and felt much depressed on that account. He says, "As I was passing down Park Street one day I was overtaken by Mr. Safford. He saluted me in his usual pleasant manner, and then observed, 'You look sad; is business dull?' Finding he had judged correctly, he immediately passed his arm within mine, and drew from me a statement of my affairs. He walked on, expressing interest and sympathy, suggesting a course to me which he thought would relieve me from my embarrassment, and promised to use his influence in my favor. It was in the middle of the day, and I was in my working dress; it was in a public part of the city, and he was constantly being saluted by his friends. I became very uneasy, because I thought that I must be subjecting him to mortification, and made more than one effort to drop his arm. At length he paused, and, in a tone of pleasantry, said, 'What is the matter? Are you *ashamed* to be seen walking with me?'"

Besides his services in the legislature, Mr. Safford was often called to arbitrate in cases of difficulty between neighbors and friends, to settle estates, and to advise in the adjustment of family differences. "He was," says a ministerial friend, "early known as a peacemaker. Being from principle and habit thorough in investigation, naturally self-possessed and independent in his opinions, and withal so affectionate and accessible, he easily secured the confidence he so preeminently deserved, and which he never betrayed. Patiently and attentively hearing the statements of all sides in the controversy, he invited and secured the confidence of each of the parties, and thus, when in possession of all the facts, his clear, sound judgment enabled him to draw the lines, and usually bring the contending parties together.

"Such qualities fitted him for great usefulness and great influence in ecclesiastical councils, where he was frequently called. Few laymen or clergymen ever had more influence in these bodies than he, when it seemed to him some important principle was at issue and endangered, for the rescue of which he ought to exert himself. He talked less than most, but his utterances usually carried conviction that few could produce or resist.

"He was a member of an ecclesiastical council a few years previous to his death, when an excommunicated member complained that the church, under the ruling of the pastor, had proceeded quite contrary to the rules of Congregationalism, and had thus wrongfully cut him off. To sustain the complainant, who was evidently in the wrong, to say the least, would implicate the pastor, who had as evidently gone quite beyond his prerogatives. The testimony was full and clear on both those points. The case was skillfully managed on the part of the church and its pastor. There was a full discussion by the council when by themselves. By appointment, a former pastor of Deacon Safford prepared a result entirely exonerating the minister, and made an earnest speech in its defense. No one immediately replying, Deacon Safford arose, and in a few fitting words expressed his high respect for ministers of the gospel, and his great reluctance, by word or vote, to cast even a seeming censure upon any of them; 'but truth,' he added, 'has higher claims than they.' In a few forcible and plain sentences he presented the case as it seemed to him, and as it was in fact; he gave the reasons why he could not vote for the result as it had been presented; and closed by saying, if it was adopted, he should insist upon having his protest entered upon the minutes of the council, and that as much for the sake of the ministry as for the party now aggrieved. As soon as he sat down, the author of the result, whispering to the brother who was sitting near him, said, 'There is no such thing as resisting Deacon Safford's common sense logic.' Another result was quickly prepared, in accordance with the views Deacon Safford had expressed, and it was at once unanimously adopted."

CHAPTER XVI.

CONNECTION WITH BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

Efforts to gather the Poor into Places of Worship. — Elected President of the City Missionary Society. — Deacon Farnsworth's Statement. — How to preserve Health. — Extracts from private Journal. — "Deacon Safford's Party." — Statement of Deacon Cushing. — Member of the Prudential Committee of the A. B. C. F. M. — Rev. Mr. Treat's Statement. — Director of the House of Industry. — Old Ladies' Home, &c.

NOTWITHSTANDING the success which had attended the enterprise of founding Mount Vernon Church, there was one cherished object which Mr. Safford did not at once see accomplished so fully as he wished. The *poor* had not been gathered in. There were empty seats in the Sabbath school, and also in the church, which he earnestly desired should be filled by them. He was not sure that the majority of the church would approve of this, as the prevailing policy seemed to be to gather such into mission schools by themselves. It was at his own suggestion that a vote was taken by the church on this subject, and found to be in favor of the measure. In this his heart rejoiced. Returning from the meeting, he said, "Now we will fill all our vacant seats with the poor." Several young persons enlisted in the undertaking. The mission circle at that time were devoting their contributions to sustain labor for the Grand Ligne mission, in Canada; but they resolved to combine with it the clothing of poor children, and the managers entered at once into the field. Mr. Safford interested himself very much in these efforts, engaging in them personally, becoming himself that winter a true city missionary. From sixty to seventy children were gathered into the Sabbath school, and a number of the parents came to church. Often they were seen seated upon the steps of the gallery pews, all the seats being filled.*

As he looked around upon this pleasant sight, Mr. Safford said, "*Now* I believe God will bless Mount Vernon Church." He found, in his walks among the poor this winter, five heads of families who were intemperate. These he persuaded to sign the temperance pledge, and visited them repeatedly, — often upon the Sabbath, — to encourage them to keep the day holy. Of twelve families thus brought to church, four of the parents had long been drunkards. Among them was a valuable engineer in a manufacturing establishment, who had not before attended church for eleven years, and for eighteen years had been in the habit of spending the Sabbath in drinking. Mr. Safford's efforts with this man resulted in his becoming permanently temperate, and an habitual attendant on divine worship, with his family, hiring a pew himself. The man also induced his employer, and all his fellow-workmen, several of whom, like himself, had been intemperate, to sign the pledge.

Many of the poor children thus gathered were allowed to come to Mr. Safford's house in the morning of the Sabbath, to be washed and dressed; and more than a dozen of the rudest boys during the season spent the intermission there, and were provided with their dinner, to secure their attendance at church in the afternoon. These children were from the very lowest grade of society. At first, when in his house they were noisy, and on being let out, on their way to church, the boys would shout and whistle, and the little girls would sing, some running on before him, and some in the rear. In the school they did not know how to behave properly, for they were wholly uncivilized.

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* One Sabbath morning, a young Irish woman appeared in the porch, with her baby in her arms. She insisted that the sexton should take her to Mr. Safford's own pew. "Himself invited me; *indade* he did."

Mr. Safford's attention had never before been so thoroughly awakened to the duty of the churches toward this class of people in our large towns and cities. He could not approve the policy of erecting elegant houses of worship, and then sitting down in them to enjoy the blessed hopes and privileges of the gospel, while the poor heathen at the door of these sanctuaries were left to perish. Often did he express the fear that the church was satisfying herself with contributing in money for distant millions, for whose good others were toiling. He deemed it a duty not only to *send* the gospel, but to *take* it also ourselves to the perishing within our reach, wherever they were accessible.

In 1850 Mr. Safford was elected president of the City Missionary Society of Boston, which office he held until his death. He entered upon its duties with great interest and diligence. His predecessor in it — Deacon Farnsworth — says, —

"My long acquaintance with him, extending back to the organization of the Franklin Street Church, in 1835, has left upon my mind a deep impression of the power of example. At the time Deacon Safford assumed this office I saw a good deal of him, and talked freely with him. I believe I was the first to suggest him as a most suitable person for it, if he could be induced to take the position. I well remember the remark made to me by Mrs. Safford soon after his acceptance of the office: 'I am greatly obliged to you for getting my husband into business.' This remark expressed what was emphatically true, viz., that with Deacon Safford the service of God was the *business* of his life; and to that simple fact, it appears to me, we can attribute the unusually large amount of good which he was enabled to accomplish. His connection with the City Missionary Society was a most important event. In this labor his whole soul was engaged, and his prudent, judicious, beautifully symmetrical Christian character was fully and most favorably exhibited."

After entering upon these labors, he met one day in the street a retired merchant, who took him by the hand, and said, "Mr. Safford, how well and cheerful you look! You must be in perfect health." "I was never in better health," he replied. "Will you tell me," said the gentleman, "how it is that you keep your health and spirits so good? What do you do with yourself, now that you have no business? *I* am often at a loss what to do; my time passes heavily, my health suffers, and I frequently wish myself back in my business again." Mr. Safford answered, "I was never more pressed for time than I am now, and if you will spend one day with me, you shall see what I do with myself. There are thousands of poor, neglected children in the city; our missionaries are looking after them, and I am now on my way to Kilby Street, to receive the contributions in goods of some of our merchants, to aid in clothing them, that they may attend the day and Sunday schools. This is a specimen of the employments which occupy my time in these days."

The following memoranda of the labors of a single month, copied from his private record, will show more fully the nature of these employments: —

"March 7, 1850. Commenced a neighborhood meeting among the colored people in May Street, assisted by Deacon K.; room full; three appeared anxious for their souls' salvation.

"8*th*. Distributed tracts in West Margin Street. Most of the inhabitants Roman Catholics; all but two received tracts; saw the heads of all the families, and had more or less conversation with all.

"9*th*. Called on Mr. Samuel Lawrence, who subscribed fifty dollars for city missions, and said he would find employment for at least fifty boys, and as many girls, from fourteen to twenty years of age.

"10*th*. Induced a family of seven, including a father, mother, and five children, to attend Bowdoin Street Church and Sabbath school, after they had been clothed by a company of ladies who met at our house on Friday last.

"11*th*. Weather cold and clear; visited Dr. C. in the evening; bought one share in Boston and Sandwich Glass Company, for Rev. Mr. H.; par value, one hundred dollars; cost ninety-two dollars and a half.*

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* Mr. Safford was often employed by clergymen, as well as widows, minor children, domestics, and others, to invest for them their

"15*th.* Found a family, consisting of a father, mother, two sons, and three daughters, who arrived here from Ireland about nine months since. All are members of the Episcopal church, but being strangers, had not found a house of worship where they could have a seat.

"16*th.* Induced an intemperate man, who has a wife and seven children, to sign a temperance pledge, and found employment for him.

"*Sunday*, 17*th.* Went with the Episcopal family found on Friday last to Christ's Church, in Salem Street, and obtained a good pew for them, free of expense, and gave them a letter to the rector of that church. Also carried two children into the Bowdoin school.

"18*th.* In the evening attended a meeting at No. 6 North Charles Street; sixteen present, in all; most of them do not attend church any where; left the meeting in charge of brothers B. and B., who will attend it in future.

"19*th.* Spent the day in collecting for the society, and in writing.

"20*th.* Spent a part of the day in getting subscriptions for the City Missionary Society, and a part in visiting the poor.

"21*st.* Found an American family that did not attend any church. They appeared thankful for the offer of a pew, and agreed to go next Sabbath. Ap-

small funds; and it was mentioned by him with much satisfaction, near the close of his life, that only in a single case was any loss incurred from these investments.

pointed a weekly evening meeting at Mr. Nixon's, five houses back of 34 South Margin Street, Tuesday evenings, at half past seven o'clock.

"22*d*. Spent the day in visiting and collecting. In the evening, presided at the church meeting, the pastor being sick.

"23*d*. Snow storm all day; collected a hundred and fifty dollars from a friend of missions."

The officers of the City Missionary Society included all the Trinitarian Congregational pastors in the city, and one layman from each of their churches. To secure their attendance, and keep alive their interest in the society, every February during the six years of Mr. Safford's connection with it, he invited them, with their wives, to spend an evening at his house. This was the annual meeting of the board of managers for organization, choice of committees, and transaction of other business.

While the gentlemen were thus engaged, the ladies held a meeting for prayer, in another apartment. After a year or two, the missionaries in the employment of the board were also invited to be present, and numerous other guests who were interested, or whom Mr. Safford desired to interest in the cause.

After the business and the prayer meeting, a short time was given for social conversation; the serving of supper followed; and then the guests all assembled in the parlors, and listened to short statements from some of the missionaries, intermingled with addresses from others, and the exercises closed with united praise and prayer. This was called "*Mr. Safford's party.*"

A fuller account of the society, and of Mr. Safford's connection with it, has been kindly furnished by a gentleman who was associated with him in this work.

"This society was organized in 1816, under the name of 'The Boston Society for the Religious and Moral Instruction of the Poor.' It had been very efficient in its efforts for the spiritual welfare of the city, in the organization of Sabbath schools, the distribution of tracts, sustaining preaching for sailors, and chapels for the poor, and in kindred labors; but for several years its operations had been limited, its policy had been frequently changed, and the interest of the churches in its work had greatly diminished.

"The election of Mr. Safford to its presidency marked a new era in its history. He devoted himself with assiduity and energy to the promotion of its interests, and under his direction its operations were greatly extended, and its efficiency increased beyond that of any former period. The receipts of the society rose from twenty-eight hundred to eighty-five hundred dollars per annum, and the number of missionaries employed, from two to twenty-two.

"He was remarkable for order and system in all his personal affairs, and he saw at once that these were especially necessary in extended missionary efforts. The fields of labor, the results sought to be secured, and the instruments and influences to be used, were clearly defined. Books of record and forms of reports were introduced, so that the labors of the missionaries, properly classified, might be known from month to month; and the missionaries were thus made to feel their responsibility, not only to God, but to the society under whose direction they labored. All the operations of the society were brought under strict and constant supervision.

"Perhaps the most important measure secured by his influence was the employment of female missionaries. He saw at once that devoted, pious women would exert an influence for good, especially over females and children, in many families where male missionaries would not be admitted, or, being admitted, would fail to secure the confidence of those visited; that the gentleness and sympathy of woman peculiarly fitted her to visit the sick and suffering poor. The results have proved the wisdom of the measure. Two thirds of the missionaries now employed by this society are females, and its recent reports show that much of its success results from their labors.

"There was one strong desire of his heart which he failed to secure — the union of all evangelical Christians in this good work. He always felt that there should be nothing sectarian in its character. The society, at his suggestion, employed missionaries of different denominations, and his instructions to them, as to the manner and spirit in which they should prosecute their work, were always remarkable for their catholicity.* He spent much time in laboring to induce the evangelical churches of different denominations to unite as one in missionary operations among the poor and neglected classes; but in this he was not successful. Only one church was induced to unite with this society before his death, though another has since followed its example. If any man could have secured such a union, it was Mr. Safford; for none ever possessed more fully the confidence and affection of Christians of all denominations; but the time had not yet come. He always rejoiced in the belief that it was *coming*.

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* Evidence of his truly catholic spirit is seen in an effort he made as early as 1834. A young man, who was preparing for the ministry in the Baptist Theological Seminary at Newton, was in the habit of coming into Boston on Saturday, and superintending a Sunday school in Broad Street, composed of Irish Roman Catholic children. His labors attracted the attention of Mr. Safford, and he said, "That young man must be brought into the city; he has the right spirit, and is just the man for a city missionary." He addressed a note to

"His heart and his hand were always open for the poor, and he never turned a deaf ear to the tales of suffering and sorrow which the missionaries brought to his notice. Their 'poor's purse' was seldom empty, for he had such influence in the community, without regard to sect, that men gave liberally when he told them of want and destitution. All believed that whatever went through his hand would be well bestowed, and men who had little sympathy with his religious views confided in him as their almoner, and did not doubt that others, under his direction, must be discreet.

him, asking him whether, when his course in the Seminary should be finished, he would accept the position, provided his support could be secured to him. This letter he showed to a friend, who took the hint and raised a subscription. Mr. H. came; continued his labors in Broad Street, opened another school in Commercial Street, out of which grew the Baptist Bethel, and a third in Chambers Street, which originated a church, of which he became the pastor, containing more than three hundred members, who were nearly all converted under his ministry. When directing the efforts of the missionaries, Mr. Safford always desired them to gather the families into the nearest evangelical church which would receive them, without regard to the denomination.

"He met with the missionaries, from week to week, for prayer and mutual counsel. He sympathized with them in their difficulties and trials, rejoiced with them in their successes, and commended them and the objects of their labor to God in fervent prayer. They loved him as a brother, and respected him as a father. His benignant countenance, the warm grasp of his hand, and words of cheerful greeting, were as a cordial, refreshing them when weary and worn with care and labor; and they went from his presence with renewed courage and love for the work of visiting the poor, relieving their sufferings, and pointing them to Him who, 'though he was rich, for their sakes became poor, that they through his poverty might be rich.'"

In 1852 Mr. Safford was elected a member of the prudential committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and continued as such till his death. Of his character and services in this capacity, Rev. Mr. Treat, one of the secretaries, writes as follows: —

"No one can expect to reach the highest point of usefulness as a member of the prudential committee, till he has been an attendant upon its meetings for a number of years. The questions which we are called to consider and decide have certain relations, for the most part, to other questions which have gone before. There is a history of facts, as also a history of principles, which needs to be mastered in order to the formation of a reliable judgment. Deacon Safford felt this difficulty, as others had felt it, and waited patiently for the knowledge that should enable him to take a more active part in our deliberations.

"His opinions were becoming more and more valuable every year, and, had he enjoyed the long training of some of his associates, he would have been very useful. If I were to specify the mental attribute which seemed to me most conspicuous, I should say that it was 'common sense.' His manner of looking at questions was simple and practical. He was never hasty in his judgments; on the contrary, in cases which he did not fully understand, as he supposed, he was sure to say but little. But when he had satisfied himself, after due reflection, there was no hesitancy. Nothing, I am sure, could have induced him to deviate from the path of rectitude.

"In justice to Deacon Safford, it should be stated that he was always prompt, always courteous, always ready to do whatever was assigned to him. Our remembrance of him is exceedingly pleasant. There is great need of just such men in all our churches, as well as in our benevolent organizations. Would that there were more of them."

Mr. Safford's connection with this committee awakened in him feelings of strong attachment and deep sympathy for the members of the board. He often spoke of the weight of responsibility devolving upon them, the great variety of matter coming before them in their weekly sessions, to which they gave so freely their time and absorbing attention, and "all for love, and nothing for reward." He used to say, "How little do those who contribute only their money to this cause know commonly of the perplexing and harassing questions to be decided by this committee!" Especially was his mind impressed, as he observed the weight of care and anxiety connected with the office of the secretaries. His feelings toward the senior secretary are indicated in the following letter written by him while in Europe, in view of an effort then in progress for securing to that officer the unembarrassed ownership of his house, which enterprise, through the favor of Providence, was completely successful. The letter was addressed to Henry Hill, Esq., Boston.

MILAN, September 7, 1855.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I am glad to learn that some effort is making for the payment of Dr. Anderson's debt, [for his house.] When I consider how long, how steadily, how earnestly, how ably, and how successfully he has labored to carry out the last expressed desire of our adorable Saviour; how he has ever been willing "to spend and be spent" that the gospel might be preached to the heathen; and when I think what his talents might have commanded in some other sphere, I agree fully in the opinion that the whole debt of four thousand dollars might and should be paid by the friends of Dr. Anderson; and it should be done without much delay, that he may have the comfort of thinking, if he should be taken away by death, that his family would not be left without a shelter. It does appear to me that if some judicious, proper person would assist you in this matter, it might be done in a few weeks, and in a way not materially to affect other charitable objects. To encourage a speedy effort, I will pay one hundred dollars for each thousand that shall be subscribed for this object before January next, and I do sincerely hope the whole amount will be raised. When any sum becomes due from me on the conditions above named, you may call on Deacon Palmer for the money, and show him this letter, which will be a sufficient order on him for the amount thus due. Yours truly,

DANIEL SAFFORD.

Besides his connection with these institutions of benevolence, he was, for several years, a director of the House of Industry, and a member, and one of the vice presidents, of the board of directors of the Institution for Aged and Indigent Females, to which he had contributed five hundred dollars. He was also for many years a director of the Penitent Females' Refuge, and connected, more or less intimately, with various other charitable societies for the relief of the needy, and the promotion of the cause of the Redeemer

CHAPTER XVII.

TRAVELING FOR HEALTH.

Impaired Health. — Journey to the Western States. — To Canada. — With Mrs. Reid, to Rhode Island. — Second Voyage to Europe. — Liverpool. — Chester. — Dublin. — Cork. — Lakes of Killarney. — Belfast. — Glasgow. — Edinburgh. — The Highlands. — London. — Paris. — Brussels. — Aix. — The Rhine. — Frankfort. — The Salt Mines. — Munich. — Through Switzerland to Italy. — Milan. — Verona. — Venice. — Florence. — Leghorn. — Rome. — Naples. — Marseilles. — Homeward Voyage.

After Mr. Safford had spent three successive winters in the legislature, his health was found to be much impaired. The difficulty in his heart, from which he had suffered more or less for many years, had increased to an alarming degree, owing, it was thought, to protracted sittings in a crowded house, without proper ventilation, it being previous to the enlargement of the session chamber. His physician advised that he should spend his summers thereafter in traveling, as the means most likely to prolong his life. Of this he had heretofore done little, except for purposes of business. His occupations had been too numerous, and his interest in them too deep, to permit it. He would, indeed, have enjoyed journeying very much; but before he could decide thus to spend time and money, there must be some object out of himself more weighty than his own gratification. He often said, "I should never leave Boston in the summer, or make any change, on my own account."

Acting under this advice of his physician, he now planned a journey for health, yet blending with it efforts for the benefit of others. Miss Lyon, of the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, was at this time greatly worn, both in body and mind, and in need of the relaxation of a journey; and he desired also to visit a relative in the west, who was reduced in circumstances, and had not been heard from for a long time. Accordingly, at his invitation, Miss Lyon accompanied him and Mrs. Safford, by way of Niagara Falls, as far as Ohio, where she stopped with a brother. After much inquiry, Mr. and Mrs. Safford found their lost relative in the wilderness of Michigan, in a condition to greatly need their advice and aid. He accordingly added this family to the many already dependent upon him; purchased a house the use of which he gave them free of rent, and during the remaining years of his life was a father to them, taking afterward several journeys on their account. At this time he passed through the States of Michigan and Illinois by stage coach as far as Quincy, then down the Mississippi to St. Louis, and from thence to Guyandotte, and through the State of Virginia, to Washington. His health was much benefited by this journey of several thousand miles, occupying more than two months.

The next summer he visited Canada, spending two or three weeks in the mission at Grand Ligne, and encouraging the hearts and strengthening the hands of the missionary laborers in that field. In 1844 the health of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Reid, — who had been a very devoted Christian woman, and, as a minister's wife, indefatigable in her endeavors for the good of others, — was found to be rapidly declining. He had little hope of a permanent restoration, but earnestly desired to do what he could to render her remaining days as comfortable as possible; and this summer he planned his journey with reference to her, inviting her and her son to accompany him at his own expense; and after her return, hearing that her prospect of recovery was still diminishing, he took a journey in his chaise to Tiverton, Rhode Island, then the place of her residence, provided a nurse for her, and continued his kind attentions till her death in the February following.

In 1846, as already recounted, he accompanied his pastor, Dr. Kirk, to Europe, as a delegate to the World's Evangelical Alliance.

In 1853 he again crossed the Atlantic, with his wife, whose health was delicate, and who, it was hoped, might be benefited by the voyage. Some of the particulars of it are subjoined, taken mostly from his journal and letters.

Monday, May 11th, 1853. Left, in steamer Canada, for Liverpool, with Mrs. Safford. The weather on Wednesday and Thursday was mild and pleasant, and the sea uncommonly smooth. At night a thick fog coming up delayed our arrival at Halifax until six A. M. on Friday. During the four or five days following the weather was cold and stormy. On the 18th, weather clear, but not cold, so that we were able to remain on deck. During the greater part of the passage, however, many of the gentlemen, and most of the ladies, were seasick; many, including Mrs. Safford, being confined to the cabin. I have not been sick myself, although we had at one time a heavy blow from the south-west, which tossed the vessel about like an egg shell. On the whole, the passage was a more favorable one than the former.

We arrived at Liverpool Dock at ten o'clock on Sunday morning, eleven days from Boston. At noon, found ourselves most comfortably established in Mrs. Blodgett's excellent boarding-house. As it was too late for the morning service, we rested until evening, when we attended the church of Dr. Raffles. A collection was taken for the Liverpool Town Missionary Society, which employs twenty-four lay missionaries, in a manner similar to the Boston society.

23*d.* Walked about the town, and were much pleased with the cleanliness of the streets and the general order which prevailed, as well as with the public buildings, and many of the warehouses, especially those in Bold Street. After dinner, Mr. and Mrs. J. called with their carriage, and gave us a delightful drive of some fifteen miles about the suburbs, through a country in the highest state of cultivation, and having many splendid residences.

25*th.* Left for Dublin at ten A. M., *via* Chester, Bangor, and Holyhead. Stopped a few hours at Chester, an old walled city of thirty thousand inhabitants. Visited the cathedral, nearly eight hundred years old. Portions of it had crumbled to ruins, and were repaired about eighty years ago. A part of the original walls are still standing, though probably not a particle of the original surface is left. St. John's Church, as appears from an inscription on the wall, was built A. D. 689, and is now, therefore, eleven hundred and sixty-three years old. Much of the building is in ruins, though a portion has been repaired, and is used as a place of worship. At Bangor, visited the suspension and tubular bridges across the Menai Straits. Each span is four hundred feet in length, and more than one hundred feet above high water. Visited Conway and Penrhyn Castles, and the Penrhyn slate quarry, where three thousand hands are employed. I was very much interested in it. Left Bangor on Thursday, at five P. M., and arrived at Dublin, by steamer from Holyhead, at twelve o'clock the same night.

Dublin, 26*th*. During the day looked about the town, and in the evening attended a social meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, where about two hundred ladies and gentlemen were assembled from different countries. After a cup of tea and some plain cake, the evening was passed in devotional exercises, familiar conversation, and hearing the statements of persons from other lands, some of whom are visiting Dublin on account of the great Exhibition, which is just opened. The Rev. Mr. Roussel, of Paris, was present, and related what had been done there. Two gentlemen from Scotland spoke, together with myself. I gave some account of the City Missionary Society, in Boston, which awakened much interest, especially in reference to the Irish Roman Catholics, and the employment of *women* in the work, which was a new feature to them. Having been deprived of the social meetings of the church for some weeks, it was like a green spot in the desert thus to meet with some two hundred warm-hearted Christians of different denominations, and to join with them in singing the hymn, "There is a land of pure delight," &c.

28th. Made an excursion through County Wicklow, where much of the scenery is beautiful beyond description. Visited Bray, Glenmore, Glen of the Downs, Dargle, &c. Returning, took tea and passed the evening with Rev. Mr. King, meeting Mr. Roussel, of Paris, and others.

Sabbath, 29th. At twelve o'clock went to the Rev. Dr. Elkins' Independent Church, and, upon invitation, partook of the Lord's supper. Our names were publicly announced, and we were welcomed. The church to which we belonged, and our pastor, were particularly remembered in prayer; the services were about three hours long; preaching extemporaneous, and very good.

30th. Started by railway for Cork, one hundred and sixty-five miles, through the counties of Kildare, Queen's, Kilkenny, and Limerick, observing on our way many ruins of castles, towers, churches, and other objects of interest. Some of the round towers are supposed to be more than two thousand years old. One, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high, appears to be in perfect order and preservation. The land in the south of Ireland is generally very good — much better than in the northern part; but in some large districts, it is lying waste, or nearly so. The mud houses, in which all of the poorer class live, are usually without windows, or any light, except what may come through the open door. Many are fallen down, and their inhabitants gone to America or to the poorhouses.

In Cork, I visited the County Jail, Lunatic Asylum, Ragged Industrial School, and Poorhouse, all of which are objects of much interest. In the latter are more than four thousand persons, many of whom are the most horrible and distressed objects I have ever seen. In the hospital there are seventeen hundred persons, with all manner of diseases, and some dying almost hourly.

The country around Cork is most beautiful. There are many fine residences, the grounds about which are enchanting. Americans are evidently much respected and honored by Irish gentlemen and ladies. Our own treatment in Cork is in proof. We went without letters of introduction to any one; we stopped at the Imperial Hotel, kept by a Scotch lady, who had gone to London, leaving in charge a daughter, a very interesting and intelligent lady. We inquired of her about the Independent and Presbyterian Churches and pastors. Learning we were from America, she invited us to take seats in her carriage after dinner, drive about the city, and call on her pastor, of the Presbyterian Church, which we readily accepted. When we came out from dinner, we found the minister of the Independent Church, and one of his deacons, waiting to see us. The deacon said his family were expecting us to take tea with them, a little out of the city, and would suit our convenience as to the hour. This we agreed to do at seven o'clock. On arriving at the gate, which was opened by the porter, we drove through a circuitous road, shaded by trees, to his mansion. After tea, family worship, and two or three hours of pleasant conversation, and some music from the daughter, we were accompanied by the pastor to our hotel. On leaving us, he said we were expected to breakfast with Deacon McMullen (another of his deacons) at nine o'clock the next morning, and he would call for us. Accordingly, at the time appointed, he came, and walked with us about a mile and a half to the house of Deacon M. Most of the way was shaded by a thick row of trees on either side, and on one a beautiful stream of water, clear as crystal. We ascended the side of the hill, which runs the whole length of the city, to the deacon's house, from which we had a fine view, both of the city and surrounding country. Here we were very cordially received by the family, and two mothers in Israel, who had been invited there. After breakfast, family worship, and about two hours of familiar conversation, most of which had a religious tendency, and which made us feel much at home, we were told the carriage was at the door, and we were invited to ride with the deacon to Blarney Castle, which we explored with great interest, and returned in time for dinner with them at five o'clock. After this we went to the chapel, and heard the Rev. Mr. Henderson preach his usual weekly lecture — an excellent extemporaneous discourse. After the lecture, we were invited to take tea at the house of two maiden ladies, whom I shall call Martha and Mary. Here we found the pastor, deacons, and other members of the church, and some Episcopalians and Presbyterians, to the number of forty or fifty, in a very large room. The good ladies were very particular to place their pastor at one end of the room and myself at the other, and then he began to question me about our church, social and public meetings, how we admitted members, necessary qualifications, &c., and all about our charitable institutions and missionary operations, all of which kept me talking until eleven o'clock. The idea of female prayer meetings was new to them. They were so much interested, that, just before we left Cork, several ladies came to our rooms at the hotel, and commenced a prayer meeting, which they intended to continue.

Wednesday, June 1. We accepted an invitation from our landlady to breakfast in her private parlor; after which, with a very agreeable party of eight persons, including the pastor and his wife, and Deacon and Mrs. McMullen, we took an excursion down the river to Queenstown, which has one of the best harbors in the world. Along the banks of the river, and shores of the harbor, the scenery was very beautiful. In Cork, we visited the Ragged Industrial School. The children are, or were, mostly Roman Catholic; some have no homes, but sleep in the streets or yards, and most are but little better off. The teacher said most of the boys were pickpockets. They have clean hands and faces, but their clothes are ragged. They seem to be attentive, and to be getting a good knowledge of the Bible, which is read to them by the teachers, a few verses at a time, explained, and then questions asked. The school is supported by a society, at an expense of about eight hundred dollars per annum. When it was first opened, the Roman Catholic priests came in front of the building, and cursed the school and all who attended it, and large boys came with clubs, to beat the boys and girls; but the school was defended by the police, and now has rest and quiet.

The county Jail is considered in this country a model institution, and in neatness and order is quite equal to any prison that I ever saw. Discipline, very good, without much severity; inmates, about six hundred; they sleep in separate cells, and work in separate apartments. They grind their own corn, and make their own clothing from the raw material, as in the workhouse.

2d. After dinner, left by railway, and at seven arrived at the Victoria Hotel, situated upon the shore of the lower and larger of the lakes of Killarney.

3d. Took a carriage and rode eight miles into the great gap or gorge of the mountains, surrounded by scenery the most wild and romantic. We were constantly assailed by beggars, of all ages and descriptions, and frequently by women and large girls, with a bottle of goat's milk, and another of "mountain dew" (whisky) for sale. In several places, our guide blew his bugle, the echo of which among the mountains surpassed any thing I ever heard of the kind. In several places, small cannon were discharged for the sake of the echo. After leaving the carriage, we walked about six miles through the gorge of the mountain, to the head of the upper lake, where a large four-oared row boat, which had been sent from our hotel, was in waiting with our lunch, which we took upon one of the numerous islands with which these lakes abound. We were then rowed down about twelve miles, through the upper, middle, and lower lakes, among islands surrounded by mountains, some of them more than a thousand feet high, and nearly perpendicular. Upon their sides many eagles have built their nests and rear their young. After returning to our hotel, we rode about four miles to the ruins of Muckross Abbey.

4th. Left Killarney at nine, and arrived at Dublin at six P. M.

5th. Went to Independent Chapel, and heard a Welsh preacher. Dined with Mr. King, Mr. Roussel being still there.

6th. Arrived at Belfast at four P. M. After dinner visited Queen's College, and the Botanic Garden, which is very beautiful; also Mulholland's Linen Spinning Mills, and the Ragged Industrial School, where were about one hundred girls, poor and ragged, some employed in making fine lace, under the instruction of a lady teacher from Belgium.

8th. Arrived this morning at Glasgow, and took rooms at Queen's Hotel; visited the Cemetery, Cathedral, &c.

9th. At half past six A. M. left Glasgow for the lakes and Highlands of Scotland; passed down the Clyde nine miles, then by railway to Loch Lomond, then by steamer about twenty-five miles up the lake, passing many beautiful islands. On landing, we walked for half a mile up a hill too steep for a carriage, then taking a mountain vehicle, rode about five miles, through a wild and almost uninhabited mountain country, rising higher and higher to the end of Loch Katrine or Robens, and stopped at the Trosachs.

10th. At five o'clock in the morning left for Callender, on the Loch Denethan, and passing Donne Castle and many objects of interest, at half past ten o'clock arrived at Stirling. Here we visited the castle where King James was secreted when an infant, John Knox's pulpit, the room where James II. murdered William, Earl of Douglas, and drove to Bannockburn, and saw where the standard of Bruce was planted. We left Stirling in the afternoon, and arrived by steamer at Edinburgh this evening.

Sunday, 12*th*. Rain all day; in the morning attended Dr. Alexander's church, (Independent;) in the afternoon went to Dr. Candlish's Free Presbyterian Church, and heard him preach to a large and very attentive audience. His voice, manner, and pronunciation were so peculiar, that I found it very difficult to understand enough to keep the run of his discourse; but from what I could understand, I should think it was a very spiritual, earnest, and faithful sermon. At half past six o'clock went to St. George's Presbyterian Church, and heard Dr. Malan, of Geneva. His voice was strong and clear, and his manner commanding.

Liverpool, June 17. We are now awaiting the arrival of our son and our pastor, who are on the way to join us in our tour on the continent. We have visited some of the most wild and romantic parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and have experienced many varieties of traveling, from the ocean steamer to the lake row boat, and from the mail coach of England to the one-horse car of Ireland, and sometimes went on foot where no carriage could pass. Although Mrs. Safford has often been much fatigued, I think the variety of air, exercise, and scenery, with the many objects of interest we have visited, has given much pleasure and been a decided benefit to her.

19*th*. The Europa arrived yesterday evening, and our friends have joined us. We walked this morning to the Dingle, and heard an excellent sermon from the Rev. Dr. McNeal, and in the evening attended Dr. Raffles' church. A striking peculiarity here at this season is the long twilight. At nine o'clock in the evening we could see to read as well as at any other time of the day.

30*th*. Left London at eight A. M., and arrived at Paris at eleven o'clock in the evening. Took a suit of rooms at the Hotel Meurice, consisting of parlor, three bed rooms, and dining rooms. Price, twelve francs per day. The rooms are well furnished, but the floors have no carpets; they are of dark wood, kept well waxed. This process of waxing is performed by persons sliding about with brushes attached to their feet. It somewhat resembles skating, but is decidedly more laborious.

Sunday, *July* 3. Attended church, morning and evening, at the Methodist Episcopal Church; services in English; partook of the sacrament with the church, and passed the remainder of the day at home; read again "Christ is all," with a new interest.

Monday, 11*th*. The past few days were spent in viewing the many objects of interest with which Paris abounds, and in making various purchases. The weather has been very warm. We obtained some light French traveling trunks, and left our heavier luggage at the hotel until our return. Left Paris by railway this morning, and arrived at Brussels at half past nine this evening. We are at the Hotel Bellevue, an excellent house, with a public square in front, and a large park in rear, with fine trees and walks, and a pond containing thousands of goldfish.

Antwerp, 12*th*. This morning we drove to the field of Waterloo, about twelve miles from Brussels, of which we made a thorough examination with maps and guides. Returned to town in time to visit a lace factory, and the cathedral, and to take the five o'clock train for this place.

13*th*. Drove about the city; looked at the docks and public works; saw Mount Calvary, built principally of cinders set in cement; here are groups of men and women, of life size, represented as in purgatory, and surrounded by red and yellow painted flames. They are inclosed by iron gratings, and have the most distressed and imploring countenances. Near by are money boxes. Visited the cathedral, in which is a curious pulpit, having beneath it a boat, with net, and the remarkable draught of fishes. Saw Rubens' great painting of the Descent from the Cross. Left by railway, at five o'clock, for Aix-la-Chapelle, where we arrived at nine in the evening.

14*th*. We find here (Aix) a great gathering of Catholics, to witness the septennial display of relics, including the swaddling clothes, the garments in which Christ was laid out, John the Baptist's leathern girdle, and many others, equally valuable. These we saw exhibited from the top of the cathedral. The streets and houses in the vicinity were crowded with people. The exhibition is continued during fourteen days. Drove to Louisberg, a beautiful place on the top of a high hill, from which we had a fine view. Left by railway in the afternoon for Cologne, where we arrived in time to visit the cathedral, which has been eight hundred years in building, to buy a box of Cologne water, and to inhale so great a variety and degree of the charming odors of that fragrant city that we were quite ready for the early morning train for Bonn, a distance of forty miles. Here we took a small steamer for the voyage up the Rhine.

16*th*. Railway from Castel to Frankfort on the Maine; drove about the latter city; saw the birthplace of the Rothschilds, and the present residence of one of them, who is eighty-seven years old, and whom we saw sitting at the window; saw also two of the four villas which he has in the suburbs of the city. Visited the cemetery, and the hall where the emperors dine after their coronation; here are portraits of all the emperors of Germany. In the course of our drive we stopped at a large farm house, where we had a very German lunch, and succeeded in enjoying ourselves highly, although neither party had any very distinct comprehension of the remarks of the other. At five o'clock P. M. left by railway for Leipsic; but finding that we should encroach upon the Sabbath, we left the train at eleven in the evening at Gunterhausen, where, contrary to our expectation, we found an excellent hotel. It stands quite alone, far from any town, but is pleasantly situated, in an elevated position.

Sunday, 17*th*. Walked two or three miles through the fields to a little village, and attended a German Reformed church; after which we visited a number of families in their houses, which are very dark and comfortless; spinning wheels were plentiful. The people examined us as if we were curious specimens in natural history; they seemed very glad to see us, and wanted us to stop and take some coffee.

18*th*. Left Gunterhausen at eight o'clock; passed the castle in which Luther was confined; stopped at Erfurth; visited the monastery in which Luther was converted; saw his cell, the walls of which were covered with his writing; also the mark, on the wall, of the inkstand which he threw at the devil, and the inkstand itself. Saw his Bible, the margin of which was marked with his notes, and those of Melancthon and other reformers. Erfurth is the most disagreeable town we have met, and the hotel wretched; our dinner made an impression never to be effaced.

Dresden, 21*st*. This is a charming city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, full of objects of interest. It contains a beautiful garden, which is illuminated at night, where fine music may be heard. There is a collection of jewels, which I am informed is the most valuable known to exist in the world; among them are blue, green, and white diamonds in abundance; also, a celebrated pink diamond; there are two watches, set in finger rings, and, though so small, they will run eight days without winding, and keep correct time.

22*d*. Left Dresden at two o'clock P. M., by rail, for Prague. At Bodenbach, where we entered the Austrian dominions, passports were called for, and, in some cases, pockets examined and letters read. We observed a young lady traveling with us, who seemed interested in our conversation. Some remark was made to her, to which she responded. She was the only one of her party who understood English. After a time the conversation took a religious turn. She had read Uncle Tom's Cabin, and said she was tired of forms and ceremonies, and wanted a religion like that of Uncle Tom — a religion of the heart, of peace and love. She had never seen a Bible, meaning the New Testament; had endeavored to find one, but could not: we asked her to call at our hotel in Prague, where she resided, — she was a German Swiss, — and with the aid of a Protestant minister we found a German Bible; but when she saw it she looked disappointed, and, after a little while, said she could never keep so large a book; that she was watched when she entered the hotel, and, even if she should succeed in getting it home, her parents would not allow her to keep it; she had hoped it would be a little book, and in English, so that it could lie about with other books, and no one would know what it was. We gave her Clark's Selection of Promises, and some tracts. She appeared very thankful, and quite surprised that they should be furnished to a stranger, and compensation refused. We afterward succeeded in putting her in the way of obtaining a New Testament, which she said a friend would keep locked up for her, and let her come to her house and read.

Prague, 25*th*. We passed the Sabbath here, and attended a Lutheran church; the service seemed a sort of compromise between Catholic and Protestant. About one half of the congregation were soldiers, and the rest looked depressed and miserable. We were informed that the people are taxed about thirty per cent. of their income. We found government officers in and all about the hotels; our passports were called for two or three times a day, and we were told that all our movements were closely watched. Beggars abounded.

Salzburg, *August* 2. After remaining a few days at Vienna, we passed up the Danube two hundred and fifty miles to Lintz, and thence by horse railway to Gmünden, where we spent the Sabbath. Our trunks were taken to our rooms by women porters, who do all the heavy work, while the men make beds, do light housework, when they do any thing, and, the rest of the time, smoke pipes and drink beer. On Monday, took a steamer ten miles to the end of Lake Gmünden, then a private carriage to Ischel, where we hired a convenient traveling vehicle for this place. On the way, we stopped for the night at the post house of the little mountain village of St. Gilgen. Here were assembled all the peasants of the surrounding country, for a grand dance in holiday costume. There were two rooms, both well filled with men, women, and tobacco smoke. They danced with wonderful energy, the girls sometimes spinning like tops, and then whirling around the room in most extraordinary confusion. At intervals, all would stamp violently on the floor with their thick hob-nailed shoes, and then all clap hands with great vigor, always keeping accurate time with the music. The dance was continued until daybreak, and, as our rooms were directly above them, we could duly appreciate the sport.

We are passing a few days in this place to rest and recruit. One of our party brought a memento of the music gardens of Dresden and Prague, in the shape of chills and fever, but in this splendid mountain air is rapidly recovering.

On Sunday there was a great gathering of peasants from the country, and their costumes were a study. Some of the men wore coats, the waists of which were ornamented by two buttons between the shoulders, while their long skirts almost reached the ground. The churches were quite full in the morning, but in the afternoon were almost deserted, while the beer gardens were crowded. We had our own private devotions, as usual; a sermon was read, hymns sung, and the day not unprofitably spent.

8*th*. We hired a large traveling carriage for the journey to Munich, for which we made a written contract. Our first stop was at Hallein, from whence we visited the celebrated salt works. After being drawn up a very steep mountain, in a wagon shaped like half an egg shell, we found ourselves at the entrance of the mine; but before going in, we were each furnished with a suit of thick white duck, a woolen cap, heavy leathern gloves, and apron, — the latter put on *behind* instead of before, — and a candle. Thus equipped, with one guide to lead and another to follow, we entered the side of the mountain by a passage six feet high, three feet wide at the bottom, and two feet at the top, cut most of the way through solid rock, a part of which is salt. The walk was about a mile in length, and the path nearly level. We passed many similar paths diverging from this, which we did not explore. There were five places where we slid down from one to four hundred feet, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, sitting between two large, round, smooth poles, placed about twelve inches apart; a rope enabled the guide, who went first, to regulate the speed of the party. We passed through immense caverns, and in one instance crossed a large lake in a boat. We were told, at one time, that we were three thousand feet below the surface.

When within a quarter of a mile of the outlet, we were requested to take seats upon a narrow plank, to the ends of which were attached wheels running upon a tramway. The passage was straight, and a little descending. A boy took the tongue of the vehicle, and we were drawn rapidly to the open air, where we were met by an attendant, with the clothing, &c., which we had left at the entrance.

After dinner rode to Batersgarten, where we obtained a great variety of carvings in wood and ivory, and other curiosities. The hotels, or post houses, in this part of our journey, we found to be excellent, and very cheap. For dinner, lodging, and breakfast, we were sometimes charged but fifty cents for each person. We often saw women laboring in the field, mowing the grass, sometimes in a pouring rain. On several occasions a woman appeared harnessed with straps to a plow, which was held and guided by a man; and once we saw the plow drawn by the joint efforts of a woman and a mule.

10*th*. Arrived at Munich at seven P. M. On the way dined at a place where our table was spread under the trees of a pleasant garden. We were joined at dinner by a little brown squirrel, which ran down from a tree to our table, and helped himself from our plates.

17*th*. After passing a few days in Munich, a city devoted to art, where we saw many fine pictures, statuary, &c., we left for Switzerland and Italy, by way of Constance, Geneva, and the Simplon Pass.

Milan, *September* 7. We arrived this afternoon by private carriage from Bareno, by way of Cesto Calender, at head of Lake Maggiore. The contrast between this level country and the mountain scenery through which we have been passing, is very striking. The vine, Indian corn, and mulberry tree seem to be the principal productions.

The cathedral of Milan is four hundred and eighty-five feet long, and two hundred and fifty-two feet wide. The roof is of marble, from which ascend a multitude of slender spires, each having a marble statue upon its summit. There are already about the building seven thousand statues, and the design calls for three thousand more. The prominent object within is the magnificent tomb of St. Carlo Borromeo. The shriveled remains of this saint may be seen through a crystal coffin. A large diamond sparkles upon the remnant of a finger, and many rich jewels adorn the tomb. There is a church here, the interior walls of which are entirely of skulls and other human bones, arranged in regular order. Many other objects of interest are seen in this place.

Leaving Milan, we passed through Brescia to Verona, where we spent a Sabbath. Here, at the risk of our liberty, if not our lives, as we afterward learned, we presented to a servant girl the Protestant Bible which we bought for the Jewish lady of Prague. She seemed desirous to know the true religion, and the city of Verona certainly afforded at that time few facilities for the accomplishment of her desire. On

Monday we visited the amphitheater, supposed to have been built in the first century. It is oval in form, and in a good state of preservation. It would seat some thirty-nine thousand persons.

Venice, *September* 13. We have provided ourselves with a gondola, the only means of navigating these streets of water. There are, however, many narrow passages by which one may traverse the city on foot, but a horse or carriage of any kind is unknown. Water for drinking is obtained from artesian wells, and carried in copper kettles, fastened to each end of long elastic poles upon the shoulders of women. The city abounds with rich palaces of stone and marble, highly ornamented with carving; many of these palaces are falling to decay, some unoccupied, and others used as hotels. There are also many splendid churches, which are in themselves works of art, and contain valuable paintings; but on this, as on most of the cities in this region, "Ichabod" is plainly written.

Ferrara, 16*th*. We are now in the dominions of the pope. On crossing the line at the River Po, our persons and property were being subjected to a searching examination, which, however, was very essentially modified by a little liberality toward the well-fed officials. Our course now lies through Bologna, and over the Apennines to Tuscany. Mrs. Safford and myself occupy the *coupé* of a diligence, while the others of our party prefer the more open view from the elevated position of the banquette. The diligence is drawn up the mountains, sometimes by horses, and sometimes by oxen. The descent is rapid, though the wheels are confined by a drag. At midnight we were obliged to unpack ourselves at the custom house on the frontier of Tuscany; but a small present satisfied the conscientious officers that our luggage contained nothing which ought to pay duty.

In passing from Venice to these mountains, generally through a very level and apparently productive country, I was struck with the large number of fine-looking oxen, nearly all of which were clear white. I observed the contrast between the modes of plowing and the teams employed in Italy and in Germany. In Italy I have seen twelve teams, of five to seven yoke of oxen in each, plowing in one field. The plows are large and heavy, and cut a very deep furrow. The German method of propelling this instrument I have spoken of previously. The plows used in Germany are very light, and seem to do but little more than scratch the ground.

Florence, 21*st*. We have passed several days here, and seen many most beautiful objects. Nature and art seem to have combined to render Florence charming. Unlike most of the old European cities, it seems to be in a thriving condition. Many of the buildings appear new, and there is an air of industry and activity about the streets. Most of the streets are narrow, but are neatly paved with large, smooth stones, laid lowest in the middle, having occasional holes in them, to let the water into the sewer below. The moral and political condition of Tuscany is sad indeed. The grand duke thinks he has a commission from God to put down heresy, and says he is determined to do it effectually. It is here that the Madaii were imprisoned for having little religious meetings in their own house, and on the week of our arrival a Scotch lady was arrested, imprisoned, and is likely to be condemned to labor for several years in a prison, for the offense of giving a religious tract to an Italian girl.

We had a letter of introduction to Mr. Powers, the eminent sculptor, who was of great service to us, even giving much of his valuable time to accompany us to various galleries of art, and, by his remarks and criticism, enabling us to appreciate much that we should not otherwise have observed.

Leghorn, 27*th*. We left Florence by railway, and passed through Pisa, where we stopped for a few hours to see the celebrated Leaning Tower. This tower was built in the twelfth century, and, as nothing is known of the intentions of its architect, each traveler must decide for himself the great question whether it was meant to be a leaning tower, or has become so from the settling of the foundations of one side. I am of opinion that the tower, with the exception of the upper story or tier of columns and arches, was built leaning. First, because the cathedral, which stands close by it, and is of a similar material and style of architecture, leans out, except the upper section, which is perpendicular. Second, because if it had been built upright, and had afterward settled, the upper story would have leaned with the others. I believe, however, that it leans more now than when first built, as the greatly increased weight upon one side of the foundation would cause it to settle.

Leaving Pisa, and passing a night at Lucca, where are some celebrated baths, we arrived here (Leghorn) just too late for the steamer which we intended taking, and have now been obliged to wait a week for the steamer of to-day for the south. Leghorn seems to be a flourishing commercial city. In many parts the buildings are new and spacious, and the streets are beautifully paved with large, irregular stones, neatly fitted together.

On the Sabbath we attended the Presbyterian Church, and heard two good sermons from a Scotch minister, who supplies the temporary absence of Dr. Steward, the pastor. The congregation in attendance numbered less than one hundred.

Rome, October 7. We left Leghorn by steamer September 27, at five o'clock P. M., and arrived next morning at Civita Vecchia. After much delay and annoyance at the custom house, we obtained an extra diligence for Rome, where we arrived late in the evening. We have previously traveled by means of an extra diligence, which sometimes affords an agreeable variety, though in rainy weather it is not so pleasant. The horses and postilions are changed every hour, as with the principal diligence, but the carriage is also changed every hour. Sometimes we have a large, roomy, and luxurious vehicle, and the next hour may bring us a little narrow box, with worn-out springs and no proper place for the luggage. One soon learns to take things as they come, when traveling in Europe. We established ourselves comfortably at the Hotel des Isles Britanniques, in the Piazza del Popolo. Engaged a carriage by the day, and for the past week have been fully occupied with the many interesting "lions" of Rome. With regard to St. Peter's I had very high expectations, and they were more than realized. I climbed to the ball, from whence I had a fine view.

Naples, 8*th*. Yesterday we left Rome by diligence — a ride of thirty-one hours — to this place. We were surrounded by the most importunate of beggars at every stopping place. The road was very dusty, and Mrs. Safford not at all well. We were stopped several times for the examination of passports and baggage, and were plainly told that a fee would avoid the opening of trunks.

12*th*. We have now visited all the prominent objects of interest in Naples and vicinity, and are to take a steamer this afternoon for Marseilles, on our homeward way. The people of this country are certainly in a most unhappy condition of religious and political bondage. To witness this detracts greatly from the pleasure of travel here.

Our party arrived at Marseilles on the 16th of October, the steamer having laid over a day each at Civita Vecchia, Leghorn, and Genoa. We went on shore each day, and made various purchases of pictures, prints, curiosities, &c. From Marseilles to this place we had a long, tedious diligence ride of fifty-two hours. At times our loaded vehicle was hoisted from its wheels upon a railway truck, but we were drawn most of the way by horses. Our road lay through Avignon and Lyons, but we had no opportunity for more than a flying view of those cities. After passing a week at Paris, we left, on the 26th of October, for London, where we remained a few days, and arrived at Liverpool in time for the steamer "America," Captain Lang, thence for Boston. After a stormy passage of fifteen days, I found myself sailing up the harbor of my beloved Boston.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EFFORTS IN BEHALF OF MOUNT HOLYOKE FEMALE SEMINARY.

Interest in the Cause of Education. — Visit to Belchertown. — Suggestion of a School for Young Ladies. — Consultation with Dr. Edwards. — Visit of Mary Lyon. — Her Plans. — Subscribes Five Hundred Dollars in Aid of them. — Subsequent Contributions and Efforts for the Seminary. — Letter of one of the Teachers.

Among the objects of benevolence which ever greatly interested Mr. Safford was the cause of education. Mention has already been made of the frequent sums contributed by him for the aid of young men preparing for the ministry. Incidental allusion has been had also to his interest in the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, and its laborious and devoted founder, Mary Lyon. The present is deemed an appropriate place to speak more particularly of his connection with that institution.

In the year 1833 Mr. and Mrs. Safford paid a visit to their brother-in-law, Rev. J. Reid, then residing at Belchertown. The immediate object of the visit was to aid him in a comfortable settlement in that field of labor by purchasing for him a dwelling house. The journey was made in a chaise — his usual manner of traveling at that time. In conversation during the ride, Mr. Safford remarked, that having experienced, as he thought, much good from his resolution to devote his income, except what was needed for the wants of himself and family, to purposes of benevolence, and having been blessed of God also with an increase of resources, he was desirous of finding some proper object, to which not only his money, but his time, now less engrossed than formerly in business, might be given. In reply, it was suggested that a school for the thorough education of girls on Christian principles, whose privileges might be within the reach of all, was one of the great wants of the age. The idea at once commended itself to him. He saw, on reflection, how disproportionate the means furnished for the education of young ladies, as compared with that of young men, and remembered that he himself, though he had done much for the latter, had done nothing for the former. He expressed a wish that he might be instrumental in establishing a school to meet this want.

On entering the village of Belchertown, his attention was attracted by a large, unoccupied building, and he remarked, "Perhaps here is a house all ready for us." The next day he obtained an entrance into it, and examined the premises. On a subsequent visit, an estate in the vicinity was offered to him for sale, which he was strongly inclined to purchase for the purpose mentioned. Judging it, however, wise to consider of the matter further, he shortly after paid a visit to Dr. Edwards, at Andover, and laid the whole subject before him. Dr. Edwards informed him that Miss Mary Lyon was devoting herself to the accomplishment of a similar object, and recommended that before taking any decided measures, he should acquaint himself with her plans. Mr. Safford, having some knowledge of Miss Lyon, felt that if a person of her character and qualifications had undertaken the work, it might be well for him to wait the result before engaging in it further; and other objects claiming his notice, the winter passed without his giving further attention to the subject.

Early in the spring of 1836 he received a line from Miss Lyon, asking that, if she should be passing through Boston the following week, she might have the privilege of spending a night with his family; to which he gave a prompt and cordial affirmative. Accordingly, just at dusk one evening, the rattle of a stage coach was heard in their quiet court, and her arrival was announced. Mr. Safford, having a slight acquaintance, was the first to receive her, and, with a hearty welcome, introduced her to Mrs. Safford. Her toilet occupied but a moment, as she had merely to exchange her bonnet for that broad white turban which many remember as the distinguishing feature of her dress at this period.

She was in the vigor of life; time had plowed no furrows on that broad, cheerful face; the large, beaming blue eye, the open forehead, indeed, her whole countenance, revealed a mind and heart expressive of lofty sentiments and expanded views of life and its ends. This was the first introduction to the family of one who ever after was like a member in it. Children, servants, and guests henceforth regarded her as having a right to come, to tarry, and go as she pleased.

After tea and family devotions, Miss Lyon occupied several hours in explaining the specific object of her visit, and giving the detail of her plans. She had undertaken a great work, which was to be accomplished by faith, but by a faith which required much self-denial and toil, on her part and on the part of many others. She had collected the first thousand dollars in small sums, from her friends in Ipswich, for an institution the buildings of which alone would cost sixty thousand dollars. She possessed herself but two thousand dollars, and had no relative or friend upon whom she could found the expectation of assistance; but believing herself called of God to this service, she relied on him implicitly, accompanying every step with fervent prayer for guidance and help. After completing this collection in the town of Ipswich, where she had been thoroughly known and appreciated for a number of years, she had looked anxiously to the metropolis of New England, for the hearts and hands she needed. She asked God to guide her to some gentleman who would candidly listen to the statement of her plan, who was capable of appreciating her views, and who could devote both time and money to carry them into execution. The answer to her note she thought indicated where the pillar of cloud was resting, and it was with much solicitude that she waited for the result of this visit. The essential features of her plan were these: —

1. The education afforded should aim first and most earnestly at so cultivating the mind and heart as to secure in the pupil a supreme purpose to labor for the conversion of the world, and suitable qualifications for the work.

2. The buildings and apparatus requisite should be bestowed by the public gratuitously, as in the case of colleges for young men, so as to diminish the expense to the pupils, and bring the advantages of the institution within the reach of all.

3. All the pupils should be put upon a footing of equality in every department of the institution.

4. Independence and industry should be secured by dividing the entire housework among the pupils.

5. Teachers should be employed who would be content to receive, like the minister or missionary, not compensation, but support.

In this detail of her views and plans, Mr. Safford found an expression of many thoughts which had before been more or less clearly suggested to his own mind. He was therefore well prepared to espouse the object which she had so much at heart, and combine his own efforts with hers for its accomplishment. On the following day he presented her a subscription of five hundred dollars,* and his interest, his prayers, and contributions were enlisted for life in its behalf. He long afterward remarked to a friend, as death was approaching, "No money, time, or effort which I have bestowed on any object, affords me more satisfaction in the review than those given to Mount Holyoke Seminary."

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* Miss Lyon had heard his name, and had been told that he might regard her undertaking with favor. A gentleman who had married one of her Buckland scholars, and who is now a professor in one of our theological seminaries, commended her to his friendly notice. She found an open ear. His wife opened her doors and her heart to Miss Lyon and her coadjutors. When, after their first interview with her, this gentleman said to his wife, "How much do you think I had better give to Miss Lyon?" she replied, "I thought perhaps you would give five hundred dollars." The husband was surprised; but he slept upon the subject, and rejoiced the hearts of the friends of the cause by affixing that sum to his well-known name. It was the first, but by no means was it the last, five hundred dollars which he gave to that cause. The time, influence, and sympathy which he and his partner have to this day given to it have been worth more than thousands of silver and gold. — *Memoir of Mary Lyon*, p. 206.

Miss Lyon, in after years, frequently alluded to this visit and subscription as having greatly cheered and encouraged her. The donations in Ipswich were, to a great extent, the expressions of personal friendship and confidence; but Mr. Safford was the first *stranger* who, upon the mere merits of the enterprise itself, ventured to contribute a large sum.

In the following autumn, he convened a number of gentlemen at his house, to give Miss Lyon an opportunity of laying her plans before them. At this time he subscribed one thousand dollars more to the object,* and continued his subscriptions afterward, as the work progressed, till their entire amount exceeded four thousand dollars. He was at his death the largest contributor to the seminary in money, and, with Andrew Porter, Esq., of Monson, the largest contributor in services.

But his pecuniary aid, serviceable as it was, bore no comparison in value with his personal labors. Of these perhaps no better idea can be conveyed than by the following communication of one of the devoted teachers of the seminary, who has now joined him, we trust, in the praises of heaven.

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* Thursday evening, though it was so rainy, we had a very interesting little meeting in Deacon Safford's parlor. The gentlemen thought there would be no impropriety in admitting three ladies to hear what was said on the subject — Mrs. Safford, Miss C., and myself. Deacon Safford wished to have us present, and asked the opinion of several gentlemen, who approved of it. Rev. Messrs. Cogswell, Anderson, Blagden, Winslow, Rogers, and Boies, with some fifteen or twenty laymen, were present. Mr. Anderson made some very pertinent and effective remarks, and read a part of your letter in connection with them. At the close of the meeting, a subscription was taken up of a little more than three thousand dollars, which has since been increased to four thousand. The largest subscriptions were, one of one thousand dollars from Deacon Safford, two of five hundred dollars each, and four of two hundred and fifty dollars each, from other individuals. — *Memoir of Mary Lyon*, p. 238.

"Pleasant as it is to speak of Deacon Safford, how can I tell you what he was and is to us? As well might I describe a fresh sunny morning in the budding spring time, so pure, reviving, and diffusive was the influence of his personal presence, and our recollection of him when absent.

"There was always joy in the house when it was announced that Deacon Safford had come. We, teachers, hastened to receive his genial greeting, and to tell him how glad we were to see him. When he came down to the supper table there was an expression of pleasure on the faces of all the young ladies who knew him; and to none was he long a stranger. We often heard the exclamation, "It seems good to see Deacon Safford," or, of him and Deacon Porter together, "Our *fathers* have come." All loved to hear his voice in the family prayer. The young ladies honored him, and had an instinctive sense of a debt of gratitude which they owed him as a benefactor and friend. Innumerable are the Holyoke daughters who rise up from the several parts of the earth to call him blessed.

"How sweet are the memories which come back in living freshness of those informal evening gatherings which often happened in the family parlor, when the teacher's day was done, and, as children at home, we passed an hour with him! With a quick sympathy and delicate playfulness he inquired into the affairs of the house — wood, water, changes in the building, the *wherewith* by which the multitude should be fed, domestic and pecuniary matters generally. We brought our wants and perplexities, and spread them out freely before him. But sweeter counsel did we take together on the spiritual welfare of our great household. It was this which most deeply interested Deacon Safford's heart; and his simple, earnest expressions of his own dependence on the quickening Spirit, of the importance of the soul's salvation, and the efficacy of prayer, often brought us with him low before God. The more we knew him, the more we felt how beautiful and noble is religion.

"Deacon Safford manifested his benevolence not alone by words of love and faith; money and labor were as freely given; and for none of his innumerable services or traveling expenses did he take the least remuneration. From its beginning he assumed the task of making for the seminary its large and frequent purchases, in Boston, of groceries and a variety of other articles. Our tables daily reminded us of the generous donor of three hundred silver-plated forks, which serve the convenience of this great family. Our library, also, is a pleasing monument of his liberality and effort. Two or three years before his death, he conceived the design of raising five thousand dollars for the purchase of books; and the avails of most of that sum the school are now enjoying in the silent teachers brought together from the good and wise of all times and countries. Not only the books, but the place and finish of the library room, will always be associated with Deacon Safford.*

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* In a letter written after his death, Miss Chapin, then principal, says, "The library is a priceless treasure—just what we had long felt the need of. I never go into it without feelings of grateful joy

"At different times he spent several weeks at the seminary to superintend some mechanical operations, and with his own hands ministered to our necessities. The laborious undertaking of bringing water into the building, and conveying it to its different parts, so as to meet the convenience of the household, he planned and directed. Well do we remember that long visit which he made us soon after his return from Europe, and how assiduously he worked day after day, looking every night weak and exhausted. Would that he had heeded our entreaties that he would spare himself, for a severe illness was in part induced by this undue exertion. Four or five weeks of one of our long vacations, Deacon and Mrs. Safford spent at the seminary, in company with two of the teachers, laying plans for the future, and attending to various matters connected with the necessities of the institution. Even in his brief visits, Deacon Safford was all the day engaged in looking carefully about the house and grounds to see what was wanting. He would have every thing in the nicest order, and did not fail to appreciate the *utility* of beauty among the educating influences of the school. Still, he never seemed to think that he did any great thing; and it was quite embarrassing to attempt to thank him for his kindnesses.

"In his later visits, it was affecting to hear his expressions of regret that he could be of so little service, while even then painfully taxing his strength. As he

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that we are permitted to have such an aid in our work; and I wish those who so kindly contributed to it could know how much they have done for us. I am sure they would feel more than repaid for their labor of love."

was going away next to the last time, and we were urging him to come soon again, he made some reply depreciative of himself, and added, 'Next time I will bring my *minister*, and then you will be glad to see me.' He seemed not to understand that, deeply grateful as we were for the visits of his minister, nobody could be more welcome than himself. And little did we think when his minister should come, it would be *alone*, to speak to us of our common bereavement, our departed friend.

"Our thoughts tenderly linger around Deacon Safford's last visit and last parting. We knew that in much weakness and pain he had made a great effort to take the journey for the purpose of attending to important business. There was a look of patient suffering on his still cheerful face, which gave a chastened, anxious feeling to all that group who gathered around him. Deacon Porter, his friend and fellow-helper, was with us also; and that last evening, as a few of us met in the parlor, though we felt upon us a deep shadow of coming sorrow, still our two friends talked not of sickness or separation, but of what could be done for the school. Late into the evening of his life, Deacon Safford was busy in his Master's work. Our good byes the next morning were said with hardly suppressed tears; and yet the usual kindly pleasantry marked his manner.

"The intelligence that Deacon Safford was sick unto death was exceedingly painful to the household. How could we, who so loved and relied upon him, bear to have him taken from us? And how could this institution, with whose interests he had been so vitally united, live when he was dead?

"God is a *strong tower*, and at such times of earthly bereavement he makes us feel his merciful strength closing firmly about us, and hear his voice saying, 'Be not dismayed, for I am thy God.' Thus has he spoken to this afflicted institution; and so far as his own glory and work are concerned, we believe he will furnish another pillar, and fit it to this weakened fabric. Of the many wreaths of grateful love which are thrown upon his grave, none can be more enduring than that woven by Holyoke daughters; and many, undoubtedly, are the jewels in his crown, polished for the Master's use through his instrumentality in sustaining this school founded for God.

"When another anniversary shall sadly remind us that this trustee comes up no more with his associates to the councils of the seminary, and the graduating class receive their diplomas from other hands, shall we not look above and see him, with Mary Lyon, praising God for the harvest which, from their sowing, the stricken reapers have been permitted to gather?

Respectfully yours,

CATHARINE McKEEN."

CHAPTER XIX.

SICKNESS AND DEATH.

Chronic Disease of the Heart. — Anticipations of Death. — Cheerfulness under them. — Sudden Attack of Illness. — Purchase of a House. — Repairs and Removal thither. — Efforts and Prayers for a Revival. — Second severe Attack. — Spiritual Enjoyment. — Home Occupations. — Annual Meeting of A. B. C. F. M. — Marriage of his eldest Son. — Last Visit to Mount Holyoke Seminary. — Last Letter. — Council of Physicians. — Severe Suffering. — Last Prayer Meeting with his Brethren, and Attendance on Public Worship. — Conversation in Prospect of Death. — Abounding Comforts. — Peace. — Directions about his Funeral, &c. — Lying at Jesus' Feet. — His Work done. — Death.

It has been already mentioned, that, from his early childhood, Mr. Safford had indications of an organic disease of the heart. These appeared more or less frequently during his whole life, but became particularly alarming after he had passed the age of threescore. It was consequently his expectation that he should die suddenly, and he once remarked, that if he were allowed to express a wish on the subject, it would be his choice to die thus. It was ever a painful thought to him, that he might outlive his usefulness; and his prayer, which was fully answered, was, —

"Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed."

He often closed his eyes for the night uttering the child's petition, —

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Though he regarded it as more than possible that he should awake in another world, he still lay down as peacefully as if he had never known aught but the most perfect health.

There was no gloom associated with death in his mind. He spoke of it as a certain event, for which he aimed always to be ready, but as naturally as he would talk of any thing else; always seriously, but never as diminishing his enjoyment in his friends, or in any of the things of this life. But while this anticipation interfered with no plan, pursuit, or pleasure, of an earthly nature, it led him to do, while in health, what many defer to a death bed. Three times within the last twenty years he made his will, and with apparently the same feelings with which he transacted other important business. With him it was a serious thing to *live;* about this he felt much responsibility, saying ever, "If we can only live rightly, it will be easy to die."

Ten years previous to his death, he purchased a lot in Mount Auburn Cemetery, to which he removed the bodies of his friends, which had been resting in a tomb under Park Street Church, and at the same time marked the spot where he wished his own body to rest, and gave directions about his gravestone, saying, "It is my choice to have my dust mingle with its mother earth, but not to have a costly monument mark the place of its interment." After thus making what he thought proper provision for the last resting of his body, he dismissed the subject, and did not name it again until just before his death.

In the summer of 1853, while in Europe, he heard of the death of his brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. Edwards, and was much affected by it. He seemed to regard it as a special summons to himself to be also ready; and had he known that within three years he should follow this much beloved brother into the world of spirits, he could not have more diligently prepared himself for it. His first thought was, that he must return home immediately and finish his work at South Hadley, and in the City Missionary Society; but after a little consideration he satisfied himself with deciding definitely upon the time of embarkation, engaging passage for himself and party, and then proceeding to carry out his original plan of travel. On his homeward passage, the weather being much of the time boisterous, confining him to his berth, he occupied himself with his favorite employment of repeating hymns from Watts's Collection, mostly descriptive of heaven. One, of which he was particularly fond, was the following: —

"Up to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

"Thy wondrous love, dear, dying Christ,
Can make this world of guilt remove;
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove.

"Oh, might I once mount up and see
The glories of the eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be —
How despicable in my eyes!

"Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon —
Vanish as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

"Then they might fight, and rage, and rave;
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf
While rattling thunders round us roar.

"Great All in All, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow, and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace."

The twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans he had also committed to memory, and often repeated. It had been his practice, for many years, to engage in such recitations with his family, at the close of the Sabbath. On his passage out to Europe, a little book, entitled "Christ is All," had been given him. He read this repeatedly, with deep interest, and carried it in his pocket-book from that time until his death, together with the hymn, written in his own hand, —

"Just as I am, without one plea."

He found this such a benefit to himself, that he purchased copies enough to supply one to each member of the Mount Vernon church, and presented them on the first Friday night on which he conducted the meeting after his return. He always kept one at hand also for any Christian whom he found troubled with doubts, and for others who were seeking the way of life.

His joy and gratitude on finding himself once more in his beloved city, church, and home were very great.

But he allowed himself to remain there only from twelve o'clock, Saturday night, until the next Monday afternoon, when he left for South Hadley, to superintend the waterworks for the new wing of the seminary, which had been waiting his arrival. He labored there for three weeks, in almost entire forgetfulness of himself and his own concerns; rising with the sun, and occupying himself until dark every day with the workmen, until the whole was completed.

This labor was probably too severe for him. There were indications, during the following winter, that the disease of the heart was assuming a serious character, although he seldom spoke of it, and appeared to his friends generally remarkably vigorous and cheerful. In returning with Mrs. Safford from a visit to a sick person one evening, he was seized with great distress, which obliged him to stop and lean some minutes against the door of a livery stable, and then walk home very slowly. After recovering a little, he went to the church meeting, and aided in the services, as usual.

This ill turn led Mrs. Safford to consult their physician, and obtain from him, without the knowledge of her husband, directions in case of a similar attack. About three weeks after this, he left the house at eight o'clock one morning, to attend the Old South prayer meeting, proposing to call at the market on the way. It was a chilly morning in March. In about fifteen minutes afterward he was brought to the door by his physician, aided by another gentleman, and laid upon the sofa in a helpless and almost insensible state. Under the application of friction and stimulants, he recovered sufficiently, in an hour or two, to speak in a faint whisper. He remained thus two days, suffering intensely and without intermission. His life was not expected to continue from one hour to another.

In one of these nights of suffering, hearing, about midnight, voices in an adjoining room, he asked who were there. On being told they were his pastor and Deacon Palmer, he said, in a whisper, "Oh, I have a good pastor, a good brother, and a good wife;" and afterwards, very slowly, and in the same faint manner, —

> "Just as I am, without one plea,
> Save that thy blood was shed for me,
> And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
> O Lamb of God, I come!"

He manifestly felt that he was just going into the presence of the Unseen; and these words, as he uttered them, expressed the feelings with which, in perfect composure, he was waiting to meet his Judge. The circumstances of this attack seemed specially providential. His physician had called that morning at the market, at the same moment with himself, and, having been apprised by Mrs. Safford of the state of his health, looked at him very attentively; and detecting, as he turned to leave, a slight wavering in his step, sprang forward, and saved him from a fall, which very probably would have been fatal.

It was two weeks before he was able to resume his usual business; but he was never afterward at any time free from the distress in his chest, termed by the physicians *angina pectoris*. They had told him that he was liable to die at any moment, but his appearance indicated vigorous health; his spirits were generally buoyant, and his interest in his family, and all the affairs of life, — especially those relating to the salvation of his fellow-men, — never seemed so great as during the subsequent two years. Professor Phelps, of Andover, had offered him his house for the summer, while he should be absent in Europe, which offer he had accepted previous to his illness; and immediately upon his recovery he removed thither. This was a very merciful arrangement of Providence, affording him a delightful residence in a bracing, salubrious, country atmosphere for six months. The summer was spent by him in the open air, cultivating the garden, riding, and superintending the erection of a monument for Dr. Edwards, — which several friends had been instrumental of procuring, — grading and sodding the ground; and, during a severe drouth of several weeks, carting water, with his own horse and man, to preserve the grass green.

While in Andover he sold his dwelling in Beacon Street; and it was a question with him whether he should return to the city again, or build a house for his family in the country. Although he had been much interested in the erection of houses of worship, and had sometimes expressed a desire to build a dwelling of his own, he had never found the time; but now, as it seemed probable that he must soon leave his family, he expressed a strong desire to provide for them a residence which would be more convenient and comfortable than any he could buy; and he examined several building lots for this purpose. But from this he was finally dissuaded by the consideration of the precarious state of his health. After much prayer for the divine guidance, and receiving, as he thought, distinct intimations of the leadings of Providence, he purchased and remodeled the house in Beacon Hill Place, in which he died. The energy and enthusiasm which he manifested in this undertaking were very remarkable. He superintended all parts of the work himself, hastening it forward as if he felt that his time was short, and constantly making the impression that he was preparing the house, not for himself to live in, but for his family. He rarely spoke of the pressure of disease which was upon him, and strangers who met him, and even some of his familiar acquaintances, scarcely suspected its existence.

At new year's, after three months' labor, he was very happy in seeing his family settled, and enjoying their new home. One evening in February, about forty of his friends, including six pastors of the city, assembled at his house, for social religious services of a dedicatory character. The house he had prepared for his family, but he wished it to be given to Christ, and used by them for his cause. It was by him sincerely thus consecrated. This meeting was one to be long remembered. Those who were present will not forget his appearance on the occasion, although none but his family understood fully the deepest thoughts of his heart. God had said to him, as he did to Moses, "Behold, the days approach that thou must die." These pastors were very dear to him; with all of them, for many years, he had sympathized, labored, and prayed. Others present represented the different churches in the city with which he had been connected, and with these he had enjoyed delightful fellowship and communion. His words were very few, but his countenance was more than usually radiant and serene; and as he took each brother and sister by the hand at parting, his heart overflowed with affection, believing that this was one of the last seasons of communion with them, until they should meet where parting is no more. Their sympathy with him in this dedication gave him great joy. Like every other thing of the kind, it was done by him heartily. It was a reality; and he believed God accepted it just as much as if he had seen the fire coming down upon the altar to consume the sacrifice, or the pillar of cloud filling the house. The subdued, tender feeling which pervaded that little company, he could not doubt was the effect of the divine presence. One head of a family, on leaving, said, under the same impression, with tearful eyes, "I want to go back and commence our housekeeping life anew with such a meeting as this." Another said, "The influence of this meeting will be felt by your family, Mr. Safford, as long as they live. How I wish we had commenced thus!"

This winter was Mr. Safford's last season of labor on earth. As soon as he had finished the work of providing a home for his family, his mind became engrossed with the spiritual interests of the church and congregation, and he set himself with unusual earnestness to devise means to promote them. A day was set apart by the church for fasting and prayer, and, as usual, he was anxious to have it followed by increased effort, such as would show the sincerity of the prayer. He arose at the close of a Friday evening meeting, and, with hardly suppressed tears, said to his brethren, "We have prayed for the descent of the Holy Spirit; we have talked about the importance of accompanying our prayers with efforts to save the perishing; but what have we *done?*" He closed his remarks with an invitation to all his brethren who wished to do something, to repair, at the close of that service, to his own house, to confer together respecting it, and agree upon some systematic efforts. Between twenty and thirty accepted the invitation. After prayer and conference, it was agreed that each one present should, during the coming week, seek opportunities for personal conversation with at least one impenitent person, whom they should make a subject of prayer; and on the ensuing Friday evening they should meet there again, and report the results. He also appointed a meeting for prayer, to be held in the same room daily, at early dawn, to which persons might be invited who were found in an anxious state of mind.

These meetings commenced the next morning, and were held for several weeks. Although his nights at this time were frequently very unquiet, from the distress in his chest, he invariably arose to attend and lead them. At the same time, inquiry meetings were appointed in the chapel of a somewhat peculiar character. Professors of religion were invited; teachers in the Sunday school, with their classes, and all unconverted persons, whether they were anxious or not. They were requested also to bring their friends and acquaintances, for familiar conversation upon the great interests of their souls. Mr. Safford entered with his whole heart into these meetings. The great and solemn truths of the Bible impressed and absorbed his whole being, and his benevolent heart, as he felt increasingly their awful import, was stimulated to stir up the minds of his brethren, by way of remembrance.

His heart was drawn out toward any whom he found struggling with unbelief and temptation; not satisfied with one conversation, he has many times followed them until the light has dawned upon their minds. He made great use this winter of his little book, "Christ is All," and more than one found sweet relief from the hymn given them by him to read — "Just as I am, without one plea."

But in the midst of these efforts, God spoke to us again, in a manner we could not misunderstand — "In an hour ye think not, the Son of man cometh." Mr. Safford had been appointed delegate, and accompanied his pastor to an installation service in Waltham. It was just about a year from the time of his serious attack in 1854. After the close of the services, fearing that his pastor would not be in season to fulfill an engagement in the city, he was a little agitated when walking to the cars, and, before reaching them, he lost his consciousness, and would have fallen, had not a friend, who accompanied him, supported him until his pastor and others came to his aid. He was conveyed to the nearest dwelling, and an express sent immediately to his family. To their great relief and joy, however, in about two hours, he entered his dwelling very weak, and still suffering, but cheerful and happy, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. W., dear friends who had been in faithful attendance upon him from the first moment of his attack.

The next day, when describing his illness to Mrs. Safford, he said, with a look of the deepest tenderness, "At that moment, my dear, I thought I should never see you again; I believed my time had come; but I can not tell why, — perhaps it was owing to my stupidity, — I had not one anxious feeling; my mind was perfectly peaceful and happy. I could leave myself and you entirely in the hands of God. I did not think of any thing more I had to say or to do. I thought, if that was God's time, it was mine." But he seemed delighted to be restored again to his family and to his work; and in less than two days he was found at his post in the committee meeting of the American Board, and the day following at the meeting, in a neighboring town, of an association assembled to transact business in which he was deeply interested, as a friend of one of the parties. At the latter he made a statement of facts, which he thought justice demanded of him, with his usual self-possession and clearness.

The month of August, of this summer, Mr. Safford spent at Mount Holyoke Seminary, superintending the construction of a library room, and the erection of a barn. This was the last work he did for that institution. Excepting these few weeks, he passed the summer at home, more comfortably, he thought, than he could have done any where else. He often spoke of the great pleasure he was experiencing in this life, while he had bright anticipations of the future. Every thing seemed to give him delight. He once remarked, in this connection, "I can not appreciate the feeling of those who speak of childhood as the happiest period of life. Were I asked which period of my life I count the most happy, I should say, the present. I never, at any time, was conscious of so much enjoyment as now." He was growing feeble, but grateful, increasingly so, for all the gifts of Providence, frequently saying, "Why is it that God deals so kindly with me?"

It was interesting to see how he contrived to be industriously employed all the time. He had fitted up a room in the basement of his house with a carpenter's bench and tools, and a blacksmith's anvil. This furnished him with amusement and exercise when in the house. It was at this period that he constructed the rustic gate for Mrs. Edwards' garden in Andover, which has already been mentioned. He rode out six miles to a wood, and procured the materials, brought them home in his carriage, made the gate, put on the hinges, and sent it to her by express, all ready to be hung in its place, where it still remains, a monument of his brotherly care and affection for a widowed sister-in-law. All summer he occupied his place punctually in the Prudential Committee, the City Missionary Society, the Old Ladies' Home, and numerous evening meetings for religious and business purposes.

In September he was able to attend the annual meeting of the American Board in Utica, New York, but it was with great effort and increased suffering. He officiated as deacon at the sacramental table, and entered with great interest into all the subjects which came before the meeting. His favorite chapter, the twelfth of Romans, was read at the communion, and again at the hotel on his journey home, in the devotional exercises of a small party of Christian friends with whom he was in company. As before remarked, he was in the habit of often repeating this chapter, without changing or omitting a word, and so deliberately and emphatically as to make the impression that it was indeed written by the Spirit of God upon his heart.

From the meeting of the Board he went to New York, and attended the wedding of his oldest son, spending a few days in that city, for the last time. It was truly affecting to see how, with his increasing weakness and infirmities, his interest in every thing relating to the cause of Christ, and the welfare of the community and of his friends, also increased. Worn down with the fatigue of his journey, during the wakeful hours of the first night after his return, he was occupied in framing a letter he wished to address to a brother, who, he thought, was pursuing an unwise and improper course; and it was with difficulty he was persuaded to save himself the effort of writing the letter in the morning. His mind was awake, and intent on doing every thing his hands found to do. Not a meeting of the church, for prayer or business, was neglected. Twice a week he attended the City Missionary meetings, in one of which he listened to reports usually two or three hours, and to reach it ascended long flights of stairs, which always caused him great distress. But no entreaties could avail with him to relinquish them. His whole demeanor seemed to say, Wist ye not that I must be about my Master's business?

The health of two of his young lady friends was at this time declining. As long as he was able to ride, he called often and invited them to ride with him. He enjoyed the annual thanksgiving in November, and the family gathering at his own house, participating in the amusements of the evening, and never, perhaps, contributing so much himself to the enjoyment of the occasion as on that evening; but complained, on retiring, that it had cost him much suffering. On the next Monday, he started with his new daughter-in-law, whom he invited to accompany him, on his last journey, to visit his much-beloved seminary. He returned late on Wednesday evening, and said, as he retired to rest, "I believe every thing I have desired to do for the institution is now done. I have had great satisfaction in seeing all parts of the building completed; the arrangements for supplying water and hoisting the wood for the different stories working perfectly, the library room finished, and the books in their places." The new steward whom he had engaged had entered upon his duties, and proved admirably adapted to the position, keeping every thing in perfect order about the establishment. The following is the last letter he ever wrote, addressed to Miss Chapin, the principal of this seminary.

December 20, 1855.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Your kind letter was duly received. Since my return from South Hadley, my health has been failing daily; but I do not think the journey injured me. The last two or three nights I have been obliged to sit in an arm chair most of the time, to enable me to breathe. I have a good deal of pain in the region of the liver and kidneys, which the physicians think has increased, for the time being, my heart difficulty, causing my distress for breath. Last night, Dr. L. expressed a wish to call in another physician to examine the case with him, to which I consented, and this morning he met Dr. B. here. I believe they think that when other troubles are removed, the difficulty of breathing, and pain about the heart, will be diminished. When I commenced I had no idea of saying so much about myself.

Be assured your kind feelings are fully reciprocated. I know your labors and responsibilities are great, and have often spoken of them; but I hope you will not attempt to carry your burdens alone; that having done what you can, you will cast yourself, with all your cares, upon Him who careth for you, and the institution you represent.

With much love to your dear associates, and all the teachers,

Your sincere friend, DANIEL SAFFORD.

The medical examination here referred to inspired hope that the seat of the disease was the liver, of which there was found to be an enlargement, and that it could be reached by medicine. But the experiment soon banished this hope. An entire loss of appetite and swelling of the limbs followed; indeed, the disease seemed now to pervade every part of his system. The night before he wrote the preceding letter, he had tried to rest in his bed, first by reclining, and then sitting erect, supported by pillows; but in vain. He then went into the adjoining room, kindled a fire, and seated himself in a chair for the night. He had requested his wife not to rise, saying, "You can do me no good, and I am sorry to have your rest so much disturbed." But she soon followed, and seated herself in silence. It was a solemn stillness at midnight, and the voice of God alone was heard, each understanding, but not willing to express, what they knew that voice was saying to them. At length her eye turned to the large family Bible which lay upon the center table, and she opened to the closing scene of the life of Moses, and read the words first addressed to that faithful servant of old, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." These words gave him new strength, and several weeks after, in a season of great distress, when Mrs. Safford expressed to him a wish to do something to comfort him, "Oh," said he, "the everlasting arms do that."

In that awful night we were made to feel that the season appointed for the baptism of suffering had come. Previously he had, by the energy of his will, been able to concentrate his thoughts on outward objects, and so divert them from his bodily distress. But this was the still hour of midnight; there was nothing to engage the attention. Weakness had utterly prostrated that manly frame. Nothing had he then to do, but simply to suffer. It was no power of persecution that was applying the instruments of torture; it was God's own hand — a divine Father, chastening, reproving, and sanctifying his child.

One day his pastor made a remark to this purport: "You have been a faithful child; you have worked hard, and loved to work. But there is one lesson which I think you have not yet perfectly learned." He inquired what that was. "It is this: to be still, and do nothing, and appear to be useless. This, for one of your temperament, is not an easy lesson. I think, when you shall have learned that thoroughly, you will be taken home." He replied, "That is probably the case."

After the circulation of blood had become very sluggish, his resolution to overcome what he feared was laziness or stupidity was quite remarkable. This had for months troubled him in his private devotions. He was afraid that it was caused by a lack of religious fervor, and said he often enjoyed more in prayer when walking the streets, than in his closet; but as the disease increased, the nature of this difficulty became apparent to himself, as it had been before to others. For a few days, about this time, he suffered great mental depression. He was still walking out daily, and attending somewhat to business. He came in one day, and, seating himself, said, " I can not give one any idea of the darkness which has come over me; there seems to be a shade of gloom upon every thing." This was a new experience to him, and caused great distress; he could not explain or account for it; it reminded us of the horror of great darkness which once fell upon Abraham, the friend of God. At another time he said, " I do not know what this is. Can it be what is called nervousness? If it is, I shall always pity nervous people more than I ever have done."

As long as he was able to walk there, he was found daily in his accustomed seat at the Old South prayer meeting. He was associated with the brethren at the commencement of that meeting, and his interest in it increased with his declining health. The last time he was able to preside in it, he read the account of Job's vision of God, and the prayer of Daniel, and gave as a reason for it his deep conviction that they needed to have more of God in those meetings; that they ought, like these men, so to see God that they would cast themselves in the dust, and cover their faces with self-loathing. More than a year after his death, a stranger arose in that meeting, and said, " Some months since, I was present at this meeting; a gentleman presided whom I never saw before, and whose name I never knew; but his face, his manner, and his words, I shall never forget." He then mentioned the subject which he brought before the meeting, and some of his remarks on the holiness of God, our own vileness and nothingness before him, which made, he said, an ineffaceable impression upon his mind. Many whole days were devoted by him, during the last months of his life, to prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, in connection with his brethren of that meeting; and when at length he could meet with them there no more, he invited a few of them to come to his room daily at five P. M., for one week, to have a half-hour season of prayer. Although he found himself every day growing weaker, and scarcely able to endure it, he persevered through the week. His ruling passion was love to Christ's church and the souls of men; nothing else would have sustained him through this series of meetings, while suffering so much. This closed his seasons of communion with his brethren on earth. He parted with them, not doubting that their fellowship would soon be renewed in heaven.

The weekly meetings of the pastor with the deacons of Mount Vernon church had for some time been held at Mr. Safford's house. When he found himself unable to descend the stairs, he received them as he sat, in his own room. But at length he found his strength unequal to the effort. It was deeply affecting to see his resolution to try to sustain himself until the end; but at length he whispered to Mrs. Safford, who had remained by his side, "Dear, you must ask them to retire; I am not able to bear it." And he bade farewell to these dear brethren, taking each by the hand as they left him, never to meet again on earth. It was hard for him to dissolve the connection, and give up his responsibilities in all the departments of labor to which he had been so devoted.

The church was so near his dwelling, that he attended its services upon the Sabbath until the middle of December. The last time, as he was returning, he was obliged to stop and sit some moments upon the doorsteps of a house, although within a few yards of his own door. While able to read, Edwards' History of Redemption, and the Memoirs of Miss Lyon and Dr. Edwards, were kept beside him, and portions of them read by him with great interest. He seemed to be renewing his acquaintance with those dear friends, preparatory to meeting them in heaven. The last chapters of St. John's Gospel were read and re-read by him with great delight. Sometimes he would exclaim with emotion, after reading a passage aloud, "Do you realize that Christ says this to us?" It seemed as if the Holy Spirit in an unusual manner was taking those last words of our Lord, and showing to him through them the fullness of his love, and thus preparing him for that separation from friends which was so near.

He did not wish to pain his family by talking about his death as being near; and yet, wishing them to be prepared for it, he in various ways showed what was passing in his mind. After returning from church one Sabbath afternoon, as he sat by the fire, in his room, apparently absorbed in thought for some time, he commenced singing, in a very low, soft tone,—

"A few more months, or days, perhaps,
Or moments, passed in silent lapse,
And time with me shall be no more;
No more the sun these eyes shall view;
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,"—

the tune repeating, "Her dust shall strew." He gave up the attempt to receive food, all relish for it having left him. His sufferings were beyond the power of human skill to relieve, and can not be described; but his family had not yet admitted to him that they thought him irrecoverably ill; and he to accommodate himself to their feelings, if necessary to speak of the subject, would say, "*If* I die." At length, however, as the thrush appeared in his mouth and throat, with other indications equally unmistakable, he one day, in their presence, said to his physician, "Doctor, my opinion is, that there is no reasonable ground to expect any relief from my distress; that the disease is working its way through every part of my system, and must, before long, terminate in death. Is not this your opinion?" The doctor appeared reluctant to reply, but, after hesitating a little, said, "Yes; about that." After this Mr. Safford conversed more freely, and it seemed a relief to him to do so.

The following conversations with Mrs. Safford occurred at different times: — "Well, dear, it will make but little difference whether I go now, or wait a few years longer, and then go." "Why, no, husband, it will not make much difference with *you*, because you are prepared, and death, at any time, will be gain to you; but the difference to *me* will be very great." He quickly replied, "If any one has much to live for, I have. Surely no one ever had more to render life desirable than I have, and it never seemed more pleasant to me to live than now." It was increasingly difficult for him to converse much, owing to the weakness in his throat, which he said seemed dry and parched, and he only said a few words at a time. Until the last week, he occupied an easy chair in a room adjoining his bed room, which he desired the family to retain as a sitting room, that he might see them all around him.

Once, when being aided in getting into bed, he asked, "Do you know what kind of death the doctor thinks I shall die?" This was unexpected, as he had not manifested any solicitude before on that subject; but, in reply, it was said, "Probably he thinks the disease will have expended itself before death, it is now making such havoc with you, and that your death will be an easy one." "How different," he replied, "God's way with me from what I have always anticipated! I have supposed I should die suddenly. Perhaps he has seen that I thought too lightly of death; and he is showing me that it is no light thing to die." Mrs. Safford said, "I think, husband, that all this suffering must be for me, rather than for you." He quickly replied, "Oh, I can see reasons enough why I needed it. I have always had a strong will, and that must be all broken down before I can get into heaven. When I have had any thing to do, it has been my habit to do it, and finish it up at once; but here God is keeping me in entire suspense; he does not tell me what he is going to do with me, what shall be the end, or how long I am to suffer, but holds me just here, day after day, and night after night."

His nights, at this stage of the disease, were very tedious, his nervous system so much enfeebled as to render him extremely sensitive, and he was in constant fear lest he should become impatient. His prayer continually was, that he might not do any thing to dishonor religion. He said, "Wife, you must watch over me, and not allow me to be irritable." Bottles of hot water were placed in his hands and at his feet, but he could get no warmth or rest. Hours passed very tardily: as the clock struck, he would say, "Is it possible it is no later?" but never a murmur or complaint escaped his lips. He thought he had very little patience, and said, "I keep thinking how much more patiently you have borne sickness than I do." One day, when he was obliged to have the window open to enable him to breathe, and it was too cold for any one to sit by him constantly, on entering the room, Mrs. Safford said, "What is your mind dwelling upon, husband, as you lie here alone?" "Oh," said he, "I have been thinking what a mistake we have made." As he spoke with much emphasis, she was somewhat alarmed, supposing he referred to the medicine, or something in the treatment of his disease, and said, quickly, "Mistake! About what?" "Why, that we have not understood that *God is love.* And such love! How wonderful, wonderful! I do not grasp it yet, but I shall." And he made a great effort to describe it as it was then being revealed to him, but language failed him. At another time, reference being made to the convenience of his apartments for his sickness, and the goodness of God in allowing him to complete the house before he was laid aside, he responded, saying, "Oh, yes, it is all goodness; nothing but goodness;" and after a little while added, "You must have a day of thanksgiving; I do not know when, but you must have one."

He could not easily be convinced that he might give up all responsibility for others. He was careful for those who watched with him. The first offer to perform this office which the family accepted was that of a younger partner in the business firm with which he was connected. He loved this young man very much, and was much pleased that he was going to spend the night with him. But when, about three o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Safford entered the room, Mr. B. said to her, "Your husband has not slept any, and I fear you will find him quite tired out; for he has been so careful lest I should not make myself comfortable, that the fire would go down, and I should get cold, or that I should not get any sleep, that he has not rested at all." On going to his bed, she found him exhausted and restless, and said, "I fear you have not had a good night; have you been taking care of Mr. B., instead of allowing him to take care of you?" "Why, I do not know;" and then, recollecting himself, "Why, yes, I believe I have been feeling all the responsibility about him, myself, and every thing else." "Will you not now give it all up to me, and go to sleep?" "Yes, yes, I will;" and in a moment he sank into a deep slumber.

Dr. B., one of his former pastors, came in and remarked to him, "Mr. Safford, it must be a great satisfaction to you that you have been permitted to do so much for the cause of your Saviour, and the benefit of others." He was reclining, with his head on a pillow, upon a sofa; the tears flowed from his eyes upon the pillow as he replied, "Dr. B., think of me and pray for me as a poor, unworthy sinner. My sole consolation is, that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." He delighted in the doctrine of salvation by grace, and, in his extreme weakness, he repeated the entire hymn, commencing with, —

"Grace, 'tis a charming sound"

Humility, and renunciation of all claim to any merit of his own, had been a marked characteristic of his piety in health; and these became increasingly apparent as he drew near to the end of his course. Another hymn, which he repeated with his family assembled on Sabbath evenings, evidently expressed the deep feelings of his heart, and his manner of reciting it will never be forgotten.

"Father, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave these earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God.

* * * *

"There would I vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss;
While next to nothing I could boast,
And vanity confess.

"The more thy glories strike my eyes,
The humbler I should lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joys should rise
Immeasurably high."

His brother-in-law, Rev. W. Gale, writes, "Wishing to make some fuller expression of my esteem for Mr. Safford, and my sense of indebtedness to him for his uniform kindness to me and mine, as I was sitting by him the night before his death, I said to him, 'You have been a good brother to me.' He instantly replied, though extremely weak and helpless, 'You have been a better one to me, *you have been a better one to me;*' thus indicating emphatically an unwillingness to hear any thing relating to his own useful life, and preventing me from saying more on the subject."

He used to say that he never, in his whole life, had known what it was to feel slighted; he always considered that he received more attention and respect than he had a right to claim. When his sufferings had become extreme, and none but the family were allowed to enter the room, hearing the voice of a venerable and much-esteemed citizen inquiring for him below, he said, "Do allow Mr. T. to come up; he has taken the trouble to call before, and I think I can see him." When this friend entered the room, he was sitting in his easy chair, unable to recline on account of difficulty of breathing. He extended his hand with a smile, which was all he could do, and silently listened to his kind expressions of sympathy. After the gentleman retired, and he recovered strength, he said, with a smile, "I remember, when I was putting up Mr. T.'s fence, [which was perhaps thirty years previous,] with my men, he came out and handed me a temperance tract." And then remaining silent a while, probably revolving in his mind events in his past history, he exclaimed, with emphasis and deep emotion, "Wife, I am over-estimated; I have always been over-estimated; but then, if the Lord is pleased to carry it out, I don't know as I have any thing to do about it."

His expressions of kindness and sympathy for those in attendance upon him were very tender. After he became unable to hear conversation, he loved to see his family around him. One day, when Mrs. Safford had been out, as he knew, on some business errands, she found him sitting up on her return; and, as she entered the room, he said, "I have been praying for you this afternoon, that you may receive grace and wisdom for the increased responsibilities that are coming upon you." At another time, he asked, "Which will make you the most happy—to know that I wish to die or to live?" Receiving the answer, "If you must die, I shall be happier to know that you desire to die — to see you happy in the near view of death." He then said, "Well, God has brought me now where [raising his eyes as he spoke] I long to have him take me to himself, and to the holy about his throne. I should love to live on with you, and do things for your comfort; and I think I could do more than I have done to render you happy." Having been unwilling to increase his pain by an allusion to her own sorrows, she had hitherto refrained from an expression of them, and, as far as possible, had appeared cheerful when in his presence; but now she could not refrain from giving free vent to her grief, saying, "Notwithstanding, husband, I am glad to have you rejoice to die if you must die, still I feel that *I can not live* if you die. I go into my little room beside yours, and frequently spend the whole night in weeping." "Why, wife, you amaze me! I did not suppose you felt so. You amaze me. *You must not do so.* You must trust in the Lord. When the time of the separation comes, he will sustain you; I know he will. Do not try to be prepared for it by anticipating it, but leave all in the hands of God. Sufficient for your day will be your strength; and I think it may be you have already passed the severest part of the trial. Remember what dear Jane used to say to us — 'Keep looking to Jesus.'" At another time, when he had become wearied with a little attention to business, he raised his eyes, and said to her, with a smile, "Oh, how sweet it will be when we have nothing to do but to look at Jesus together, and are not troubled with money matters!" He often repeated the lines, —

"'Tis sweet to look beyond our pains,
And long to fly away;"

and, as better expressing his own state,—

"Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his."

The power to lie *passive* in such continued suffering, with no relief by day or by night, was, to those who attended him, manifestly the effect of sustaining grace, derived from intimate communion with the Saviour. Once, after an attempt to describe the distress in his chest, raising one hand, and pointing with a finger of the other to its palm, he said, "But *those nails* caused greater suffering. Oh, yes, Christ has suffered much more than this for me."

The 28th of January, which was the Monday previous to his death, his eldest son and wife left him, with the intention of returning in a few days. In an hour or two after they had left, a change came over him which indicated the near approach of death. A bed was brought into his sitting room, and, as he was laid upon it, we all felt, as he doubtless did, that he was laid down now to die. A telegram was immediately sent to meet the arrival of his son in New York. He was told that it had gone, and asked if he had any word to say for them, in case he should not be living on their arrival. He looked thoughtfully a moment, and then, with perfect self-possession, delivered a most affectionate message for them.

He had before this had turns of sleeping, with hard breathing, and when he awoke complained of this stupor, as he called it, and said, "I should be alarmed by it if it were not for the fact that I have been, for several weeks, almost deprived of sleep;" and added, "Perhaps some time, when I awake from it suddenly, I may appear to you to have lost my mental faculties, as I find it very difficult to articulate distinctly, and hardly know whether I am using the right words to express my ideas; but wait until I am sufficiently aroused, and you will find I have my mind perfectly, and that I am just as well able to answer any question about business, or any thing else, as I ever was in my life." But on this day, and subsequently, he lay, not asleep, but quietly; much of the time with his eyes closed, being too weak to make any effort, and apparently unconscious of every thing that took place about him. At one time, after arousing him, Mrs. Safford asked, "What are you thinking about, as you lie apparently so unconscious, seeming almost unwilling to be disturbed?" He said, in a faint, low whisper, "Christ — that great company." She asked, "Does Christ seem very near to you?" "Oh, yes; sometimes I seem to see him as he is;" and after a little, added, "Oh, he said he would come;" alluding to the promise, "And if I go away, I will come again, and receive you to myself, that where I am there ye may be also." The Saviour was now manifestly fulfilling these words to his servant. At another time, while Mrs. Safford was sitting by him, he having been for some time in this state, he suddenly opened his eyes, and asked, "Is there music in this room?" "No," she replied, "there is no music here." He looked so much surprised, that she listened, thinking there might be some in the street, but heard none. He said again, with increased earnestness, "Do not I hear music?" She answered, "No, I hear none." An expression of surprise remaining on his countenance, she said to him, "It is heavenly music that you hear, if any." He immediately closed his eyes, as if he would listen still.

His sufferings were from this time slight. Indeed, he said, "I am so entirely relieved that I should almost think there were nothing in the way of my recovery, were I to judge simply by my feelings." But his limbs were very much swollen, as well as his body, and his tongue was almost useless. The blood coagulated, so that it appeared like drops under the skin. It was suggested to him that he might be relieved by cupping. "No, no," he said; "I do not wish any thing more done." On Friday, a letter was received, addressed to him, from his brother-in-law in New York. He was told of it, not supposing he could listen to it. But he said, "I will hear it." The letter was of considerable length — he heard it all. In order to test his ability still to be interested in the concerns of his household, and the strength of his mental faculties, a question was asked for information from him, which involved thought and recollection. He heard the question, and then gave the information with perfect correctness. An order for the collection of dividends was to be written. Mrs. Safford told him of it, and asked if she could sign it. "*You* sign it?" he said, with surprise. She then said, "Mr. P. can, perhaps." "Let him try it," he playfully replied. A little while after, he asked to be seated in his chair. "Now bring the order," he said. A pen was handed him, and it was with great effort, which showed strikingly the strength of his will and resolution, his name was written by him for the last time. No business of an earthly nature was attempted by him after this. Mr. Palmer came in, and finding him perfectly sensible, told him the result of the year's business, as they had just completed the account of stock. He said, "Then subscribe for me the usual amount for foreign missions." This was his last subscription — one thousand dollars. That evening, he asked his wife to read to him the chapter giving the account of Hezekiah's recovery and prayer; which when she had done, she asked, "Is there any thing here applicable to your case?" She wished to know if he had any of that desire for life manifested by Hezekiah. He simply said, "What he expresses about having walked before the Lord with a perfect heart does not apply to me." The same evening he said to her, pleasantly, "Is there no little carriage we can go to heaven in together?" alluding to the many rides they had taken in company. She replied, "No; I never heard of but one being taken thus to heaven." "And that," he added, "was a chariot of fire."

He sunk away again for some minutes, and on being aroused, Mrs. Safford said, "There is one question more I wish to ask, which concerns only myself, if it will not trouble you." "Ask it." "If you die, do you not think it best, all things considered, for me to wear mourning for you?" He answered very distinctly, and with more strength of voice than he had had for some time, "No, no; I wish nothing done for display — nothing." He had months previously said, in contemplation of his death, "I do not wish you to go mourning for me all your days. I want to feel that you will be happy without me, and to have you take the course which will be calculated to make you the most so." He had desired that a request for prayer in his behalf should be sent to the church meeting, saying to Mrs. Safford, "You know my feelings sufficiently; express them to Deacon P., who will communicate them to the church." She said, "You are willing they should pray for your *life*—are you not?" With a little hesitation, he answered, "Yes, not forgetting the 'nevertheless,'" in allusion to the prayer of our Saviour, "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done."

That evening, after the family had left, and she was alone with him, he said, "I am glad we are left alone; it is best that we should be alone sometimes. And now, we will first pray together, and then we will talk about some things which I wish to speak of, while I have strength to do it." After the season of prayer, he said, "I want you should remember, if I die, that about funerals, and every thing connected with them, my taste is for the greatest possible plainness and simplicity." Mrs. Safford remarked, "The church will probably wish a public funeral." He replied, "About that your feelings must be consulted; and about every thing else. As to mourning, you know what my opinion and my course have been. I should be sorry to subject you to severe remark and censure. You recollect the directions I gave you about the place where my body is to lie when we arranged the lot, and the kind of gravestone which is to be put up—just like the others." "Are you not willing," she asked, "that yours should be a little larger and taller, to distinguish it?" "No, not the least. I wish no distinction to be made." He then gave her his opinion and advice about some business matters, and requested that the family should remain living just as they were for at least one year, without making any change, nor even then, unless they preferred to do so.

On Saturday, February 2, he appeared to be but just alive, one eye being closed, and the other nearly so, and it being difficult for him to swallow. As his wife attempted to bathe his eye and moisten his mouth, he said, "Oh, do not trouble yourself so much. You think a great deal more about my eyes and throat than I do. Lay me down at Jesus' feet, and let me die." She said, "But I am afraid you will not be able to see me if I do not wipe your eyes." Opening his eyes as wide as he was able, he said, "Oh, yes, I shall; I see you perfectly; I see you as well as I did several days ago;" repeating, with a smile, "Yes, I see you perfectly." He then asked, very seriously, "Have *I died?*" He was answered, "No, you have never yet left us; you are in the body still." "Well," said he, "let me die; do not take me from Jesus' feet." It was evident that his views of Christ and of heaven had been so much more distinct and real than any he had before had, that he was doubtful whether he had passed through the gate of death or not.

It was so interesting to witness this state into which he was brought, and his departure seemed so near, that the family were called. As they surrounded his bed, he was told that they were now all around him, and asked if he could see them. His attention was particularly called to his nephew, Rev. Mr. E., who, he was told, was on his way to R., to commence his new pastoral work. Receiving his hand, he said, "The Lord bless you, J., and prosper you." His attention was then directed to one standing near him, who had not professed religion; he said to her, "Make Christ your friend, Jane." As their names were called, he gave each a token of recognition, saying, "I see you all — every one." Then closing his eyes, he said, "Now lay me at Jesus' feet, and let me die." Mr. E. proposed that we should sing the hymn, —

> "When I can read my title clear,"

with the chorus, —

> "Oh, that will be joyful,
> When we meet to part no more."

He commenced moving his hand, in time with the music, but it was soon apparent that he was absorbed in what was to us invisible; and during the remainder of the day he was scarcely conscious of any thing passing around him. Once Mrs. Safford said to him, "I am beginning to realize the fact that you belong to Christ, husband, more than to me." He replied, "Yes, there are many reasons why I belong to Christ." She said, "I shall want to live nearer to Christ than ever, and then I shall know that I am near to you." He caught the idea quickly, and with unusual distinctness and strength of voice replied, "Oh, yes, that's it, that's it; live near to Christ, and then we shall be near to each other." Perceiving her noticing the settling of the blood at the end of his fingers, he raised his hand, now stiff and cold, and, passing it across her cheek, said, "There will soon be no more tears; they will all be wiped away — by *that blessed hand!*"

Preparation having been made for the night, he was told who would sit with him. He said, "I like him for a watcher. And now, can not you give me up to Christ, and go to bed and go to sleep?" This was said with so much earnestness that she could not but reply, "Yes — I can — and I will." He said, "Do, then ;" and, with a smile, he bade her his last " good night."

The morning of the Sabbath dawned, and, unexpectedly to us all, found him in the body. As Mrs. Safford approached his bedside, and inquired how he had rested, instead of replying, he asked, " How are *you?*" and said, " Your health amazes me ; with all your care and anxiety, it amazes me." She said, " Do you think you shall be in heaven to-day ?" He answered, " I think I shall." His brother in Christ, Deacon Palmer, came in, and remarked to him, " This is a beautiful Sabbath." " Yes," he replied, " but there's a nobler rest above." He was told, " Here is your pastor, come to comfort you." He looked upon him, and said, " Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God ;" and then asked, " Can you tell me how far it is over Jordan ?"

Miss G., one of the city missionaries, remained with him through the day, and, just before noon, she read to him the description of the New Jerusalem, in the book of Revelation, which was the last of the written word to which he listened. As he lay upon his bed, utterances were from time to time escaping his lips, showing that he was absorbed in the contemplation of God, of Christ, and the invisible world. Once, he was heard to say, " My work is done ;" again, " I shall be satisfied ; I am satisfied now, but I *shall be fully* satisfied." His last audible expression, save a murmured, " That is good," on receiving a cup of cocoa, was, " Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, — Hallelujah !" As his head was laid back upon the pillow, it was discovered that his spirit was departing ; the family were in a moment at his bedside, but he breathed only once; his eyes were closed in death.

Like an infant sinking to repose in its mother's arms, so did he "fall asleep" in Jesus. We stood around him gazing, but could only see the gentle closing of the eyelids. We could not say, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, he had not died," for we knew that the Lord *had* been here through the whole. Neither could we doubt that he had now taken his servant to himself; we could almost hear the rejoicings of kindred spirits, as they welcomed him home; and truly did we "wish ourselves among them."

The silence of the room was broken by a member of the family, standing at the foot of the bed, repeating the hymn,—

"How blest the righteous when he dies—
  When sinks the weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
  How gently heaves th' expiring breast!"

A short prayer followed, by the nephew to whom he had given his benediction, and thus the scene on earth closed. Disease had sadly changed the once pleasant and benign countenance; but we could not look upon it in its serene and holy peace, without hearing the sweet voice of the Comforter saying, "So he giveth his beloved sleep."

Mr. Safford died on the Sabbath, February 3, 1856. His funeral was attended at the dwelling house on the Wednesday morning succeeding, at nine o'clock, followed by public services at the church. The following account of the latter is abridged from the *Boston Evening Traveller*: —

"FUNERAL OF HON. DANIEL SAFFORD. — The funeral of this respected citizen, lately deceased, was attended this morning, at eleven o'clock, in the Mount Vernon Church. The meeting house was crowded in all its parts, and many were compelled to stand in the aisles. The Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions occupied the front seats, the relatives of the deceased and the mourners occupying those directly back, in the body of the house. The coffin, containing the body of Deacon Safford, was brought in by three bearers, and placed upon a table draped in black velvet, directly in front of the pulpit. While the body was being carried down the aisle, the choir chanted the words, 'I am the resurrection and the life,' &c. Dr. E. N. Kirk, the pastor of the church of which the deceased was an officer, read an appropriate and impressive selection of passages from the Scriptures; after which the choir chanted, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' Dr. Blagden, pastor of the Old South Church, then delivered an address, briefly recounting the chief points in Deacon Safford's history and character; and closed with repeating the beautiful lines of Bishop Heber, 'Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,' &c. The choir then sung, 'Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb.' After which, Dr. Nehemiah Adams, of the Essex Street Church, offered an impressive prayer, followed by the chant, 'Thy will be done, through devious ways.' After the benediction, an opportunity was given to the audience to look at the face of the deceased, whose remains were then followed to Mount Auburn by a large procession, in carriages and on foot."

On the ensuing Sabbath, a funeral discourse was preached by Rev. Dr. Kirk, from Rev. 3 : 12 — "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God ; and he shall go no more out. And I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God ; and I will write upon him my new name."

APPENDIX.

Mr. Safford's death was noticed extensively in the papers of the city. The *Boston Daily Traveller* of February 4, 1856, contained the following: —

"Death of Hon. Daniel Safford. — We regret to announce the death of Hon. Daniel Safford, well known to the citizens of Boston as one of our most respected and honored citizens. Mr. Safford has filled various public stations with much credit to himself. Some years since he retired from active business; and since then his time and energies have been devoted to labors of charity and benevolence. He was president of the City Missionary Society, and took an active part in other organizations having for their object the temporal and spiritual welfare of the poor and destitute. He was a man of enlarged practical benevolence. We have heard it said of him, — and we believe the statement is true, — that for some years past he has given away *all his income* for benevolent purposes. His death will cause a loss which will be deeply felt. Deacon Safford was sixty-three years of age."

The *Evening Transcript*, of the same date, remarked, — "The name of the Hon. Daniel Safford appears in our list of deaths, this evening. Mr. Safford was widely known for his high personal character, and the interest he has always manifested in religious and philanthropic movements. He filled various public stations with great credit, and leaves a name and example deserving of the most honorable mention."

Resolutions appropriate to the occasion were adopted by various public bodies with which Mr. Safford had been connected. The following are subjoined: —

From the Mount Vernon Church.

BOSTON, February 9, 1856.

At a meeting of the Mount Vernon Congregational Church, held in the chapel, Friday evening, February 8, brother George W. Crockett, on behalf of a committee appointed by the church, reported the following preamble and resolutions: —

It having pleased the wise Disposer of all events to remove from the church on earth our senior deacon, the late Hon. Daniel Safford, the surviving members, with a deep sense of an irreparable loss, adopt the following resolves: —

1. That we bow submissively to the divine will under this afflictive dispensation, which has deprived us of an honored leader and a beloved brother; while we devoutly acknowledge our obligations to the Giver of all good, who placed him here as "a burning and a shining light," to the end of his mortal life.

2. That we appreciate his example and influence in all that was noble and praiseworthy, and would cherish a grateful remembrance of his wise counsels, liberal contributions, and unceasing labors for our welfare; and also of the kindness and affectionate sympathy ever manifested toward us, both as a private member and an officer of the church.

3. In his decease we recognize a loss to the community; and especially would we sympathize with the American Board of Foreign Missions, the City Missionary Society, the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, and the Home for Aged Females; to all of whose objects so large a share of his prayers and counsels, his labors and contributions, was cheerfully given.

4. We tender our sincere sympathies to the bereaved family of our deceased brother, with our united prayers that

He who is the widow's God and the Father of the fatherless may be their comforter and portion.

The above resolutions were adopted unanimously, all the members of the church rising as the question was put.

On motion, the clerk was instructed to enter them upon the records of the church, and also to furnish a copy to the family of the deceased.

Attest, LANGDON S. WARD,
Clerk of the Church.

From the Prudential Committee of A. B. C. F. M.

MISSIONARY HOUSE, BOSTON, February 6, 1856.

DEAR MRS. SAFFORD: I send herewith an extract from our minutes of yesterday. It indicates our feelings very imperfectly, because it simply conforms to our established precedents. You will need no assurances, however, that your departed husband had our entire confidence as a man and as a Christian. Few are better prepared to die; few, alas! are so well prepared to live.

Sympathizing most truly with you and yours, I am, very respectfully, yours, S. B. TREAT,
Secretary of A. B. C. F. M.

At a meeting of the Prudential Committee, held at the Missionary House, Tuesday, February 5, 1856, the opening minute was as follows: —

Hon. Daniel Safford, a member of the Prudential Committee, having departed this life since the last meeting, the following resolution was adopted, viz.: —

Resolved, That, deeply sympathizing with the family of our deceased friend and brother, we will make our arrangements to attend his funeral.

Resolved, That a copy of this minute be transmitted to Mrs. Safford. S. B. TREAT,
Clerk of the Prudential Committee.

From the Boston City Missionary Society.

Boston, March 11, 1856.

Dear Madam: The undersigned, privileged associates of your late lamented husband in the work to which he devoted himself so unsparingly, beg leave to intrude so far upon the privacy of your sorrows, as to communicate the accompanying resolutions, passed at a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Boston City Missionary Society, held March 10th, and to assure you personally of their heartfelt sympathy and abiding friendship.

To Mrs. Daniel Safford.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death from our counsels and labors our respected and beloved President, the Hon. Daniel Safford, —

Resolved, That we hereby record our acknowledgment of his most valuable services in the cause of city missions; our obligations as pastors and members of the Evangelical Congregational churches in Boston, for his wise and efficient efforts in this enterprise; and our great sorrow at the loss of one who had endeared himself in an extraordinary degree, as a fellow-laborer and Christian friend, to all our hearts.

Voted, That the foregoing be entered upon our records, and that a copy of the same, signed by the vice president and secretary, be transmitted to Mrs. Safford, with the assurance of our Christian sympathy and regard.

G. W. Blagden, *Vice President.*

A. L. Stone, *Secretary.*

From the Board of Managers of the Home for Aged Indigent Females.

In Board of Managers, Boston, April 17, 1856.

Mr. Grant submitted the following, which was adopted unanimously: —

Whereas, since we last met, it has pleased our heavenly

Father to remove by death Daniel Safford, Esq., one of the vice presidents of this association, we deem it our duty to express our sincere respect for the character of the deceased, and our deep sorrow for the loss which is sustained by us, in common with the whole community.

Resolved, That the above be put on record, and that a copy be sent to the afflicted family, as a feeble expression of our sympathy in the loss they are called upon to bear.

A true copy from the records. Attest,

F. R. WOODWARD, *Secretary.*

From the New England Glass Company.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the New England Glass Company, on Monday evening, February 18, 1856, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously passed: —

Whereas, in the providence of God, we have been deprived by death of the valuable services of our friend and associate Director, the Hon. Daniel Safford; it is hereby

Resolved, That, in testimony of our appreciation of his high character and usefulness as a Director for many years of this company, for his long, true, and devoted attention to its interests, we sincerely mourn his loss, and direct this resolution to be placed upon our records. Also,

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the family of the deceased, in the great loss they have sustained by this afflicting bereavement, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to them by our clerk.

A true copy from the records.

JOSEPH N. HOWE, *Clerk.*

BOSTON, March 6, 1856.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the New England Glass Company, held yesterday afternoon, the following preamble and votes were unanimously adopted: —

Whereas, we have received intelligence of the death of Deacon Daniel Safford, for many years an efficient Director in this company, —

Voted, That we look back upon his services with gratitude and satisfaction, and that we feel we sustain in his death a great loss.

Voted, That this resolution be entered upon the records, and a copy be sent to his family by the clerk of the corporation.

A true copy from the record. Attest,

SAMUEL GOULD, *Clerk.*

From the Mount Vernon Association of Young Men.

At a special meeting of the Mount Vernon Association, held last evening, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: —

Resolved, That in the death of Deacon Daniel Safford, of Mount Vernon Church, we, as young men, recognize the death of a sincere Christian, counselor, and guide, and of one whose heart ever grew warm at the success and prosperity of our beloved association.

DANIEL D. ANDERSON, *Secretary.*

BOSTON, February 6, 1856.

The intelligence of Mr. Safford's decease was received with profound grief by a very large circle of friends and acquaintances. From the numerous letters of condolence which were addressed to the bereaved family, a few passages are selected, which may serve not only to show the estimation in which he was held by them, but to exhibit a more complete portrait of his character, as it appeared to those who best knew him.

"I need not repeat to you," writes Rev. Professor Phelps, of Andover, to Mrs. Safford, "what you doubtless hear from all other sources — how greatly, as Christians and Christian ministers, we feel the departure of such a man. We have few such to lose; and when one of them is taken, the great cause which he loved so heartily seems to fall back on our hearts with a heavier weight of responsibility. I do not know of a death that has occurred in Boston since the decease of Judge Hubbard, which has excited this feeling so generally and deeply, as the death of Deacon Safford. We never knew, till he was gone from us, how much his Christian gentleness and serenity had won upon our affections. I think I speak the universal feeling of the ministry, in saying, that we have respected other men; we have trusted others; we have labored happily with others; but *him* we have *loved.* Dr. Kirk's affectionate tribute to his worth touches the hearts of us all."

"I could write much of his character and worth," says Rev. Dr. Hallock, of New York; "modest, self-sacrificing, retiring, laborious, persevering, unwearied, liberal, ever seeking others' good — but you know it all far better than I. The death of very few, if any one, in Boston, could be more felt in all that pertains to the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the best temporal and eternal welfare of men. I bless God for all he enabled him to do."

A former superintendent of the Mount Vernon Sabbath school says of Deacon Safford, "His characteristic zeal, modesty, and liberality were in exercise continually, in connection with his Sabbath school labors. He was always the first choice of the teachers for superintendent; and, though he was induced to fill that post for several years, he would always have preferred a subordinate position. His sympathies led him to search for the poor, the most needy and most ignorant, and bestow on them his more abundant labors. Opportunities to do good unobserved were thus opened to him, which were eagerly embraced; nor did he wait for such opportunities to offer; *he made them.*

"In the autumn of 1850, he spoke with the writer respecting the disuse of committing the Scriptures to memory, which was then, and still is, so deplorably prevalent. 'What can be done,' he asked, 'to induce our pupils to commit the Scripture references to memory, so that the questions can be answered without turning to the chapter and verse, to read them?' After conversation over the matter, he made the following proposition — that I, as superintendent, should announce to the school that a gentleman, whose name I was not then at liberty to mention, had offered to present a Bible to each pupil of the school, who should recite perfectly a specified number of verses every Sabbath for one quarter.

"The announcement was made, and the teachers requested to keep an accurate record of the recitations. The result was, that a general impulse was given to this excellent method of learning Sabbath school lessons, which continued throughout the year. At the close of the first quarter, an aggregate of fifteen thousand eight hundred and seventy-six verses had been recited. One pupil had committed, in the thirteen Sabbaths, five hundred and sixty verses, and several others a very large number. Thirty-one pupils received each a large volume of the Scriptures for having learned over twenty verses every Sabbath, and thirty-five a smaller volume for having learned over fifteen verses each week. The sixty-six Bibles were purchased by me at his request, so that neither the seller nor the recipients of the Bibles should know the benevolent hand that furnished the money to pay for them."

MR. SAFFORD'S PROPERTY AND CHARITIES.

The impression has extensively prevailed among those who judged only from the number and amount of his donations to benevolent purposes, that Mr. Safford possessed great wealth. Such was not the case. The publishers of this Memoir have obtained permission to extract from his private account books the following memoranda, which will show the facts on this subject. They do this for the purpose of demonstrating how much may be accomplished for good, with very moderate means, if there be first a full and entire consecration to the Lord; and also how strikingly he oft fulfills the declaration of his word, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."

It has been mentioned (p. 104) that Mr. Safford early formed a resolution no longer to accumulate property, but to give his whole income, except what was needed for his support, to the cause of Christ. That resolution, as it stands in his own hand on his book, was as follows: —

"In view of the numerous calls for benevolent contributions, and my accountability to God as a steward of his bounty, I here record my determination to give all my future earnings, and all the income of my property, after defraying the necessary expenses of my family, to such charitable objects as shall most commend themselves to my judgment; while I would continue to pay suitable regard to economy and industry. DANIEL SAFFORD.

January 27, 1832."

The whole amount of his property, of every kind, at this time, deducting his debts, is recorded as forty thousand one hundred and sixty-seven dollars. Two years later, having received, by his marriage with Mrs. Turner, some addition to that sum, he adds, in his record, —

"I consider it consistent with my determination, recorded in 1832, to add that amount to the sum to which I then limited myself; considering, hereafter, all over forty-five thousand dollars as consecrated to the Lord."

This resolution was faithfully observed during the remainder of his life. At the close of each year he made a careful inventory of his property, and whatever excess appeared beyond the prescribed limits was entered against himself as "due to charity." The entire amounts thus paid by him for this purpose during thirty years, were as follows: —

1826	$1132.00	1841	$992.50
1827	588.04	1842	1125.25
1828	717.75	1843	820.25
1829	791.62	1844	964.00
1830	595.99	1845	1874.37
1831	404.75	1846	3249.34
1832	1540.30	1847	2476.05
1833	1053.15	1848	3581.50
1834	2206.91	1849	1819.42
1835	3428.60	1850	3024.87
1836	6017.14	1851	4939.07
1837	4153.15	1852	4303.57
1838	1898.78	1853	5303.63
1839	4544.98	1854	2584.40*
1840	1293.33	1855	3400.58
			$70,825.29

This expenditure for benevolent purposes was not made in a few large sums only, which could not fail to attract notice by their liberality. It was the aggregate of numerous small benefactions, for the most part unknown to all but the giver and the recipients. We may, for the sake of example to others under similar responsibilities of Christian stewardship, so far intrude upon the sacredness of his private record, as to show the items mentioned for a single year, — that of 1837, — a year memorable for the distress which prevailed in the commercial world: —

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* This year also he gave to his two sons five thousand dollars each.

JANUARY.

Monthly concert,	$1.25
Student, for books, tuition, and board,	111.60
Poor old man,	5.00
Two poor widows,	3.00
City missionary, cloak,	2.00
Foreign Missionary Society,	500.00
Contribution, Andover,	.50
Given,	2.00
Poor woman, provision store,	2.00
Poor widows,	6.50
Tract Society,	20.00
Divinity student,	50.00

FEBRUARY.

Monthly concert,	1.25
Carriage,	1.00
Poor,	2.25
Education Society,	300.12
Books, &c., given,	2.00
Given,	12.75
Do.,	3.00
To a female member of F. Street Church,	5.00

MARCH.

Divinity student,	50.00
Founder of Mt. Holyoke Sem.,	6.50
Poor family,	1.25
Seamen's Friend Society,	10.00
Mount Holyoke Seminary,	500.00
Monthly concert,	1.00

APRIL.

Monthly concert,	1.00
Poor man,	25.00
Poor woman,	.50
Given,	2.12
Do.,	3.00
Deacon G.,	25.00
Infant School Society,	2.00
Corban Society,	2.00
Colored woman,	1.10
Bible Society,	2.00
Given,	12.00
Female member F. St. Church,	1.00

MAY.

Paid for tuition, &c.,	87.60
Monthly concert,	1.25
Spring St. Church,	1.00
Student's expenses,	17.00
Clergyman, anniversary week,	50.00

JUNE.

Monthly concert,	1.00
Clergyman,	10.00
Clergyman's wife,	5.00
Given,	3.00
Poor family,	.40
Sufferers by the fight,	10.00

JULY.

Monthly concert,	1.00
Moral and Religious Society,	101.00
Prison Discipline Society,	20.00
Poor family,	20.00
Miss Lyon,	50.00
Sundries, Mount Holyoke Seminary,	75.00

AUGUST.

Poor family,	15.00
Poor woman, &c.,	6.00
Divinity student,	50.00
Given on visit,	6.00
Given, traveling expenses,	22.00
Two dresses to girls,	4.10
Contribution, Sunday school,	1.50
Pew rent at Franklin St. Church,	21.00

SEPTEMBER.

Student at college,	104.00
Do., suit of clothes,	43.44
Monthly concert,	1.00
Clergyman's family,	130.00
Paid stage, &c.,	5.00
Poor widow,	5.00
Mr. C., missionary,	10.00

OCTOBER.

Monthly concert,	2.00
Home Missionary Society,	50.00
Jews' Society,	5.00
Poor widow,	10.00
Poor widow,	2.00
Seamen's Friend Society,	3.00
Sabbath school library,	32.58

NOVEMBER.

Mount Holyoke Seminary,	262.75
J. G.,	20.00
Poor family,	5.00

Penitent Refuge, ...	5.00
Sailor boy, ...	1.00
Given, Thanksgiving, ...	10.34
" "	1.25
" "	5.50
Year's pew rent, F. St. Church,	21.00
Subscription, do., ...	100.00
Poor woman, ...	2.00
Sabbath school children, . . .	3.00

DECEMBER.

Monthly concert, ...	2.50
German Church, ...	5.00
Sewing circle, ...	1.00
Mrs. A., life member, ...	2.00
Barlow, ...	1.00
City missions, ...	5.00
Poor family, ...	20.00
Given, ...	.50
Student, ...	90.75
Tracts and other books, ...	12.00
Poor family, ...	1.00
Notes to sundry persons,* . .	612.00
Poor woman, ...	5.00
Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, ...	300.00
Total, ...	4,153.15

By his last will, Mr. Safford gave each of his sons five thousand dollars, making, with the sums given in 1854, ten thousand dollars each. The remainder he left to his wife, adding, in a separate note to the latter, "If, at my decease, my property should amount to more than forty-five thousand dollars, my desire is, that all over and above that amount should be sacredly devoted to such benevolent objects as you may think will be most pleasing to God. I do not wish it to be all given at once, but at such times as you may think expedient. D. SAFFORD."

From a notice of Mr. Safford in the *Congregational Quarterly*, for January, 1861, written by Rev. Mr. Langworthy, we extract the following anecdote: —

"In 1848, the American Board was deeply in debt. At the annual meeting, held in Boston, an earnest effort was made to pay off, or, at least, to greatly reduce this debt, then and there; and strong and touching appeals were made with this noble end in view. Subscriptions were volunteered and announced from time to time, varying from one hundred to one thousand dollars each. Deacon Safford was seen to enter the house, go directly to his pastor, speaking with him for a moment. His pastor went immediately upon the platform, and spoke to the treasurer of the Board, who soon announced another subscription of five hundred dollars, but he gave no name. It was natural enough to suspect Deacon Safford as the giver, from what had transpired. To one knowing his habits of giving or pledging all his probable income before so late in the year, there was a natural curiosity to know how it came about. So the writer, dining with him that day, half seriously and half playfully, finding him alone, inquired how it was. Throwing his arm around him, and drawing him close to his side, as he often did, he said, 'You know Peter, and the carriage I got for Mrs. Safford. They are hers; but she is now better. When I listened to the condition and wants of the Board at the Temple, I thought I must do something. If we should sell Peter and the carriage, we could give five hundred dollars. So I ran home and asked Mrs. Safford, and she said, "Yes." Then I went back and made the subscription; but I did not mean it should be known from whom it came.' The sacrifice in feeling and convenience to both was great, and especially to Mrs. Safford, as her health was far from being restored; but it was cheerfully made, as unto Christ; and it is worthy of remark that, in this case, the will was taken for the deed by Him for whose sake it was done. A propitious Providence enabled them to pay their subscription, and, after all, keep their favorite horse."

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* These were for loans to young men and others, and were now relinquished.